To My Uncle Mark

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To My Uncle Mark

My Favorite.

Those words swelled the heart and head
of a little girl grown old.
Floating on an unnamed lake
at midnight,
peaceful tranquility,
stars breathing, pulsing
life and wonder into the
blue-black sky.

You're a rock-n-roller turned pure,
having to break up and do
Christian rock at local town
bicentennials instead,
but that's ok,
you still brought tears
to my eyes with your
Inflections & Intentions.

Song singing and drinking
fake wine
while autumn bustles outside the windows of
simplicity, smells of ripe pumpkin and roasting seeds,
crackles in the fire and
ancient stories made me
warm and fuzzy.

Strawberries abound moist
pound cake as we
listened to REM on
creaky wooden porches,
watching the Sunday strollers
stroll lazily by.

I've got a secret for you.
You're my favorite, too.

-- Alicia Hoffman