Albuquerque Tears Follow Me Down

Here's where I fell in love
with old mountains,
red as ripe, sliced watermelons
when caressed by the setting sun,
old towns like ancient Chaco,
haphazard layered mesas—
tall, wobbly cakes
strawberry, chocolate, coconut,
grape jelly shadows.

Here's where I learned
I am not mistress of my body—
in this city I learned breathing
isn't overrated
that 75 years at sea level
made it too hard for old lungs
to suck oxygen out of thin air
more than a mile high.

Here's where I learned his diagnosis
confirmed he would die,
that I loved him.

Here's where I cried
as I donated my quilt fabric,
my beloved books,
when I sold my condo

to hold his hand as he died.

Cobalt Poets Series # 606 ~ February 6, 2024

Lenora Rain-Lee Good

Lenora Rain-Lee Good had a substitute teacher in elementary school who murdered her budding love affair with poetry. It was many years before she finally saw the resurrection, the power, the beauty, in a poem. Steve Mason's book, Warrior for Peace, had her in tears, her blue mascara puddling on the kitchen table. She wants to make someone cry. She wants to make someone laugh. She wants to make someone say, "I can do that," and then do it. That's why she writes poetry. a Vietnam-era veteran of the WAC was born & raised in Portland OR and now lives in Kennewick, WA eight feet from a man-made lake, home to ducks, geese, frogs, and turtles. She is the author of four and a third published books of poetry, including *The Bride's Gate and Other Assorted Writings* (Cyberwit, 2021)