The Prairie Light Review

Volume 29 Number 2 *Further Reflections*

Article 59

4-1-2009

The Poem that Waits Across the Street

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Recommended Citation

Cimera, Tricia Marcela (2009) "The Poem that Waits Across the Street," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 2, Article 59. Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/59

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The Poem that Waits Across the Street

Tricia Marcela Cimera

My father touches my hand, asks if I will write a poem about him after he dies He wants to be remembered. How could I not? The poem is there, across the street, shimmering like water, like hot tears above the sidewalk I can see it already forming, wavelets of words waving at me. (not yet) We stand on the street corner. my father holds my hand, still believing I might dart out (don't go) before the light changes. I want the light to stay red (stay) a long, long time. We hold hands very tight. Once the light changes, my father must cross the wide street and the poem must be written, signaling my loss. That poem can wait, shimmering (wait) across the street.

I hold my father's hand.