Positive results

Tammy J. Pearson-VanderBroek

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Positive results

by

Tammy Joy Pearson-Vander Broek

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DEDICATION

To Amanda

For Teaching Me So Much
Once we swarmed within each other
within that first collection
of everything--
dust, planets, stars, galaxies--
that first compact completeness
in the center of nothing
that was scattered
by the BIG BANG
that sent us and galaxies
hurting -- our lights that were one light
strung apart and snapped apart
you, my parents, and me
and
you, my children, and me
as we were flung through space
and the black space around me
chills my borders,
the stars spinning at the outer reaches,
trailing, almost breaking off
as if ready to be whipped off
through the dark
to be caught
in the gravity
of the nearest galaxy
as if part of me could leap to you,
my parents, and you, my children
and grab on, then pull the rest of me along
so again we'd swirl in a universe complete
but the universe continues to explode outward
and I can only watch your lights
and spinning
and see how my stars
fill the gaps from yours, my parents,
and see that my missing strands
are now yours, my children,
and enjoy watching,
as in the distance
your detail becomes more distinct.
PART I:

FROM A PARENT'S PERSPECTIVE
Positive Results

The blue slip passes
from lab technician to doctor,
telling him that you
are more than my imagination.
I walk to my car,
shadows of oak leaves
crossing my path,
and I picture you,
yellow plastic rake in hand,
piling leaves to kick and roll in,
scattering them again.
In the car I drive
through autumn colored streets
with you at my side,
in your car seat,
pacifier falling to the floor--
out of reach.
I pass the grocery store
and hear you cry,
wanting a nickel for bubblegum,
and I see me pulling you
past the quarter-for-a-ride
miniature merry-go-round.
At the stop light
I watch you wave
the Mother's Day card
crudely cut in the shape of a heart.
I drive past the yellow line
of school buses prepared
for the three o'clock rush
and see you,
clarinet in hand,
practicing the first song
you learned in band,
then you chattering
"I told you I could make the honor roll,"
then you,
before graduation,
"Mom, straighten my cap,"
while I smile and answer,
"When we get there."
The knocking pulls me from my comforter
to find Aunt Madge, her face of false concern
peering through the window. A cake, her cure
for all, in her arms. She feels it's her turn
to offer condolences and starts in:

   Poor dear, I've heard you've suffered and wept
   but don't you realize how lucky you've been?
   Mark and Paula's baby died while he slept--
   you hadn't yet felt yours move or loved it.
   Anyway, it probably would have been
   retarded or dead or somehow unfit.
   And you're young; you can always try again.

Her voice hums on like a room full of flies
as her red nails remind me of blood stained thighs.
Emptying The Pumpkin

Surgical cuts separate
its walls from membrane strands
that tangle the seeds
piled on newspapers
to be stillborn in the garbage.

Smile carved to impress
trick or treaters,
it sits on the porch rail,
inside still raw from the scraping.
Mid-Night Labor

I awake,
the baby's cry of my dreams
slips out through still curtains
as I breathe in the air
full of cricket sounds
and release the sheet
tangled in my fists.
The tightness of my stomach eases
as I settle into my pillow,
cotton case cool with my sweat.
My hands become heavy,
pressing on my roundness,
tensing--
I gasp
as the wind
billows
through dancing drapes.
Not Like The Lamaze Class Movies

--The doctor places the baby, umbilical
cord still pulsing, into the crying
mother's arms.

Push

The doctor says,
rolling forward on his stool
to make the episiotomy.
I hear the snip of skin and

Push

sitting up
I grab my knees,
fingernails digging in
as I hold my breath

One--two--three--four--
the muscles in my neck tighten
until I reach

Ten.
then pull in another breath
and strain

One--two--

until
the blue
five--

face appears
and a needle
is stuck into the back of my hand
to bring the next
contraction quickly.
The pressure starts at my spine,
wrapping around to my navel
and I fill my lungs

One--two--three--

feeling like even my intestines
six--seven--
should come out.
But the head stays bodiless
ten.
between my legs

Once more.
I press down
then suddenly
the shoulders, arms, hips, legs,
feet are there

Good. Rest.
in the doctor's hands.
I see it's a girl
as he suctions her nose and mouth

Good job.
with a plastic bulb
and she kicks, reaching her head back
    Just a minute.
in protest.
The nurse extends the cotton draping
to wrap her in
    Not yet.
but her arms are still there
    I said--
and I look back at the squirming baby
to see the large, soft mass
    Call the pediatrician.
on her back.
She is folded in blue draping
and I watch the nurse's back
    Hold still.
as she hurries away with my baby
in the bundle.
    Almost done.
The doctor pulls the umbilical cord
until the placenta falls into a silver bowl
then he kneads my empty uterus
    All right.
as my baby's cries
disappear through double doors.
Spina Bifida Morning

---Children with the defect at the lumbar four level often have damage to the nerves leading to the legs and bladder. Intermittent catheterization is often needed to prevent kidney damage.

