

Blue water

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [May 3, 2005](#) issue

Those days, I sat on our front porch
holding my daughter, my arms
and chest vibrating with joy like a tuning
fork. Atoms of our happiness fell in
on one another like gears turning
at the heart of the universe. When
stars came out at noon, the meadow
of my hollow hand was filled up
with strange light. How can it be now
that we are two separate islands
in an ocean of blue water? I think
of my own mother long ago, sitting
on her porch with me. That distant island.
When my daughter sits on her porch
this summer, holding her own child
I will watch her from my island.
I will call to her over the blue water.