

**Passage**  
**by David McConnell**

I come upon you,  
white-haired and prone,  
embracing your shroud of sheets.  
Your mouth makes soft circles of air  
so as not to disturb the world.  
You have grown smaller,  
almost to disappearance.

I imagine you as a child  
running bare legged  
through fields that wave  
with your swiftness,  
through flowers  
glad of your fleet gaze.

And then you leap the years,  
etch care in your brow.  
There is water in you,  
and fire, and stone,  
and the strength of roots,  
all written now in spots of age  
seen slipping into night.