Slow Season

From birth they scolded
that he was slow. The kids
chose him last: If he hit the ball
he’d never make it to first base.
They didn’t notice that he got,
eventually, where he meant to go.

Molly was dancer-quick, her mind
darting like a tropical butterfly
beyond his hopes.
He was amazed, he was dazed
when she paused to reach
a bright hand to him.

After ten years, after sons
with the sun-quick thoughts
and movements of their mother, he lived
wrapped in light, happy
to be their necessary
anchor. He might have known
she’d dance before him into death,
and the boys would quick-step
into their separate lives. Leaving him,
as always behind.

In summer sometimes
when a butterfly waltzes on air,
he stops hoeing, wondering
if this one is Molly’s signal
that it’s time
for his heavy feet to follow.

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