

5-1-2000

Our Walk

Dallie Clark

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Clark, Dallie (2000) "Our Walk," *Forces*: Vol. 2000 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2000/iss1/13>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

Our Walk

Dallie Clark

Listen to the birds, my mother says to me as we walk
along a spring shaded street and I think to myself,
isn't that a most motherly thing to say?

In her deepest body she still longs for me
to see and hear and touch all the earth's secrets
as if I were two and toddling with her in a park.

On our walk we pass a garden nursery and are lured
to go inside and breathe the air of the plants, absorbing
the fineness of the green, the lilt of the leaves, the reading
of the long botanical names ... Orchidaceae ... Delphinium ... Helianthus.
The fragrance of herbs and eucalyptus blankets us as we stroll down
potted aisles and rustic rows of bedding flats and trees.

Before we leave, we pause reverently at the fountains,
monk and cherub alike, gifting our ears with the tinkling,
trickling water while our eyes follow the soft, bubbling liquid
that rises up to us, then falls away.

We say no words, but each of us knows this moment
is green, this moment is salve, for our separateness.

My mother and I then take back the tree-lined street
and begin our journey home, to her world and mine.
Now I am pumping my arms, walking quickly in my quest
for health and soon she calls from behind to go on - and I do,
because the pumping has resurfaced an ever-present urgency
to protect my frantic life pace, my starched agenda.

I walk ahead, almost sprinting, a woman of mission, leaving
the plants and the birds in the silent space behind me.

And then I turn to look back at the woman
who still carries me in her womb.

I walk back to my mother who reminds me to listen
to the winged songs around me.