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## Moving On

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*College of DuPage*

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## MOVING ON

Happy times  
We three kicking and strutting  
making angels  
in the crispy red-brown  
rubble of summer  
scolded by squirrels  
little Staci notched on her mother's hip  
then riding my shoulders  
all the way home  
reaching and babbling  
at yellow-gold leaves  
reluctant to fall.

Now  
Pig-tails and grins she waves good-bye  
from the picture window  
I wave and grin back  
I turn to go and  
the gray Saab my alimony pays for pulls to the curb  
she emerges  
purse slung  
hands in pockets  
fiery curls  
toss and sway  
catch the sun and  
challenge the tawny autumn  
a warm smile  
eyes crinkle  
freckles dance on winter-cream cheeks  
*Walk with me?*

Fall's minions raked into riotous piles  
spectators in the stands  
*I hear you're seeing someone.*  
*Just friends.*  
denial met with a knowing look  
*I'm happy for you. We need to move on.*

Brittle-brown crunching  
heel-scuff on cold concrete  
we walk and talk  
moving on  
into winter.

— Ron Edison