

## WINGS

by Brian Bell

Standing over the toilet,  
pants puddled at his ankles,  
my 4-year-old asks me to hold his wings.  
I oblige, pulling the unzipped  
flanks of his jacket behind him.

What if I should slip,  
his jacket lining veining rigid,  
lifting him from the hardwood floor,  
carrying him beyond my reach,  
spinning, giggling to the attic rafters,  
where he whispers through the roof vents.

Then afraid that he will return,  
As it suits him, like a lost cat,  
puss in his eyes, guts between toes,  
His jacket no longer his wings,  
And his dad's face unmissed.