

As I drive home with my son, rain wraps us in cold sheets.
It stammers across the windshield, sparks as it dies
on the pavement. The street lights pale his cheeks blue;
lightening squeals through the AM band. He is silent

but for one tapping finger. Easing across his glasses,
the reflection of a mist summoned by the rain drumming
the pavement could be angels, or gargoyles. He tracks
their passage with his eyes. It wasn't so long ago,

The 18th Birthday

every Fourth of July, he would look for shapes
in the smoky remains of the fireworks. In the dark
silence after each loud flash, he'd point and say "Starfish!
Jellyfish! Octopus!" His sky was just another ocean.

I used to have a dream about a boy standing on a lake;
he looked familiar, but rain rose between our eyes,
the blue cars kept buzzing. I thought he looked happy,
like a face in a cloud, luminous and unsearchable.

The streets are shedding rain down sewer holes like a skin,
like it's easy. They have become too cold to produce
an angel, so my son leans his head back, and sleeps. Yesterday
he was a child; today a judge and two lawyers ruled him an

incapacitated adult, binding him to our care, permanently.
My wife will be asleep when we get home, spared
the monotone recap of the movie we saw. I will tuck him
in bed the way he likes it, blue side of the quilt

Scott Morgan

touching his body, baby blanket folded up beside his pillow.
Then I'll take a six pack out to the porch, and think about
a boy running through an evening field, translating the glyphs
the fireflies write in front of him, as if he could teach them to me.