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A Heart That Dances: For my Oregonian children

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A Heart That Dances

For my Oregonian children

You can take the love I feel for Oregon, kids,
pour it in a thimble and still have room
for cream. I'm fixated on the flat-footed
square-dance land that was my Midwest.
I was a happy man with cows and corn.

The only places I can take you are aging
dreams with all their magic rinsed away.
This coast, these Cascades, they're yours,
and I'm glad they took you in.
I was lost in coming here, but I do recall

how the countryside passed, then years,
until, finally, your here is now,
and you aren't my kids anymore.
I fumble around like a half-drunk caller
who just can't find the band or the beat.

Watching you bow and *honor* at your ease,
wrapped in baggy and Birkenstocked ways,
I ache that I couldn't give you my place,
while you have given me a heart that dances,
in love with who you are, with who you are here.

-William Jolliff
Newberg, OR