

one day

one day we took a bike ride
just the two of us
father and son
I was 37
he was 60.

it was fall
and the trees were brilliant that day
orange red and gold
even the sky was shining.

he wore a bright red t-shirt
we rode along the old canal
all the way to the dam and back
we stopped now and then to take a break
take a picture
or talk a bit
but we didn't talk much
the talking didn't come so easy.

at twilight he was riding ahead of me
that red t-shirt on his back
blazing like a banner in the sun
I realized in that moment
that I'd finally had the kind of day
I always wanted to have with him
I also realized
that it was never gonna happen again
and I was right
but what a day that was.