



Winter: 65th Year

the roads feel longer after 54
the age my father danced to
as he fell to the ballroom floor
dreaming of islands
mountains and oceans crossed

a final new bed for the back
a little pain behind our conversation

another winter full of night

its dark brightened by the snow
foot falls awkward, a hesitation

older but knowing no better
still in love, wanting
that good song to be sung
inging it ahead
into the dark beyond
the high beam
hoping