

## **Sugarloaf**

At the top of Sugarloaf Mountain  
now with with my father, 84,

every step on the uneven trail a worry after he tells me  
sometimes his legs give way and he lands

on his face, our view is impeded  
by two other hikers in whom

the hormones of youth buzz,  
only for once it's she doing

all the telling, about her business  
in bit coin and how her partner

just died — he was 70 — so now  
there's a lot more work for her

and she's moving to Stuttgart  
next Sunday where her boyfriend

has a job and the man she's talking  
with is silent but I have a lot

of questions but it's not my conversation  
and going down will be

a lot harder than going up.