

Ochlocknee Trail Camera / Self Portrait in Spring

A memory, silver and blurred, turns
cold and clear under moonlit pines.

Every spring, the coyote yipping in the thicket
becomes a woman I know. I love her the way

I love my mother when the light shifts just right
across her face and I have never seen her like this

before. She laughs the way coyotes laugh, all choked,
cockeyed & wild. The cry pours out of her jaw heavy

& sweet; the way it pours out of every mother
who has loved more than she could afford.

Her pups never make it past March. We spend
all spring begging each other for something more

than a body can give. I could change if
I wanted. You could love me if you tried.