



11-15-2003

## Song

Kim Bridgford

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Bridgford, Kim (2003) "Song," *Westview*: Vol. 23 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol23/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

# Song

by Kim Bridgford

The darkness brings a sadness to the shelf  
And to the bed, and to the picture frames  
That hold their memories in a close embrace  
Without the names.

So much happens when you lose your sense  
Of who lives in the house across the street,  
The calendar a drift of patient snow  
Mixed up with fate.

That thing's a sock? It leaks out of your mind  
The way the news does, faces and events  
That find themselves, like rocks and little sticks  
Upon the currents.

Your children take their turns, with heads bent down  
On days when you forget they are adults.  
In talking of their own accomplishments,  
They take your pulse.

But you wish they'd go: do the things they wish  
And leave you with your secret thoughts, like a song  
That runs its merry rhythms in your head:  
Ding-dong, ding-dong.

You remember kisses, but don't know  
What they're called, and when your husband weeps  
You wonder who he is and why it's sad  
To say, "For keeps."

