She is learning to let go
right up to the last moment
so you still almost have it
till it slips by chance
beyond your control
before you could grasp it back
she can take up
light as a tiger her young
whatever you give her
keep it just on the verges of loss
with a touch of the forefinger
corkscrews of thumb
she can peer into departure
minutely inspecting its weight
learning it up through her fingers
finding at what point
whatever is here goes
where it went does not matter.

DESMOND GRAHAM