

### When Mom and Dad walk

If you go early enough, you can't see your tread. Which is to say, you can venture far and mosey at the day's young hours, and leave all of your footsteps behind you. The dark light of morning can't hold onto its memory. The color of my shoes, gobbled up by the dark light. The beauty of *him*, despite tar skies, cloaks our surroundings in brightness. He walks with me too with footprints no less consumed than mine. We collect pieces of the trail in our soles as we walk. Taking soil and critter-hostages who know nothing of devastation, of such magnificent grief until we trample across. I remark at all the usual fixtures one sees on an adventure. Like how this butterfly is surely Mom, as it lands on my finger. And how I could bask there, next to love and minutes away from sunlight for all eternity.