

Unconditional Love  
(godmother)

August 31, 2015

She rises before dawn on a Sunday  
just to catch an early Southbound train.

She makes 800 miles round trip  
just a single day  
for a mere three hours together  
then says after the initial squeeze,  
it's already worth it.

She hires a driver from the station  
just to avoid getting lost, getting late  
pays him to idle the visitation hours  
watching Southern asphalt bake in August swamp simmer.

She shirks off thanks  
looks deep in my eyes  
dusts the backs of my hands  
(that she just won't let go)  
with tender kisses that seed tomorrows  
into my pores.

She comes  
simply shows  
to visit at Greenville  
(mid-70s-Soviet-chic, turreted hell)  
just to comingle our talk with presence and affection.

OVER →

She cares little about frisks,  
even less about growling coyotes  
posturing in uniforms and scarfs  
flashing teeth and gnashing bad tudes,  
and not one bit about the sharp summer glare  
reflecting off surround sound razor wire, cuffs, and chains.

She enthusiastically proclaims  
over the thrill of posing  
just for a standard prison photo op  
despite the full senior-prom-phony grins  
and my state-issued, elastic-wasted attire.