**What the Mother Can’t Say to Her Son at 14**

Rebecca Brock

We used to watch cloudscape

unfurling like timelapse,

the sky shifting an exhale

past the Missouri River,

heading West, chasing

the dry breeze, pushing

you ahead of me—or pulling you

behind, you and me, not yet bones, ajar

of what is, what was, what shall be.

I can’t tell you how it comes,

caused by implications of the sun

from east or west, this wind

shifts light, changes the face

of stone, tells as many tales

as any stationary thing.

It takes my own breath in gusts,

in fists unseen, in tangle and toss

across the distance of motion, rise,

force and torrent—I see you

surrounded, free, ruddy cheeked,

your hat taking off—everything that wants to

could fly for a while,

could glide thermals

like a full bellied hawk

with time to spend

on pleasure, even a blade

of grass can sing like a scream—

leave us wondering

what spirit, what worn away thing,

holy or otherwise,

just passed by,

leaving you gleaming.