

My Father Retires

by David Feela

The spell begins
in the middle of the day,
often while reading a book.
Sunlight through a window

warms him.
The sentence he's unraveling
slips to the bottom
of the page,

then drops
to his lap,
cascades over his knees
and tangles around his ankles,

tugging him even deeper.
The recliner tips,
the footrest extends
and he levitates.

like a magician.
I'm never sure how it's done,
but for a short time
he vanishes from the earth.