

1978

Father

Alfred Yuson

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Father · *Alfred Yuson*

In the hospital I watched your heart
tighten its flutter across a screen, a moth
blipping from breath to breath

and finally arriving at a pinpoint
of dark, the last light a feint
that threw me off your sorry hint.

Entering your deathroom I came
upon a sad peace, bent towards time
and kissed you; you were him.

Pressed your hand and in a wild
appeal to chance thumped a child's
blow upon your chest, a field

I wanted to revive and roam
upon some more, though the dusk of the dream
hurried me along toward half a home.