Here in Missouri . . .

Gary Young
Here in Missouri, the streams and the ponds are covered with ice, and the frozen earth gives way to nothing. My home is a thousand miles away, and my son has called to tell me the camellias are in bloom. He said, there are red ones, and pink, and white ones with pale red streaks. Then my son begins to sing for me in his sweet, high voice, and the rhythm of his song is a pulse; I can feel it. I can reach for him and there's no one here. I could hold him, and there's no one here at all.