

## 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.