

Sunshine on My Shoulder

My siblings and I used to stand on
couches and pretend the carpet was the land
on the 38th parallel.

When we didn't want to play anymore, someone
would jump and explode, littering the floor
with panic, making mom mad.

When I was ten she gave me the soundtrack for her funeral,
said I would have to make sure they'd play John Denver,
said I would miss her when she jumped off the couch.