

Possession

Rosemary Moeller

I'm missing something.

My husband. My children. My grocery list.

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.