Searching for sleep, she turns away
but I roll her back,
remove her diaper,
and tickle her face with my hair.
She reaches to touch my lips
as I part her legs and labia
with one arm and hand
in a contortionist move,
cleaning her with soapy cottonballs
with the other hand,
and talking to keep her
looking at me
instead of rolling to reach
the pile of blue, green, red bibs
beside her.
I rinse her,
then finding the opening,
insert the plastic tubing
into her bladder just as she sees
the miniature tennis shoes
she'll wear that day
and pulls away to grab them.
I release her legs,
let her play while I hold the tube
in place and the urine drains,
dripping into the cup.
I tickle her ribs and neck
and her laughter pushes the urine faster—
a stream that slows between giggles
then stops.
I connect the syringe,
the solution flowing,
cleansing her bladder.
I remove the tube
and she laughs to see me
nibble her toes.
Where's Daddy?

Noticing the green pickup
parked in the drive for a week now,
she bounces up and down
calling DADDY HOME
calling DADDY TRUCK
then crawls to the door
DADDY HOME
but I keep stirring
the boiling sphagetti--
steam shrouding my eyes
bubbling covering her
DADDY TRUCK
DADDY HOME
I sit her in her highchair
and cut her food,
watch her eat
and drop bites to the dog
while I push my food with my knife,
my sleeves whispering
across the table
I tell her good girl
for drinking juice
without spilling
good girl
for eating the last spoon
full of peas
good girl
for not turning her head
toward the door
when we hear a car drive by
and not smiling
DADDY HOME
and not shaking her tray
DOWN DOWN
DADDY HOME
good girl
for not being old enough to ask
WHEN WILL DADDY BE BACK?
and for not understanding
why
only daddy's best suit
is missing from the closet.
In Iowa
I lift you from your crib,
Put your rolling head on my shoulder,
Wrap a blanket around your feet—
Cold from kicking off the covers—
While workers
Remove the debris
Of a collapsed overpass,
Uncover crushed cars,
Find the mother who'd gathered
Her child into her lap
To wait for the shaking to stop.
I know I cannot hold off
The falling tons of cement and steel
As your head stirs against my neck,
Your hair soft against my earlobe.
Preparing For The First Step

Hands trembling against the steel,
I fasten leather straps,
Fumbling with the buckles
That hold the bars
Against her legs
Like poles tied to saplings.
She watches, curious,
And touches the frame
That now holds her legs stiff,
Reinforced and ready.
I lift her to her feet
While she leans on my hands—
Playing "stand up"
Like we have in front of the toy box
(My hands on her trunk,
Her arms free and in motion).
Balanced,
I let her go.
She clutches for me
And her eyes widen
To see me a pace away.
But her legs are steady
And she smiles
When I call her "big girl"
And raises her hands above her head.
When Moving From Bed Is Impossible

I can think only
of the sound of your turning
in your crib across the hall,
of the dog's soft whining
for a ball lost beneath the couch,
of the plastic over the windows
flapping against the house,
of the digital numbers of the clock
melting from one to the next,
of whether or not I locked the doors,
of which window would offer the best escape
in case of fire or intruders downstairs,
of how once you were in my womb,
of how I would like to absorb you
through my skin, muscles, uterine wall,
to have you there again
under the blankets with me.
Business Trip

