

son/daughter

By Kai Conradi

In a dream my dad fell

from the top of a steep white mountain

down into a blue crevasse

like the space between two waves

where the light shines through just enough

to tell you

you will miss this life dearly.

The falling took years.

I could hear him moving through air and then finally nothing.

In another dream my dad was an angel

his see-through body dangling in the air

floating above me face shimmery like tinfoil

and I cried and cried when he told me

I can't come back to earth now not ever.

When my dad told me

You will always be my daughter

maybe it was like that.

Will I be allowed to come back to earth

and be your son?

Source: *Poetry* (January 2019)