

VIGIL: FOR MY GRANDFATHER

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Has it come to this, so small?
Almost a husk of bone and galled
skin, your body curled in tight:
leaf-sheath waiting for a gust to crack
it open – as if you wanted one
more flight? You'd hoped to "just go"
once. But must wait for now. No one
here can bring the wind up right.

Now you turn your face. You don't
want to hear us cry. And you won't
speak, either, though I try to hold
your hand. I am afraid to come near
you again. We hurt you, being here,
as you watch us watching you grow cold.