**Landlocked**

Your birthday is landlocked and sun-drenched.

Eight years ago I was in Portland, almost thirty,

I was eight years younger, thin, almost thirty.

Blonde. Would you have known your mother then?

My mother was diagnosed with cancer then,

I spoke to her on the steps of Portland Museum of Art

I also only imagine steps at Portland Museum of Art

Memory is fickle, like the party balloons-

we have festooned the room in balloons

I’m trying to thread today with light

even as some days it’s hard to find light

I’m glad of cake, I’m glad of levity

Of people phoning to add levity

Your birthday is landlocked and sun-drenched.