Threshold

You, in you
Dutchman's cap,
framed
in the door
handing over
the last box.
Miscellaneous bits
for my new life.
On top,
this rope, your father-
to-daughter gift,
the shock
of its orange
weave.

"For emergencies,"
you explained,
Kissed me
goodbye,
left me
on the ledge.

Winter came.
And asthma.
Brittle, you dropped.
Sudden
as a loose rock.

Too far away
from me
with my just
fledged wings.

Carolyn Waudby