

## Father · *Alfred Yuson*

In the hospital I watched your heart  
tighten its flutter across a screen, a moth  
blipping from breath to breath

and finally arriving at a pinpoint  
of dark, the last light a feint  
that threw me off your sorry hint.

Entering your deathroom I came  
upon a sad peace, bent towards time  
and kissed you; you were him.

Pressed your hand and in a wild  
appeal to chance thumped a child's  
blow upon your chest, a field

I wanted to revive and roam  
upon some more, though the dusk of the dream  
hurried me along toward half a home.