

Aidan Coleman

Descent

What I remember
begins

atop a ladder,
saying “Hello, Dad”

to dad,
who’s shaving.

Before, at the short end,
a sudden crowd

with biscuits
and orange juice

welcomes me
down — welcomes me inside.

Aidan Coleman

Proposal

Not down on one knee,
when I suggest and you agree.
Through the night-orange
a single star presses. Call it ours.

Spring

Fresh-mown grass and at dusk
in two and threes
rabbits like little loaves.

Aidan Coleman

Brood

Merely idea,

 you
became a name,
assuming as sleep
 a home with us

And so the small losses begin

Unsteady steps bloom
 in my steps,
as cries buffet rooms of my choosing