There's An Old, Crocheted Mitten In The Yard...

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There's an old, crocheted mitten in the yard,
maybe the one that was lost on the way into the house,
the mitten that clutched tightly the hand-made valentine’s card
for mom and dad
many spring rains ago.

The muddy jump rope, caked with dirtied memories,
an old scrap of rug out in the fields
where fire scorched the weeds and the walks in the sunset.

Tears melting down the pain of glass,
the earth breathes
and sighs
and cries

In the puddle,
the mary poppins painting melting in the rain

A mirror now of the rose from my father’s grave
in my hand
and the rainy teardrops
and the constant pelting on my heart

Lisa M. Zenzen