The Poem that Waits Across the Street

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Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/59

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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.