

## Having to Leave

*For Terry H.*

“How extraordinarily beautiful,”  
I’m saying to my deceased sister:  
The gorgeous springtime day  
that I dread having to leave.

She’s accompanying me  
Up the ancient stepping stones  
of a winding hillside walkway,  
Down a glittering canopy  
of tender, sun-dappled leaves...

Tourists we are pilgrims.

And ghosts of our former  
And future selves.

Joseph Leahey

Note: This is an altered version of  
the same-titled poem which appears  
on Page 48 of “The Dreamer and the  
Dreamed: Collected Poems of Joseph  
Leahey,” published by FriesenPress.