

Today in the April Yard

Larry McLeod

My father slowly descends the steps
And enters the green light of the April yard
Something whispers through me
His steps upon the grass
What he sees
A bird darting away, red blackberries along the fence
The new apples, the bright stream
His thoughts
Perhaps nothing
Things like my breath
I can not hold

He stands for a moment
In the shadow of a tree
I seem to enter a dark
But it is only the shadow

Light and dark
Shadow, the shade of something
Some other day
I'm thinking
Perhaps the darting bird is not time
Just an underfeather
Lost somewhere
Soft and quiet

I guess it is the way the light strikes us here and now
That makes the shadows seem so dark
That makes us think so much of time
A day like today
Old men want more
Then just not dying

Where the light touches
Everything is tearing out
There is no holding back
My father steps from the shadow,
And for today
We exist as the light
Exists, etching
Leaves and birds, water, berries
And shadows.