

My Father as Possum

On the night before it snowed
he took his final walk,
the ground still spongy,
the grass slowly stiffening.
The oaks, and there were four
of them, shied away
from him,
their long limbs shifting
in the wind,
their thin branches reaching
for the stars
that formed uncertain constellations
above his head.
What earthly scents were left
were muted
and mingled with the mulch
he had been nesting in.
What thoughts he had were
muted, too.
This was no time to play
Dead, such pretense was quite
beyond him.