

Boy, Aged Ten by Leanne Wright-Gray (draft)

I could spend weeks on him, really  
Just holding him in my  
memory like that, watching  
his details.

The way his chest heaves  
in and out, so subtly,  
like maybe  
I'm imagining it  
like maybe  
if I stopped watching carefully  
he might not breath at all.

The legs carelessly long, stretched out  
and bone-strong.  
Relaxed now but  
ready to bolt  
across sunlight, and time.  
He is energy incarnate,  
a bird about to wing  
or  
a lion momentarily  
tamed.

The eyes stay fixed in the book,  
he is dreaming worlds without me.  
Pale eyes race over words  
Alive with promise.

He is stillness now,  
but you can see the leaving  
coiled in him anyway.  
The pliant horizons  
I have lovingly painted  
will not hold him.

He will not stay there. But if he did,  
I could spend weeks on him.