

Dreams of Flying

By D.M. Solis

“Lean into me
and I’ll learn into you,”
his wordless offer
when I was firstborn

who once showed me clouds--
soaring stallions, giant kings
on mountain thrones, and lions roaring
across eternity.

Years recently
only cartoon faces and miniature lambs
in random morsels of popped corn
by a dim light at his kitchen table.

His world has grown so small
who once saw it wide as the sky
where no one could follow him
hanging like a movie hero

from the edge of a cliff
is now clinging
to the tip of this syringe
where I feed him

the chemistry
of hospice
hoping his dreams
are soft as his sighs

as the fading edges
of his old work scars
where each wound caresses
my brothers’ names and mine.

I wade at his side
trying not to hold on
through these last days
of his sinking away.

Soon, I'll let go
as we all must.
Then I'll run
far from this place

to sleep and find him
soaring beside me again
in the dreams he gave me
of flying.