

The day my son left for college

I left you writing notes on the internal failures
Of a computer. In the field
The ground cracks, unplanned lines
Jag and curl on the path,
Under the dry grass
The dog runs happily along.

I am going back now
Sliding with you in the snow
Loading a broken bike. Fishing
In Idaho. Towns along the Snake River
In a fifties scene. Irrigation water.
"Let's have all the kids line up over
Here." We drive hundreds of miles
To reach California.

Today you are leaving. Here in this field, I am alone.
Sharp stalks of grass. Wind rustling. Remnants
Of a plastic toy. A scrap of wood.
Cars pass along Moraga Road
A biker on the trail below--
He's you on the Davis Double Century
Running out of water far from any town.

The dog sniffs every possibility
Expects me to proceed
Or go home
Not sit watering this dry field
Your car headed west
The basketball rolling with the curve

You are here
The grass becomes soft
Spring green blades caress my ankles
You are everywhere
In all the sizes you've outgrown

I am there
Putting the blood mark over the door