



Volume 10  
Issue 1  
2014

20/20

*Suzanne Edison*

Anchored in the alpha of mothering  
constructing a house of dreams—untracked slope  
of hope, air lit by prospects:  
kid-days of dress-up, sports,  
friends and school.

*He will grow up  
and marry, he will be whatever  
he wants.*

He runs  
and shouts with his sister, their breath fogs  
a *snap* of winter air,  
bare trees crown, climb into blue.

A tweak of gene, tidy replication  
missing one number and muscles atrophy.  
Illness makes a mockery of life-vested cocoon.

*He will be  
what we cannot hold.*

He sits more, so do we, closer  
to coronets of daffodils their waning

cheer pollen-laden, teams of summer bees  
in striped jerseys, fallen  
autumn apples bruised but edible.

*My body the only constant.*

I carry him up the stairs, splayed  
as a deer across my shoulders,  
snare of his heart beating  
against my neck.

**Suzanne Edison's** work appears in various places including her chapbook, *The Moth Eaten World*, Finishing Line Press, 2014; *Spillway*, Dec. 2013; *Pontoon #6* from Floating Bridge Press; *The Healing Art of Writing, Vol. 1*; *Blood and Thunder: Musings on the Art of Medicine*; *Face to Face: Women Writers on Faith, Mysticism and Awakening*; *Pearl*; and *Crab Creek Review*. She lives in Seattle, Washington. Website: [www.seedison.com](http://www.seedison.com)