

Mid September

On the day we drive her to university,
more than a decade from now, I will pause
by the trunk of the car, my hands suddenly
free of the computer or lamp or bag
stuffed with last minute sweaters. I will remember
this evening-light making its way
through the trees to our plates, shinning
across dinner's stain. We read poems aloud,
Isabel says: *Sonnet 2 I really like you
but I can't afford to come home right now.*
Outside, yellow begins, the leaves cannot hold
their green. Today is only Tuesday.
There is nothing special about that.

Alexandra Pasian