Sun falling on yellow cedar
and my daughter in broken sandals
climbing the steps to her father’s house,
hurt foot first, then the other.

The moon-coloured stones
she piled high above the tide line -
in the morning they are still there!
Even the river stealing past
in the darkest night becomes another way
for grace to slip through.

My daughter calls for me
to climb with her, the last leaves
yellow in the skeletal tree.
She’ll find a way, she knows,
to make those golden apples rain.

Snowflakes melt on her face,
a lifetime passes away.
The deep muttering of rocks
in the black river. Why am I ill at ease?

(v)

From the bridge I watch the pure moving of the bird over the bank where my daughter stoops to pick the blue lupins that have now grown wild. I see the raptor swoop, then change his mind and disappear, think how boundless is the pure wind circling our lives.