

BLUR

By winter she
already leans forward
in her stroller
to watch
staccato hops
of coal black
Labradors
in mid-yelp
behind their
invisible fence.

Spring puddles
receive two-foot
splish-splashes,
intrepid princess
waving a magic wand;
a wayward twig
that casts out my
troubles for the day.

The summer heat
skids bike wheels
into softened asphalt
as she spins out
in her tomboyishness,
climbs a tree
to see her future;
I watch mine
pass in present.

There is too much
hand-holding
this fall from one
cul-du-sac
to another;
giggles too giggly
to know dad
watches the death
of his season,
years that are
no more.

Aaron McGuffin, MD

