

Andrea Sherwood

IN THE DARK

You talk to your son as though
you were looking for him,
your eyes searching through objects
about the room, everywhere but
where he is. And those words aimed
at random, missing their mark
by miles. He knows you can't
find him, just watches the floor
for your footsteps, checking the distance.
Then the light slumps and he, the son, relaxes,
draws his limbs at a softer slope.
The father too, breathes out, letting hope go.
Until finally, there they are, father and son
in the darkness.