

Another Fall

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To lose is a funny thing. It creates lotsa spaces that I hardly even knew existed before I started looking. It takes spaces too and counting those is another way to pass the time.

I lost my dad three and a half years ago and “lose” is probably my least favorite euphemism for what happened. I didn’t misplace him somewhere; enough looking won’t turn anything up.

But we say these things, and shrugging works fine too.

**My dad taught me lots of hows:
how to tie knots with no names,
how to load film, how to hold
a book, how to walk fast and
smile soft, how the morning
light falls gentle and how white
light isn't worth a damn.**

**It's easy to say they're all
important, but one I learned
best is how beauty mostly is
not a thing planned. Mostly it**

**just happens, resting quiet in
places it has no business being.
And mostly we'd do best to just
wait and watch.**

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