

Suzanne S. Rancourt

Sons and Fathers – Brighton Beach

In the palm of his hand
I tried to be perfect and I was. My two sandled feet
the width of his one great hand – my soles rooted
to his life line, mound of Venus, mound of Mars.
Held high, an acrobat stunt, or an offering to the Gods,
I was not afraid of him but perfect in his hand, face, smile -
our same curly hair -
my baby coat buttoned high with one round collar scalloping
my fat cheek. I grew and he had to use two hands
to keep me – one foot in each hand – his balance was my balance.
I grew and he used his feet on my hip bones to suspend me above him.
I grew and his hand supported my back to push me forward.
I grew and he placed his hands on my shoulders to slow me down.

We have the same ears but it was his brown eyes that held me
brought joy, sorrow, sharpness and obsidian anger. Taller, I grew,
still trying to be approved, to be perfect, always wanting
to be held high again
held that sacred again but I know
if I stood on his hands now
I would crush him.

Suzanne S. Rancourt's book, *Billboard in the Clouds* (Curbstone Press), was the 2001 recipient of the Native Writers First Book Award. She is an Abenaki writer and holds a Master of Fine Arts in Poetry from Vermont College, Master of Science degree in Educational Psychology from SUNY, Albany, NY, and is a Certified facilitator and Affiliate of Amherst Writers and Artists. Suzanne is currently a Doctorate student at the European Graduate School - Expressive Arts Therapy, Counselor, Training and Consultant. She teaches writing to a variety of special populations: victims of domestic violence, women veterans, mental health, homeless women's shelters, incarcerated women, learning disabled and others. She is ranked in Aikido and Iaido and is an Armed Services Veteran.