

A Moment Alone with the Old Man

It might
have been
a smile

or

maybe he's just
having a hard
time breathing;

It's a struggle for both of us,

to Breathe,

to Smile.

It's the way his hand doesn't grip mine,
Winter Branches draped in Cobweb Skin,
a hand that was strong
Once.

im sorry i cant stay longer
i am and i cant
i just cant

I choose to believe that he recognized me.
When those Cracked Country Lips parted,
whispered, "Who are you?"
there was his sense
of humor,
the same that used to say,
"Shit Fire, Save Matches,"
or
"Hope Springs Eternal,"
to every tiny desire.

I hope he still had that humor
in those hours before the end
and that my last memory of him
Is a memory of him
Remembering
Me

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