**I Can Only Trust the Spin**

Daniela Paraguya Sow

Sometimes, the jar holds just what we need–

string, charms, stickers, beads.

I pencil-trace “lemonade stand” on a yellow poster board

for my daughter to flood with pink and green markers.

I learn how to lemon, how to jaw open the chalkboard stand,

how to silver twisty tie up the beaded bracelets

she will sell to friends and strangers, how to charm

and say *this is what the warm summer*

*of me needs–*my arms cradling signs and plastic pitchers.

Daddy’s got table, chairs, and cooler, ice cubes pooling

at the bottom. We blast music to the dust dance from scruffed

shoes, we holler and grin at every person passing.

Our girl basks in pride and glee, sweeping up dollars, keeping

the change and blessings. I wish my mother could see

this mixed blessing of ours, but it’s like how the moon

and earth will never touch–trust the spin and temporal rise,

relax on axis, know they belong to each other. I remember

my mother’s love, this tether, this tug,

this buoyancy to which I rock myself. So I don’t stop blending

lemonade powder with water–our daughter spoons

the jug, says *good enough*. We happily pour. She straws

and ices every order. There are no labels or borders

this afternoon–only pure kindness from strangers and neighbors.

For once, no one questions she is from the half of me,

the half of him, a waxing quarter setting in. I am trusting the spin.