

WHAT RESTLESSNESS, WHAT CRAVING
By Katharine Zaun

There's a story I've been told
too many times to count. Often
at my own behest, I admit.
Just two years old, adventurous, unwary.
Always wandering off, talking to strangers,
hiding amongst the clothing racks.
But on a day which I imagine
to be bright and clear,
sun hot on the car window,
a brazen foreshadowing.
There, in the back, my pale sausage legs
hanging from the car seat, swinging back
and forth, around like chimes.
My little fringe-framed face staring out,
wondering.
When somehow I managed
to squirm out of the straps holding
me in and stretch toward a handle,
nearly opening the sedan's rear door
in the middle of the freeway.
My mother, glancing in the mirror, and terrified
as ever, reached
like she's never reached before,
grabbing me. Over and over she tells
me, that's when she knew,
knew my daring, knew
she had to hold on.
I hear it and it's some sense
of marvel that captures me. My little self
so fearless, so full of fascination.