

THE LAST PAGE

Steps (after the Jana Ireland photograph)

Josie Martin

(inspired by Cie Gumucia's Poetry workshop April 3)

That staircase shadow plays on
Paul William's architectural grace.
When we lived in Hancock Park
we had a staircase with a tall window
halfway up, 'They used to have natural
ventilation,' said my long dead friend, Sharon.

Dear Sharon said that in 1981, forty-three years ago!
Maybe not long after Jana Ireland was born. And I
loved that house. Its gentle flow of un-conditioned air,
our small son's smudgy dirty hand prints on the wall
of the staircase. He's fifty-one-and-a-half now.
He flies, flows down steep snowy mountains,
grace out of a helicopter that drops him
somewhere on an Eaglecrest, Valdez...

Mat-Su Valley frozen, far far away.

His mother worries, like the drones
of those helicopters swirling over
dangerous Hancock Park nights.

We got burgled three times!

But we stayed 21 years.

Sometimes I wonder,
does the staircase
miss our shadows?
Our grace?



Jana Ireland , Hancock Park, Number 1



Lori Mohr, Editor , 2009—

Loriwindsormohr@gmail.com