

Learning History in Nursery School

For a month, rain slid down on silk ropes
like a spider was wrapping us
in a sad and sturdy home. On the way
to pre-school my son asked if we
might have to hold umbrellas forever.

Through the window, I watched him build
a day of his own with fingerpaints.
He didn't repeat the world's mistakes.

He made the sun yellow, the sky as blue
as a new boy. He was giving
the stick figures smiles and beach balls

just as a rainbow climbed into the mist
over the huge clock on city hall.
It was as blurry as puddled gasoline.
The sky was copying him, siphoning
off the street some long forgotten oils.

