

Pink and Golden Years

Time is fickle. It is one of the only matters of this world I cannot change. So I wake up before the sun, the skies pink and striped with wisps of cotton. I watch them as I drive. The traffic lights shine a red and green glare against the gold of a creeping glory across the top of the overpass. Excitement ruffles in my chest as I park next to his blue car. The same spot, every time. I cross the street and open the door, enraptured by the smell of coffee. He waits for me at his special table, sitting at the corner under the warm light. We disagree on many things, but these mornings are for setting aside the cares of yesterday. I tell him all about my life; he loves to hear what I haven't said over the phone. We make up for distance through the palpable presence of a still morning we begin with each other. On these quiet mornings, Time moves, no matter how much I will it to stay pink and golden. Too quickly, he's packing up his green bag, offering me his oversized fleece, and leaving me to my own thoughts. Someday, too soon, he will walk out of the morning and into the beautiful rays of a setting sun, leaving me with an oversized fleece and an empty chair. But for now, Time moves slowly. For now, its light morning rays warm my face as I watch my father walk towards his blue car. I may not be able to change Time, but I can sure as hell hold onto what I have, and love him—and these golden years—with all I can manage.