Legacy: A Conversation

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Ripples on the pond, this splayed willow
a bouquet of branches. Insects and doves,
the conversation of white-billed ducks
practicing for the long way ahead. Red-winged
blackbirds trill from dead sentinel trees.

Before my father died, he and I spent
a day alone in the house. I watched him
do bicep curls with an old spring device,
all the rage in the 60s. I didn’t know what
to think of his frailty. We talked about
keeping his strength up. He said
he always thought he would have more.

Money, he meant, but he could have
meant time. Blue dragonflies hover
in grass he must have planted, finches
shelter in cattails I seeded one summer
on this pond he made. Swallows dart
and dip, part of the conversation.