HAVEPOETRY.COM

LOUISE GLÜCK

DEPARTURE

My father is standing on a railroad platform.
Tears pool in his eyes, as though the face
glimmering in the window were the face of someone
he was once. But the other has forgotten;
as my father watches, he turns away,
drawing the shade over his face,
goes back to his reading.
And already in its deep groove
the train is waiting with its breath of ashes.