

In Newton's 1st Law of Motion, we are the bodies

*of course you'll move away, there's nothing
here for you now, my friend predicted*

our daughter in that other
state, our first grandbaby the size of a small
lime, our bodies not yet sweetened to grandparenthood

we resort to an audacious gambit
like the jeopardy contestant who risks it
all on a single question

though this was never
part of our plan never going to be
something we did in retirement; we hadn't intended

to buy another house. I muse that we will be dead
before this mortgage is paid; my husband paces
off the length of the double-car garage

where is my certainty, my response to this swelling
question of whether I am anything
beyond a mother, and what is

this urgency that each day pushes
me to phone my own: eighty-nine, diminished by dementia, her voice—
like she's gargling with marbles—still soothes me like silk on bare skin

one day it will all come to an end, what color
to paint the bedroom, whether to swaddle our favorite coffee cups
in towels, nestled near our address book cradling its lifetime of friends

one day, it will cease to matter whether
we reside in the Alexander Archipelago
or the Pacific Northwest home of the Douglas Fir

the thing is, this week our future grandbaby
is the size of a sweet potato