

Postcard [addressed to the New Year]

lee SCOTT-GREEN

From here, I write where I find myself,
stirring red lentils and artichoked hearts.

Have these four weeks
strengthened my resolve to endure?

The moon smiles. Like you,
it is new and I found
“auld lang syne” on the floor
of my four-wheel drive

in need of tape and smoothing.

My honest weigh-ins hold the
truth of the matter,
a pound, let go.

Taking, not just measurements, but also
note of the place where the
sunrise moves farther north, each
day longer.

Opened gifts from my son, my Marine,
my Reiki hands held a blue silk fan
as my tears fell on a bonsai tree from Okinawa,
and I watched Obama’s oath grace the inaugural news.

THE 2010 ANALECTA

Was the bagpiper's droning, for my cousin's son,
heard across the creek from where I stood?

On Oak Ridge near my father's stone,
soldiers lined the way through the deep snow.
And the chaplain spoke of honor
and hope.