

Remembering Him Dying

It was like his teaching her to ride a bicycle
in the driveway that fall, him calling out
I've got you, which meant he planned to let go
any moment. He made her try again,
again; she crashed the yellow Schwinn
into the elm, cried and called him names.

If she could have looked back and kept her balance
the last time he shoved her out of his hands,
she would have seen him griefstruck, still, shrinking
as she wobbled from his shadow, into the sun-dappled road.