As we reach the cross walk

you put your hand in mine,

as if it were the most natural thing in the world,

and I’m glad that you lost one of your dinosaur mittens.

I have an urge to swing you up the way I used to, so that

all I could see was blue sky and my baby,

but the sky is heavy with low gray clouds,

the sidewalk is icy, and I can barely lift you anymore.

You put your hand in mine and, as when I used to hold you up against the sky,

everything else stops mattering. Your hand in mine is the sunshine, and I am the sky.