

You are what you think about

and what floats through my mind
at this moment is a day in sixth grade—
my crush on Eric, the curly
blond-hair blue-eyed
with a willow tree on his front lawn.

I recall how complete I felt
when he passed my house
and cherry-blossom tree.
Walking his dog. How our eyes
linked as I sat on the porch
watching. Widowed grandpa
read his folded *New York Times*.

Eric turned his head to smile.
When I lost sight of him, I remember
glancing up to grandma's bedroom window
where she had taken her life days before.
and wondered if she'd like Eric.
She always told me who and what was good for me.

How many different ways life
has unfolded since sixth grade—
how some images live on,
and hold our spirits.
They nourish us in all of life's stages
or perhaps hold hope for our future.