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**MARLENE KADAR**

The morning a child leaves

There are so many times I say hello and then I have to say good bye to you again. But no words or space or distance really separate you from me when those times come.

Just as there are no words to describe the cardinal’s song in the dead of morning and you are sleeping just a few feet away from me.

I could hear your breathing if night grabbed your throat (as it sometimes used to do)

when I awaken and know all is well with the world because you are asleep in your room and the world is in you, and there was no grabbing.

And if you are not there, asleep, the cardinal will sing anyway, in the dead of morning.