What Day?

I have been looking back over my past
Trying to figure out what day started what.

The day I started the nuclear research job at 23,
Or the day in youth I created my first stink
Bomb, exploded rocket fuel, rose petal fragrances,
Crisco lard absorbed that mother reluctantly
Applied to her hands like Oil of Olay
To show support?

What day did I become a father?
Moment of conception of my first son,
Or birth of the fourth or was it that idea at 18
That my children, if any, might be the first
Generation ever to be college educated?

What day did I become a good lover to you?
The first time, last time, multi-orgasm time?
Or was it the time I started to make up,
Tell little stories whispered in your ears while
The rest of your body listened to another call?

What day did I start writing, not engineering,
Business plans, memos--the poetry & novels?
Five years ago--seven? Or was it sitting
4th floor Culbertson Hall Bozeman, MT in 1965
Thinking who said I couldn’t be a writer & scientist?

Here I am with all these gifts & trails
But no footprints to lead back to the source,
No cards about who, when the present was sent
Not a clue how any of this started.

But I know 12 March 2002 is the day,
I started thinking gratefully about starting days.