clouds and fish above and below
in silence
I am the still moon
rising over the dark lake.
I am the reflection come of age--
I shine silent and watchful--
full with the sounds of night--
rustling of wind
scrapping the water
for morning--
polishing the dance floor
for light's first quiver--
and her explosion--
infinite kaleidescope circles
twirling thru the lake--
to the tune of morning birds,
to the applause of the wind.
For she alone is life.
And truly we are children of the Goddess.

Helen Prescott

ROLL MODELS

for Lou and Lou

1.

When I was a kid I wanted to be a famous scientist like my father. I had a rock collection. A boy I met sent me some fossils in sandstone from Philadelphia. A friend of my mother's gave me a geode, a slice of crystal already opened. I had to scratch the rocks to test for hardness. Then, categorize, list, and place in the rock chest - an old chest of drawers my mother donated. When I was older I got a chemistry set. I was going to find a new element, whichever was the next one, and name it Zweigonium. Years later, my mother asked me if she could throw out the rocks. I kept the fossils and the geode, but the granites, marbles, quartz were sacrificed to my mother's higher order. I kept the test tubes from the chemistry set, too. My father is a business executive; I had a short spell of astronomical studies.

2.

My grandmother grows plants from orange seeds, grapefruit seeds, and sweet potatoes. This amazes my mother.

The only thing I think of when I think of my grandmother is that she's ninety-two years old and looks like she's sixty. The women in my family live a long time. I can't imagine that she'll ever die. Everyone always made a fuss about my grandfather, a scholar, self-educated, a wise old man. He fell down some stairs and died, leaving my grandmother with less identity.