

1993

Baby Boomer Fantasy

Carla DeLane Wood

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Baby Boomer Fantasy

Sometimes I dream that
you are driving me to high school
in that old '54 cherry-bomb Ford
and you pull off the road
into an alley
thick with new-bloomed Spring
and me
lying in your backseat
like Liz Taylor on her barge
surrounded by redbud and dogwood
and a cherry-bomb Spring

You make love to me
and you are the First
First
and I cross that threshold with you
and you come into me
like Life/
like Thunder/
like Mystery

and

lift your head and our eyes meet
laughing
and I see the silver of your hair
and the lines that crease your eyes
and map your laughter
where all my youth and hopes
are resurrected
and
I see my body
ravaged by years and 3 grown babies
and we Laugh
and we Laugh
and we Love
in a world gone mad with Spring
where fig leaves have no function
and age is a rumor
spread by jealous tongues.

Carla DeLane Wood