I walk backwards
down the runway to the plane
so I can watch
your waving hand flickering
between passengers' hips
and pull-along luggage
until the rush pushes me
through the doors and to my row.
As the rising of the plane
sinks me in my seat
I study the cars below,
trying to x-ray their roofs
to see you playing with George,
the stuffed whale
that sleeps on your toy box;
trying to throw you that "one-more-kiss;"
trying to hear you ask,
"When will Daddy be back?"
but the cars are soon dust specks
and I turn from the window
when the cart of drinks bumps my arm
as it squeezes between the seats,
leaving a soda
and bag of peanuts on my tray.
As the plane lands
I deposit the peanuts in my pocket—
knowing that you like to use them
to make the dog sit up and beg—
and they clunk against my keys
as I claim my baggage
and call a cab.
The taxi leaves the curb
to zig zag the maze of traffic
and road construction.
A picture dangles from the rearview mirror—
a little girl,
patent leathered feet crossed.
The taxi stops in front of the hotel,
I pay the fare and double the tip
before going to my room
where pages become ink-blot smeared
under the lamp light
and I close my briefcase
expecting your "All done, Daddy"
to follow its snap
but tonight the sound thuds
to the hotel carpet.
Brandy's First Day Of School

The wheelchair rattles in the trunk
As we join the line of cars--
Parents waving through windows
Rolled down in the August heat,
Children glancing over their shoulders
Before taking the last step
From sidewalk concrete
To indoor tiles freshly waxed
For the grand opening.
I ask her if she has her pencils,
Crayons, paper, glue--
Knowing that she does,
And I watch the wisps of her hair
Tickle the corners of her eyes and mouth
Until cars driving slowly past
Remind me of other parents
Looking for parking spaces.
She grabs her bag of supplies
And pushes her door open
While I unfold her wheelchair
Then lift her in,
Feeling her warm legs touch the cool metal,
And I hurry a kiss--
She is already leaving,
Pushing her way among kids who stop to watch.
A mother whispers to her son,
"Don't point. Get to class,"
And turns her head to avoid my eyes.
I look back to the school--
At the gaping doorway
That has swallowed my daughter
And now grins at me--
Daring me to reach in and pull her back
But I drive off imagining recess--
The children jumping rope,
Climbing the stairs of the slide,
Pushing the merry-go-round in circles.

I arrive early to watch the doors
As, at first a trickle, then a gush of children
Pours down the steps
And hits the waiting cars in waves.
Finally I see the metal glimmer of her chair
And hear her shouting goodbyes to other little girls.
Then seeing me, she pushes faster
As if to catch up with the words that fly ahead of her--
She tells me she likes her teacher, Mrs. West,
And practiced ABC's
And knew them better than anyone else
Except a girl named Kathy.
She tells me the kids thought her wheelchair
Was neat or weird
But Brandy laughs and tells me who is really weird--
The boy who combs his hair straight up
And sticks his gum under the desk.
The highlight of her day--
A game they played at recess--
Bounce a ball off the wall
And do things before catching it
But she couldn't do all the things
Like turn around or hop
But they made up new things
Like touch toes or count to ten
And she did real good.
She leans her head out the window
As I put her chair in the trunk
And pleads with me
To let her bring the class hamster home some weekend
And promises to take good care of it.
I tell her of course she can
And we drive away
As the last few children
Straggle into the heat,
Dragging their book bags behind.
To A Child Leaving Home

For the sake of identity, you said,  
you moved to an apartment across  
the river. Pulling on my arm, you lead  
me through its rooms, showing, with a toss  
of your hand, where furniture will go  
(when you get some). Finally I leave for home  
but find myself stopped by the river's flow.  
Imagining holding you fresh from my womb,  
I walk along the dark water's edge,  
talking, letting my words trip forth among  
mosquitoes that swarm beyond the ledge--  
their humming, a droning funeral song.  
Beneath my toes water steals the sand;  
I step back from you to firmer land.
At The Funeral Of A Drowned Son

The chair is cold to her back
As the mumbling of the minister's words
Seem to rise from the dark oak
That covers the face
Bloated to anonymity.

Her fingernails dig into her knees
As she strains to see
Through the cracks of the casket
And her lungs grow
As she holds her breath,
Holds the choking that shoves its way
Up from her stomach
To her throat,
Then escapes
As her nails break through her hose,
And blood trickles down the run.
Eyes on the ceiling,
I rewatch the day--
my boy's face
sharp and cold,
like an ice sculpture,
skillfully laid out
for final display.

I try to relax--
the months of watching my child
shrivel as the tumor grew,
finally over.
But sleep won't come
as I remember the days before
the cancer--
The December when the sleet coated
the streets and he wanted
to take his first driving lesson,
Days of fishing on the frozen lake,
woolen green scarves across our faces,
The graduation reception
when he stood shy
in front of the camera,
my wife saying, "smile,"
punch bowl full of ice tinkling in the background.

