

Up, up, up

Sarah Priscus

Sometimes I think of
gold-light evenings on carpet
with the TV on.

I was crooked-bangs,
swallowed-teeth, stick-on earrings,
five years old, laughing.

My brother, full-cheeked,
eating doll shoes and crawling
across kitchen tiles.

Light seeping inside
from the suburban lampposts,
brushing our thin skins.

Mom played the CD.
I swirled worlds from the broad floor,
airplane-observing.

(That day, at the park,
I soared proudly above sand,
calling to the moon.)

"Spin me one more time."
Sweet bright-face mother obliged,
scooping me right up.

Fifty feet above,
dancing in the summer sky.
We spun in circles,

and Shania said,
lipsticked twang in her big voice,
"there's no way but up."



Shania Twain

"Up!"

Up!

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