

# Blue water

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [May 3, 2005](#) issue

Those days, I sat on our front porch  
holding my daughter, my arms  
and chest vibrating with joy like a tuning  
fork. Atoms of our happiness fell in  
on one another like gears turning  
at the heart of the universe. When  
stars came out at noon, the meadow  
of my hollow hand was filled up  
with strange light. How can it be now  
that we are two separate islands  
in an ocean of blue water? I think  
of my own mother long ago, sitting  
on her porch with me. That distant island.  
When my daughter sits on her porch  
this summer, holding her own child  
I will watch her from my island.  
I will call to her over the blue water.