

To Wait

Aaron Cloyd

As Orion and his belt slung
low across winter skies are spun,
placed by story and pattern
that do not always discern,

so the partial equations of
questions with answers fail to hold
the hand of my friend or his wife
carved hallow by cancer, or

my aunt capsized by dementia
until she surfaced to her
husband's face without name, or

our four children, conceived, but towed
under, by waves of other
moons, of second shores,

for traces in the dusk are
blinkerred and bunkered, even blind,
mute to the measured, as it sifts on.

Relinquishment

Aaron Cloyd

You are now hiking, son
Into lands where my voice carries no more.

I could take you to the stream that almost swallowed
My friend and discuss properties of spring flooding,

And I could drive us down gravel, wash-boarded
Wyoming roads until moon and stars are enough to guide us
home, but

The stories in these gorged waters and skies
Are not yours to hold.

Even if you were to slip them on, they
Would sag, ill-fitted off your shoulders,
Leaving little warmth or comfort in their fall.

Yet do not mistake my silence for stillness.

For I'm setting camp.
Arranging our chairs, to
Listen to the tales of
Your travels, to what
You're meant to carry.