

Read the play in the spring
Thought a lot about God's role in suffering
And all...all of the millions of times.

I heard the news in July
Had no symptoms, only the reasons why
All...all of those lost, sacred rhymes were lies.

I had imagined it mattered which reasons to use
But winter brought nothing but all the bad news we could bear
Could hardly bear

Heard your voice through the glass
Felt you standing at every slow street I passed
And then...then I was standing alone.

I strained to think what you said
To remember the last couple lines you read
And grinned...grinned with the grace of a saint

I had imagined the best way to deal with the blow
We stood on the lawn and we sang in the snow
How I wanted God to know

I know how you got old.