

Tomato Soup- When I first saw a meteor shower

fireballs fell like puzzle
pieces swooping down
like swallows into my bowl of soup
and the mouthwash that rinses hard to reach places
to leave them minty fresh new. I remember
the vastness of sky

illuminated by palms of light. The sky
pulsed through my body as I sifted through puzzles
of debris and air. A river of stars to remember
as I take down
a chipped bowl and place
it on the counter. The warmth of a good bowl of soup

like the tomato soup
that simmers on the stove against a noonday sky
anchors my sense of place.
I side-step a puzzle
for ages 2-4, fill your bowl and set it down
as *Recuerdo*

plays on the radio. I will always remember
when you said, "I love your tomato soup,"
the softness in your brown eyes like a salve. Brubeck's down-
beats and blue sky
fading into the horizon as I sliced a loaf of bread. Motherhood is a puzzle
full of lost pieces. No one tells you how lonely a place

it can be. But tonight I find my way back to a place
buried deep in my bones. I remember
the harmony of falling puzzle
pieces and as you eat your soup
I reach for the sky
and pull it down

for us. I sit down
and take my place
beside you; the night sky
brightening just as I remember.
You ask for more of your favorite soup
and I ladle faint sparks into your waiting bowl while puzzles

swoop like swallows down
into our ordinary bowls of soup, ancient and glorious, looking for their place.
Remember in your small hands are spoonfuls that hold the weight of the sky.