

Bikehood

I was picking you up
at your mother's new place.
She told me from the doorway
that you had made up your mind in a flash:

No more training wheels!
You had swung on and
wheeled away.

Now you wanted to show me,
your dad.

You mentioned
- in passing me -
that "he" had run after you
but couldn't catch you.

I slowed down,
tried to run sideways,
wanted to be different,
- irreplaceable.

At the brink of bikehood
your father was
listening to his pain.
May be I am
different from "him"
after all.

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3-25-97