

# Thoughts on Sounds

Thoughts on:

sounds - look underneath 'favorites'

find the way my father calls "love you too"

down the stairs when he goes to bed.

He gets nervous too. I cried when we talked about it

in the backyard in Cleveland,

the day after we had just won a fourteen-inning game to go up

two games on the Yankees (we didn't win the series though)

("We sure are lucky we went to the game we did,"

he'd say weeks later)

sitting on the other twin bed and reading, asking me

to read, something lighter for once, he didn't feel right

leaving me on my own

so he stayed. The next day we hugged

in the airport as his plane was boarding.

I told him I'd call him later.

Over the phone we talk about his mother.

("Memories can be beautiful if you let it stay

a merciful space") Yes, I say,

and maybe now can be too.

*by Edwin Davis*