

From The Wheelchair

Here comes my son.
I can hear him saying—
Must go to see Dad today.
I wish I weren't an obligation.
I wish he would just drop in
Unexpectedly.
Not always on the same day.
I remember how I hated
To visit old people, sick people
When I was young.
He won't say—How are you Dad?
I'd try to keep it simple.
I wouldn't tell him
How hard it is
To have a girl
Cut your toenails.
I'll try to be cheerful,
But what can I tell him?
I should tell him
How I'd like to see Joel and Aaron
Play hockey.
I wish he would remind me
Of when he was young
And I taught him to skate.
I wish he knew how I miss his Mother.
I wish I could tell him
What's in my heart.
The time is too short.
I'll do better next time.
But will I?
The time is too short.
Goodbye, Son.

—Naomi Wingfield