

Daughter

RICHARD DRY

I saw a father and daughter
playing catch
with a pine cone
See how many times, he said,
how many times without dropping

And they stood, not four feet
apart, and tossed the pine cone to
one another
back and
forth
concentrating
smiling, steady,
perfect hands swinging
extended and giving
and swinging
back and forth
easy and gentle
giving and receiving
he smiled
and she
the daughter
taking and tossing

RICHARD DRY

it back
forever
not four
feet apart

Then I saw her
I saw her
She threw it
on purpose
to the side just
beyond his reach
without warning
to the ground
as though it were
only
a game.