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Two Poems

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the freedom fighters

*her mother ranks cleanliness
just a little higher than godliness,*

*so when my daughter realizes i've caught her
wiping her hands on her jammies in the kitchen,*

she winks conspiratorially,

and i wink back.

--Gerald Locklin

coming of age in san clemente

*i pick up my 16-year-old son
to take him to a movie
and it's been 2 or 3 weeks
since i've seen him, and the
person who gets in the car
is lanky, sinewed, upright:
a sculpture. and it dawns on me
that a transformation has taken
place: my little boy, now a surfer
and runner and lifter and figure
of interest to the ladies, has
grown to where i will never again
be able to surpass him in anything
purely physical (without cheating
or relying on the wiles of age).*

*i feel freed of something.
i can take my seat
among the tribal elders.*

--Gerald Locklin