Kelley Jean White, MD

Midge

show me the one that leaps
that spirals
that plummets
that rises

remains
is lost
is found

My Son Performs the Role of Christian
at the Total Eclipse of the Moon

He is no poet. Doomed to be a beautiful boy. A soldier.Pleased at the chance of swordplay. He has longed for it all his life. First with sticks. Then weapons

practice. His sister is sitting with the eighth grade girls. They have on Santa hats although it is November eighth. One day after her fourteenth birthday.

All the girls cellphones blinking neon colors. All talking at once. Now a row of boys has come to lean behind them. I keep watching over my shoulder. Their

dad is down front with a videocamera. By himself. No need to look again once I know he has not brought a date. I am trying to pay attention to the nuances

of performance. To the poetry. The wit of the play. The backdrop has gotten stuck. Christian is late for his big scene. Cyrano covers well. No loss for words

Named

to whisper white
white of dishwater
white of unwashed windows
white of bandages
white of scars
white of phlegm
coughed in lace-trimmed handkerchief

to wince white
white of withered wrists
white of wasted women
white of wearied wind
broken on broken branches

to taste white:
white of whiskeyed breath
white of winter rain
white of smoke rings
white of ice
white of knives
white of cold skin