

Temporal

As I wrote a very sad poem, my daughter
sat next to me, also writing a very sad poem.
Hers was made of scribbles, but I could see
the sadness in the jerks of the pen on the page,
in the flourish at the end of each line.

Oh Mama, she said. *This is the saddest
poem I've ever written.* I said, *I'm sorry.*

This is also the saddest poem I've ever written.

*It's so sad that I had to write it in French,
and I don't even speak French.* We sighed.

*These poems are so sad they don't even
make sense*, she said, which was when

I realized my daughter was no longer a child.

As I turned to look at her, she was already
sprouting the beautiful petals of an exotic
flower with only a few short days to live.