

First Words

My own firstborn found hers, Moon!
exclaimed in awe, building a bridge
between a full June moon and a bedtime story
book that led us to a "great green room"
where we bid the moon goodnight, its bright
image blazen in an early sunset sky.

My son found his first—Airplane!—
with me always taking off, out the door,
he, in arms, seeking shiny silver
birds zooming through sky and clouds.

My youngest, barely a walking girl, pointed
toward the utility pole, looking hard, chasing
a drumming flicker, its pounding beak full
voiced, like hers. She yelled, "Bird—bird!"

I want mine.
I want skyscrapers,
not like Empire
State—or Sears Tower,
nothing steel.

I want a breeze, soft rain, and snow scraping
skies—red-crinkled maple leaves skipping on air,
yellow tamarack needles falling to a forest floor,
swirling picnic grill smoke, all grazing sky.
I want cawing crows; swarming, trilling ear-fulls
of waxwings; Perseids' star showers vanished
into dark; bats twisting their way from caves.
I want hawks, falcons, eagles hunting, soaring.

I want first words that rise, float forever away.

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2018-2021

