Possession
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I’m missing something.
In Hawai‘i I learned with envy of two possessives.

Ko‘u keiki, ka‘u keiki.

One for people, places, objects I’m tied to, bonded with.
One for temporary holds or ephemeral bonds.

If I could recreate language, add a possessive adjective,
I could just pick between mye or my and be done.

Re-read, edit, express meaning I don’t think about. I
want to say how important mye home is, how little I care
about my car, which will be replaced in a few years. But I
can’t change mye language like that.

Possess less isn’t an option when summer
blooms on the prairie, mye view out my window, mye tiny
orchard, mye herb garden, my garden hose, my hoe.

Our, your, her, his, their. Wherever it goes. I
slow down, think which I would use, stutter,
stammer while talking about weather changes,
yarn textures, onions with acquaintances
at the grocery store where my list is lost beneath
my French goat cheese.