

David Miller

1955

The mother of twenty
the father of twenty-one
went away from home
together, he and she.
A boy of one month
nestled between boxes
in the back seat,
they drove Vermont to Indiana,
leaving parents behind.
Her piano music packed
with the starter groceries
sent along to save the poor couple money.
Fifty-four years on
molasses stains still edge the pages
of *Cole's Familiar Library*:
Beethoven Piano Solos.
This afternoon
the mother of seventy-four
slid from sofa to carpet.
The father of seventy-five
phoned the paramedic.
The end of travel
but they're "doing pretty well" he says.
As the spirit aches to remember
how so recently
it filled a small house
in one corner
of this Gulf Coast megalopolis:
Keep this flame from the wind.
Give it oxygen.

After twenty years of reading poetry over morning coffee, **David P. Miller** began to write his own work in 2007. His work has appeared in *Meat for Tea* and *Durable Goods*, and is forthcoming in the *Istanbul Literary Review*. In February 2012, he was a featured reader at Stone Soup in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is a semi-regular on the open mike. He was a member of the multidisciplinary Mobius Artists Group of Boston for 25 years. His micro-chapbooks, *Caution: Many People Walking* and *Probably Not Haiku*, are available from the Origami Poems Project (origamipoems.com). He is a librarian at Curry College, in Milton, Mass., and is grateful for the Curry faculty creative writing group to which he belongs, for their support and encouragement.

