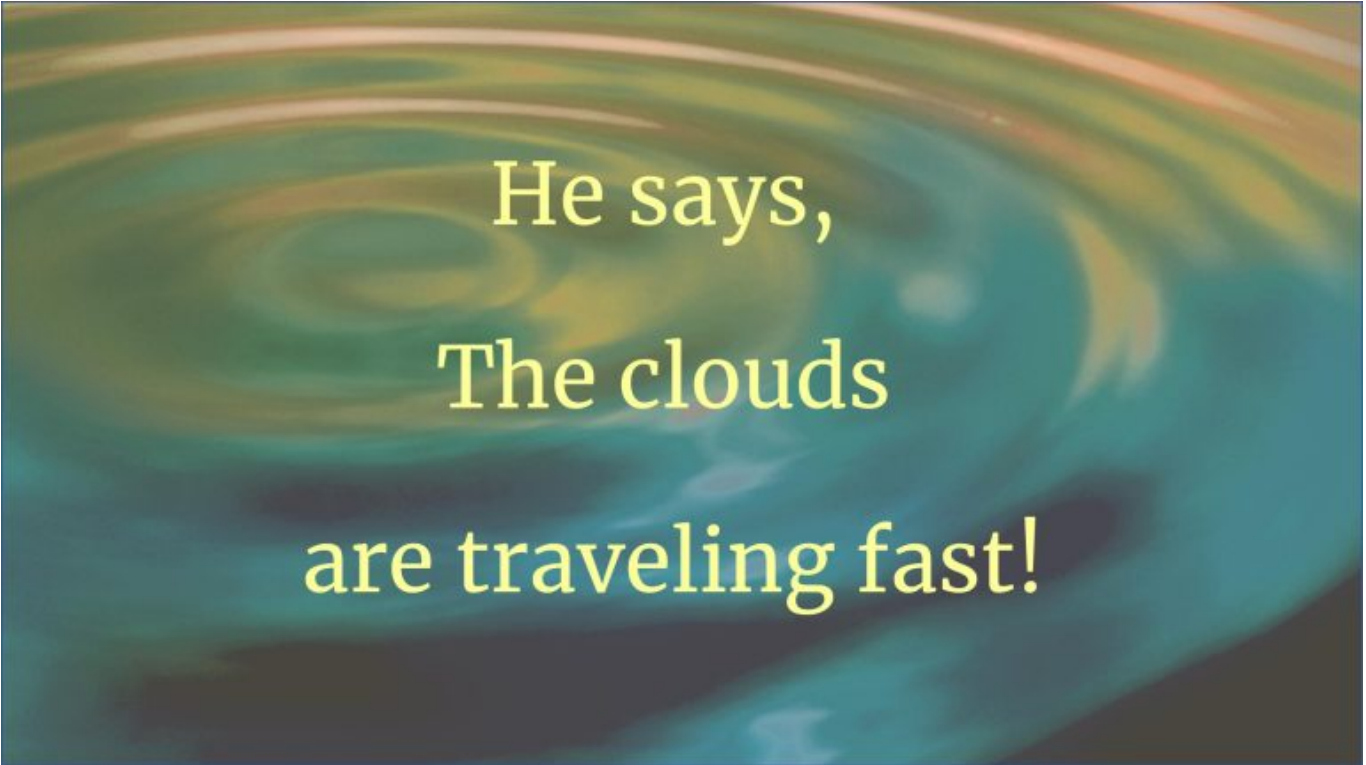


# Sitting with my father at age 89

Category: Poems

written by Helen May Williams | November 25, 2022



He says,  
The clouds  
are traveling fast!

He lies in the hospital bed,  
the subject of barrier nursing,  
looks at his fingers, and says:  
Fingers! Figures! There's a lot of figures about!  
He slowly puts his fingers into prayer position,  
his hands tortuously enacting transfingeringation.

The following day, I'm checking his menu-sheet  
when he asks: Is Jesus present?  
Is he here physically? Have you seen him physically?  
There's such a lot of figures here!  
It's strange, this presence on earth!  
His mind tortuously constellating transfiguration.

I tell him he can drink. He says:  
I'll take my instructions from the top!  
I say, I'm not the top, I'm your daughter!  
He says, You're the tops to me!  
When we arrange his blanket, he says  
He's OK! If he's tops! He's the tops to me.

He says, Everything's changing all the time.  
I mean, the leaves, the blossoms.  
He looks out the window, sees and names the viburnum.  
He says, The clouds are traveling fast!  
They must be coming from Spitzbergen!

I pause to consider; then realize that he's right.