

I'm From Still as Glass

I am from the soaring, carved Oak pheasant,

From Japanese vases and paintings.

I am from the waft of wood shavings, the chatter of documentaries, and the clutter of grit.

Health begs for a taker in the bursting fridge of love and expectation.

I am from orchids, aloe, and maple trees,

From soiled knees and flower seeds.

I'm from bubbling sukiyaki and buttery lefse,

From Loyal and Moral,

Grace and Space.

I'm from fervent family dinners and Sunday football clamor

and from water still as glass.

From making memories and making decisions

and "Bohemian Rhapsody" ringing off Tennessee cliffs and "I Lived" cushioning Colorado slopes.

I'm from work hard, ski hard,

From gratitude, and Earth.

I'm from cornfields of Peoria and alpines of *Norge*,

Salmon *again* and stove-popped popcorn,

From Dad believing in us,

Mom believing in the world,

Memorable moments frozen in frames,

Dad's last breath,

Evolution of water,

Round and round.