I think perhaps a scotch
on the rocks
will help me sleep.
I drink it in the kitchen,
the street light
casting a yellow square
through the window and onto the table
across my hands.
Finally, glass empty of scotch,
I return to bed,
leaving the ice to melt slowly
in the silence behind me.
Fool's Gold

Her children dressed for school in hand me downs, ate breakfast, and locked the door behind themselves while she cooked for businessmen in town, lifted fifty pound cases from the shelves, and cut chickens, yellow skin greasing her palms. She stood above the steam, stirring, sweating, dreaming of the future when in the calm of children raised, God would be letting her rest. Golden retirement would save her from the back pain that had the power to stop her bending at her husband's grave. Finally, retired, she has gained the hours spent watching reruns, waiting for kids to call and hanging black and white photos on the wall.
PART II:

REMEMBRANCES
A Warm Winter's Entertainment

Mom keeps saying she hopes it gets colder than—well, you know—so all the boxelder bugs will freeze and die. She goes through the house with a box of Puffs, grabbing the critters in tissue and scrunching them until she hears a snap and figures they're dead. Plenty of times they've lived and come crawling out of the wad of kleenex but she always catches them again. And everyday she climbs on the coffee table and cleans bugs out from around the light. I watch her take the fixture down and empty it into the trash and can't believe that every one of those bugs is dead on its back. I can't figure out why they flip over to die or if maybe they die on their feet then flip over. There was one on its feet one time but when I nudged it it moved, so it wasn't dead at all. I wanted to watch to see if it died on its feet but Mom came along with her Puffs. Mom seems to hate bugs worse now that my sister can crawl and likes to catch them. She holds them between her fingers and watches them wiggle awhile and just as Mom sees what she's about to do, it's too late and the bug's in her mouth. Then Mom yells at her to spit it out but she's too little to know better and just keeps chomping away. I wouldn't think they'd taste too good but I guess they must not be too bad or she wouldn't eat so many of them. The weatherman said it's going to get real cold soon, which made Mom happy. I've started collecting boxelders in jars under my bed just in case the weatherman is right for a change.
Mid-Morning Call

Mother stutters my name
In an almost whisper over the phone
And doesn't answer my
"What's wrong?"
Repeated over mumbles that drone on
Until I drop the receiver
And leave the house with just my keys,
Cold blast of January
Rippling my blouse around my waist.
I find mother's door unlocked
And am in beside her.
Phone forgotten in her lap,
She is muttering only sounds.
I hold her,
Her forehead
Hard against my collarbone
As I feel the slowness of dialing for help.
At the hospital
She breathes deeply
As I watch her chest
Until my legs fall asleep
And I know she does not see
The light fixture she stares at
And does not recognize
The unfamiliarity of the mattress beneath her.
The Feel Of Satin

1950
She stands next to the groom
as the wind blows through
the open doors of the church
and her new shoes echo on the wooden floor
as she shuffles to stand exact,
following her mother's,
"To your left, head up, you can get closer--
you're married now, you know"
and the sweat beads under her bangs
as she straightens the flowing folds of white
around her thighs, slender, strong
from carrying buckets of feed
and racing the farm dogs to the river.
Curls made by her twirling finger
fall on her cheek
and the photographer's flash
stills her shaking hands.

1960
Tripping in mom's shoes,
I pull old hats from the drawers
and tilt my head in front of the mirror.
In the closet's corner
I find a box full of tissue padding
that I scatter across the floor,
revealing the material beneath.
I let the gown trail behind me
as I walk around the bed
that has become the stage
for my make believe ballroom.
Mom finds me in the tangled dress
and wraps herself in its softness,
joining in the play,
posing and giggling until suppertime
when she folds the whiteness on the bed
and places it back in its box.

1975
Again I feel the satin
drape around me as cameras click
and mom darts a wrinkled kleenex to her eyes,
"How did I ever fit into that dress?"
When it's time for the mother-daughter picture
she puts on lipstick,
"I cried so much
I must look like I just got out of bed"
but dad tells her she looks fine,
"Can't tell the bride from the mother."

She laughs,

"Except for this gray in my hair.

Maybe I should have colored it,

and we smile for the flash.

1985

I sit on the floor

surrounded by her things—

clip-on earrings,

yellow afghan she'd crocheted
evenings during the news,

my report cards from kindergarten on,

postcards from the Hawaiian anniversary trip

she and dad took when I was twelve

and on which she'd written,

"We miss you" and "Be home soon,"

and her wedding gown

in its yellowing cardboard box.

