

CHF

First Place Poetry 2005

Early November.

In the grey light, each leaf—

Gold, green, brown—seems separate and distinct,

A tragedy waiting to happen.

It's warm enough to walk him to the park.

I tie his scarf,

The hat he always wears is at a jaunty angle.

It's like it always was: I talk, he listens

As we navigate the elevator,

Turn towards the park.

The trees are on fire but his hand is cold.

Slowly, slowly, we make our way,

Stopping, breathing, moving, resting.

It's too hard. We turn back.

"It's okay, " I lie, "We'll come back

Tomorrow."

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