

Verse

Learning to Let Go

There is no shadow, for the sun is behind us.
Power tuned to the proper pitch,
we taxi on the runway while the sun rises.

At each leaving our hearts brood on what has been.
We swing into position, the engines
thrust hard against the air.

As we lift off, the shadow appears and separates.
It runs along the ground,
passing over homes where people

sleep, or make love, or kill, across
fields until, as we bank west, it is lost,
dissolved in a patch of fog rising from the river.

The shadow disappears. The sun is behind us.

Peter Hoheisel