The Fledgling
By Katharine Covino-Poutasse

So many falls.
So many tears.
So many skinned knees.

How many afternoons
spent on the hot, flat blacktop,
beside the pond?

Running with you,
behind you,
panting,
struggling to keep up,
to keep my hand touching your seat.

Exhausted.

Wishing for you to learn.
Wishing for you to be independent.

Now, my love, I wonder,
how long will I be able to keep up with you,
before you pull away?