Moving On

Ron Edison

College of DuPage
**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?*

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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