

My Father Grew Wings

Trent Platt

The land of faeries is not what you think.
When you look through the outline of trees
and see the sky blue, you two are there.
When you pick and blow dandelions
on the back porch with him, you two are there.
You two are there when you blow whistles
with crabgrass and hay and he writes songs.
When you sway on swings with
mulch chips in your nails, you two are there.
You are there when your fingers bleed
from short chalk ends on the sidewalk.
You are there putting dirt and leaves
in each other's mouths and
they were there the day he grew wings.
And when it is dark outside and he is gone,
don't fret, they are still here, but
until you grow your wings too,
you are not welcome.