



On my Retirement from the Classroom

Ever since coming to this village
I have lived on its outskirts
though from the first
it always felt like home.
Now, at night, its children come to me in dreams.
Their hands reach out to lead me.
To them, it does not matter
that there is no path.
When morning comes,
the small birds fly up
and scatter in and out among the branches.
The weave is loose, not tight.
The pattern of the fabric
is rich with intervening spaces.

CHIP HEDLER
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