

*And gladly wolde he lerne and glady teche*

—Chaucer

From Holsteins I learned to recycle rinds  
and gristle, and to chew meticulously.

From my father, the relationship of visions  
and dirt. From my mother I learned how to polish.

From the Great Salt Lake I learned that faith  
by itself can't keep you afloat.

From reading aloud in junior high, how  
to pronounce *debris*, *Yosemite*, *Potomac*.

From reading a news release, that you  
never know someone that well.

From marriage, that you need to trust anyway.  
From Shirley McClain, that small eyes

can *cha cha*. From Andy Warhol,  
to love and embrace boring things.

From motherhood, to pinch the nose and jump  
even though you never learned to swim.

From literature, to live with uncertainty.  
From dangling, that rungs of doubt have traction.

—Marilyn Bushman-Carlton