

Kelley Jean White

When your father met your mother

did they dance?

 did they kiss?

what color was her dress?

 her yes?

 his hair?

 and moonlight?

was there moonlight?

did they know, even then,

 their first baby's name?

 that you'd be a son?

 that there would be no other?

 that you would be a boy

 with promise but never be a father?

that they'd go to their deaths

 without grandchildren?

 and what

of the women who were

 your grandmothers?

 did they dance

with your grandfathers in another

 land?

 Oh

my body aches

I can't do your dancing

It is not to music I understand.

A few years ago **Kelley Jean White** was able to return to her small New Hampshire hometown after practicing pediatrics in inner city Philadelphia for thirty years. Her work at a rural health center is challenging but she is grateful to live in a place of great natural beauty. Poetry helped her through the tough urban years, Her work has been published in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Nimrod*, *Poet Lore*, *Rattle*, and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* as well as in a number of chapbooks and full-length collections, most recently *In Memory of the Body Donors* (Covert Press), and *Two Birds In Flame* (Beech River Books), poems related to the Shaker Community at Canterbury, NH. She received a 2008 grant for poetry from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. Her work is included in two recent anthologies by physician writers, *Body Language: Poems of the Medical Training Experience* (Boa Editions) and *Primary Care* (University of Iowa Press).