

Name Day
by Marie Liberty

I was small then, a rail child
Mere tumbleweed, the wind
Rattled my lungs and left me
Gasping for air, like love
A silent emotion moving
Through the tracks, a train
With no passengers, No
Los Angeles was there
A place to call home, Daddy
Capital D, not like mommy
Lower case m, you were
Important, my iron jawed
Father, God among men
Creator of my dimpled chin
And my name, Laura
Child of laurels, sorrowful
One, not as holy as Mary
The virgin, a name given
By my mother, whispered
To her by the angels, written
The day of my birth, a name
To keep me clean, washed
In the pure blood of Jesus.