

# Don't Let Go

BY JOHN KESSEL

The doctor lifted my newborn's hand  
on the tips of his fingers,  
and pointed to her pinky,  
the perfect fingernail so miniscule  
I wished for a magnifying glass.  
He said, "See this finger?"  
I worried that something was wrong.  
"This is the finger she will  
have you wrapped around."  
When I put my own in her hand  
she gripped it hard:  
as hard as we hold on to life.

"Don't let go!" she said six years later  
as I ran along holding the seat  
of her bike. No training wheels now.  
"Don't let go!" with panic in her voice.  
I let go. She sped off down the street,  
faster than I could run if  
something should go wrong.