

## Rebecca Yancey

### THE LAST VISIT

With fingers tapping, foot  
shaking, he hunched in his chair,  
no trace in his dull stare  
of the auger eyes  
that drilled me as a boy,  
his onion skin hands  
hard to remember as fists.

I offered pictures of my son,  
his only grandchild, but  
he just looked away. . .  
at the plant by the window,  
that fly on the sill,  
its drone the only sound.

I reached out to touch his shoulder,  
the sharp bones.  
My words fell like leaves  
scattered on hard-baked clay.

**Rebecca Yancey** is a retired English teacher now living in Lebanon TN near her family. She is late in coming to the publishing world as she devoted all of her attention to developing an appreciation of language in her students during her thirty years of teaching. This year she has had poems published or forthcoming in "Miramar," "Ibbetson Street Press" and "Third Wednesday."