

counter-high

long ago
(when I was very young
and the weight of the world
was on the right shoulders)
I helped Nana make chocolate cakes
gladly licking the bowl afterwards
without ever once wondering
whose cake it was or
whether it (or I)
would be good
enough

again today
(when I am very young
and the weight of the world
is on the right shoulders)
I let go of the outcome
and enjoy the process
letting life flow
arms-wide-open
counter-high
and glad