

Poetry

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As a child, I cherished gliding over the sand grains,
While we looked for treasures among the white seashells
Whose delicate patterns reminded me of our chinoiserie
To make bracelets
Our favorite pastime, so much wisdom to be learned
Not enough body as a child to embrace it all

As an adult
Finding you there
Laying amongst your gardenias
I know now, what I did not know then
That even though your tumors were spreading
You found healing in leaving so much love behind
In the form of fables and plants

Each visit to our beach home, a small cove of light
Reminds me of our laughter and the time we spent
I may appear as a pariah to the neighbors, speaking to the daturas at night
But I crave your wisdom once again
And since I cannot speak to you, I will pick shells
Making the Korean bracelets you taught me so well