

Leavetaking

After you board the train, you sit & wait,
to begin your first real journey alone.
You read to avoid the window's awkwardness,
knowing he's anxious to catch your eye,
loitering out in never ending rain,
to wave, a bit shy, another final good-bye;
you are afraid of having to wave too soon.

And for a moment you think it's the train
next to you has begun, but it is yours,
and your face, pressed to the window pane,
is distorted & numbed by the icy glass,
pinning your eyes upon your father,
as he cranes to defy your disappearing train.
Both of you waving, eternally, to each other.

--Greg Delanty