

Three Poems by Nancy Scott

My Mother's Headstone

On my last, long distance Christmas pilgrimage by phone, my oldest living aunt said my mother's headstone was "a little crooked" on the hilltop forty miles away. It worried her, though she excused it to settling ground. I laughed, sure that a hand from above had tilted the angel holding the Bible I had chosen as a hopeful bribe for my absence and for God's attention. My mother didn't dislike the stone. She just wanted us to know that being upright and straight, even though you might miraculously become an angel, was still boring.

A Penny Saved

She gives you the penny with a heart-shaped hole cut in its center, never mistaken for easy charity or extra sales tax. But what to do with it--keep it in a deep pocket of a favorite coat, proclaim its odd luck on your desk, tell gamblers it might win Saturday Spin, or give it to someone who then might remember you? Only a penny valued by what is carved in or out.

The Nature of Beyond

Without you, I have come to love sunrise, to crave its beginning embrace. You approve my choice, send the insistent feathered shadow. July's robin sings loudest on your birthday, insists I open the kitchen window to unconditioned cheer.

In August, the robin will stop singing, his leaving slower than yours, but I will learn how not to lose him as he soars toward October's husked light and I begin to write these thank-you notes.

Nancy Scott, Easton PA, is an essayist and poet. Her over 550 bylines have appeared in magazines, literary journals, anthologies and newspapers, and as audio commentaries. Recent work has appeared in *Burnside Review, Contemporary Haibun Online, Thema, Whistling Fire,* and *Wordgathering*. Her third chapbook, co-authored with artist Maryann Riker, is entitled *The Nature of Beyond*.

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