My hand runs across the smoothness

of the folded dress

as I imagine her hand

laid to rest that morning

against satin lining.
Thoughts On A Mother's Suicide:

An Elegy For Our Mothers

--The note said, forgive my selfishness.

When I found you,
After prying open the locked door,
The smell of your blood in the heat
Must have been like it was
When I pulled in my first breath,
Doctor syringing my nose,
Me covered with the warm tricklings
From the cuts that made room for my emergence.
I found you in the dark
(Quilts hung over the curtain rods
On a sunny day),
The splattering dimly clear.
I resealed the door
And dialed for help
As images of you
Drifted out of the wooden grain
Of the coffee table.

----------------------------------------

The dullness in my eyes
And my paleness told you
One of my headaches would soon melt me away
And you'd start your ritual—
Closing curtains,
Turning off stereos and TV's,
Placing the bucket beside my bed,
Handing me kleenex
As I vomited,
And apologizing
Because you couldn't do more.

The yipping ricocheted
Between houses and across the snow
Until you could not bear it.
I watched your scarfed head
Turning, looking, as you left your prints
Trailing you.
My breath on the window fogged you from sight
As you rounded the Hillsabeck's house
And I felt the silence as you returned
And told me the Miller's dog
Had wound itself around the clothesline pole.
You left your boots by the door
And the snow slid off of them,
Leaving the tiles shining wet all day.
After the product of my womb
Stilled and was scraped
Out of my body
And everyone else's thoughts,
We went shopping
To get me away from the nursery
Stillborn next to my bedroom.
We looked at shoes, kitchen appliances,
And plants to hang from the porch.
As we followed our metal cart
Toward the checkout stand
We passed a clearance display
Of baby sleepers
That I automatically fingered
Until I remembered.
I froze in the middle of the aisle,
The pain wracking from my abdomen
Up through my lungs and throat,
As you waited beside me,
Not pulling me away
And not checking for stares.

----------

You talked me into the party
I didn't want to throw.
You came early and we stacked ham sandwiches
And cheese on crackers.
You dusted and wiped mirrors
Until the doorbell rang.
When only half on the guest list appeared
You sent me blushed looks,
Ate more than you'd ever eaten before,
And ordered Tupperware you already had.

My images of you splintered away
As the police and ambulance arrived
And our yard filled with neighbors
And strangers driving by.
Finally, your sheeted body
Was wheeled through the door
Through which you'd carried groceries
And yelled out suppertime.
I was left alone,
Your last thoughts in my hands,
Staring at the tracks
The gurney left on the carpet.
The limp body,
Revealed by retreating waves,
Contours the ragged rocks.
I step over puddles
And crevices in the slick black
Until I am an arm's length
From the pelican,
Her long neck draping toward the sea,
Waves lapping at her beak.
Above us a pelican circles,
Watching me touch the soft belly
As water sprays over us,
Washing my hair over my face,
Purging the bird in white foam,
And carrying her away.
I head back to shore
While the bird above me
Searches the empty rocks.
My Dad likes to mow. No big deal but he doesn't just mow our yard—he mows the whole block. It's like he just can't stand to see that line that's left at the edge—it invites him to mow just one more row and so it goes—row after row with the sweat running down his face and sun glancing off his bald spot (we watch the glare make its way back and forth). Dad's getting older and it's showing—not only on top of his head but also around his waist so Mom and I try to get him to rest—at least between yards. Mom finishes supper early but he'd rather eat it cold than interrupt his pace. We try to stall till almost sundown when it's not so hot but Dad doesn't let much get between him and his mowing so we usually just watch him push along until he's done. At one end he stops when the Reeds' fence halts his progress (if the gate was on the near side I suppose he'd go right through and keep on going). At the other end he stops at the Stoners' yard because Mr. Stoner won't be outdone and starts his yard when he sees Dad's a house away. Mom's been saving up her coupon refunds and I've been stashing my allowance away so next year for Christmas Dad can have a rider.
Dad's Been Chasing Moles

... and he's caught one, squirming fur in his fingers, struggling to reach the safe earth. Dad drops him in the burlap sack he's been carrying around for weeks for this occasion.

"No more mounds in my yard."

The sack bulges—hard work pays off.

"Now what?" Mom asks and Dad runs his hand over his tanned head, contemplates the bag held at arm's length. He returns from the garage with a bucket of water and holds the bag inches over it.

"Maybe I'll hit it with a hammer instead—a faster and painless method you know" but he returns with the bag still in motion at his side.

