

## Apparent

*Memory of Evan, four or five years old*

If it had been an open  
window you would've kept  
walking, but because  
it was sun-puzzled glass  
you saw me through, you stopped  
halfway across the yard,  
and squinted through the glare,  
and waved, and seemed to wait  
for something else to happen,

and finally it became  
apparent that it had  
already, and that you  
were being kept from what  
you'd been about to do  
by nothing, and you gave  
me one more gentle wave —  
*I'm here, you're there* —  
and left me in my frame.

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