“Majority”  
Dana Gioia

Now you’d be three,  
I said to myself,  
seeing a child born  
the same summer as you.  
  
Now you’d be six,  
or seven, or ten.  
I watched you grow  
in foreign bodies.  
  
Leaping into a pool, all laughter,  
or frowning over a keyboard,  
but mostly just standing,  
taller each time.  
  
How splendid your most  
mundane action seemed  
in these joyful proxies.  
I often held back tears.  
  
Now you are twenty-one.  
Finally, it makes sense  
that you have moved away  
into your own afterlife.