"Well, if I didn't hit it just right—I'll let it loose some place."

Over country roads he drives his custom van, dust swirling behind,
mole bouncing in the passenger's seat.
Passing fields of corn and beans—
"first plow and the mole would be minced,"
passing pastures of cows—
"might step in a mole hole and break a leg,"
passing yards of unknown people—
"no, wouldn't do that to strangers,"
passing mean farmer Dicky's yard—
"no, wouldn't do that to my mole."
Finally, pulling into a wooded patch,
he climbs out of his seat,
"boy, this ground is kind of rocky,
can moles dig in rocky ground?"
When Dad returns home
Mom waits for him at the front door
but he comes in the back,
empty bag in hand.
"Take care of it?" Mom asks,
catching a glimpse of movement in the yard.
"Sure did," Dad says on the way to the fridge,
"He'll be right at home now."
Night Before The Funeral

I hear muted noises
through the closed door
and want to run
into mom and dad's room
to snuggle into their blankets,
but their bed
lies frozen blocks away
and half of its warmth escapes.

I hope dad finds the quilt
mom packed away
last spring,
like every spring,
after a winter
of being folded
at the bottom of the bed
to be pulled up
on wind-chilled nights.

I hear the hanger slip
and see the crumpled black,
my morning's preparation,
on the floor.
I ignore it
and turn in the coldness
of the sheets
to mom's side
to hold the pillow tightly,
thinking of her arms
stretching through its case
to enfold me
in their flannel covered warmth.
Remembrances At The Black Wall

1. Jiffy Pop popcorn
   packed into boxes
   with riddles
   (why did the man throw the clock
   out the window?)
   copied off of Dixie cups
   in my child scrawl
   and sent to a far away jungle
   where only Dad, mail, newscameras
   and my imagination could go.

2. Sitting in front of television—
   coloring, trying to stay
   between the lines,
   I hear
   Vietnam
   and look up to see
   the men run through the trees,
   the men crawl in the mud,
   the men carry away the bleeding men,
   the men lie waiting, not moving,
   the men lie dead.
   I look for their faces
   hoping not to see my Dad.
3. I frost the window with my breath
   as I watch the mailman leave
   brown and white envelopes
   that Mom shuffles through.
   There's no letter from Dad
   and Mom hurries to start supper,
   closing the kitchen door behind her.

4. I look for him in the crowd—
   gray haired women with overnight bags,
   young women with children
   dragged behind,
   men carrying bulging green bags.
   He rushes toward us,
   hugging Mom and lifting me
   in one arm.
   His shoulder feels rough on my cheek
   and his soap smell is new.

5. I wake up with his screams
   and the imaginary rat-tat-tat of bullets,
   moans of soldiers,
   buzz of planes.
   He yells, "Run, run,
   get the hell out of here."
   and I curl up tight,
fearing the face-painted-green
soldier crouching in my closet
and jungle vines creeping
from under my bed.
I pull the blanket over my ears,
watch the shadows,
and pray for silence.

6. The chicken and noodles are ready
so I go after Dad.
I find him in the car,
in the garage,
and ask him where he's going.
He orders me inside
but I say I want to go with him
and he looks at me
then cries
and shuts off the engine.

7. We watch the nurse unlock the door
then step into the whiteness
to face his back
as he looks out the window
with his yellowed eyes.
I sit in the red leather chair beside him
and comment on the changing colors of the leaves.
I ask him if it's beautiful
and he shakes his head
while describing the blood covered limbs
he sees on the peaceful lawn.
Can't remember--
where'd I park the Olds--
the Hy-Vee lot
or down the street
by Chuck's hardware?
And what's your name?
Donald, you say?
Yes. Named after me.
Did someone steal my car?
Left it out front when I went after--
Did Matilda want milk?
Your ma want milk?
How am I supposed to get anything
when someone's hiding my keys--
Where's your mother, boy?
I say--you deaf?
Passed on?
Hell no, I don't remember--
Why are you lying to me, Harold?
You got my keys, boy?
What am I sitting in this wheelchair for?
Untie this damn belt
and let me out of here,
I got to get to work.
Where the hell's your mother?
If I don't get my breakfast soon
I'll be late for the job.
Can't get this damn seatbelt off--
Got to get out of here.
Don't have to work?
Something I got to do,
what was it--
got to get the doctor
you know
Matilda's ready to have that baby.
Help me find my Olds, mister,
I've got to get home.
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