

## HOW THEY LEFT

**This is how they left:**

We made bad jokes over the dinner table.  
No one was hungry.  
In the cold car, going to the airport,  
we stopped for every light. Traffic was heavy.  
Rebecca was nervous. "We'll never get there," she said.  
We got there.  
It was very cold.  
The wind blew through my fingers.  
We waited at the airport three hours,  
sitting, walking. Laurel bought a book.  
The girls combed their hair.  
The wind blew through my fingers.  
I was frozen.  
I sat like an ice statue and watched  
the girls combing their hair.  
Goodby. Goodby.  
They walked through the door,  
hair falling down their backs.  
They flew through my fingers  
into the night sky.