

Waiting for Morning  
(Easter Sunday, 1984)

My father lies before me,  
his winter eyes blank,  
the thin brush of his mind  
tumbles in his dreams.

Out the window I watch  
torrents of rain wash the sky  
as lightening divides the darkness.

On the way to the hospital  
a world ablaze with blossom:  
boxwood and cherry, lilac,  
sumac, apple, pear, and purple-  
blue morning glories climbing everywhere—  
all the trees, vines and bushes  
expanding, exploding  
into light.

Unsure of this place, my father  
opens his eyes, speaks  
my name, then slips back  
into Lethe's stream.

Each spring Christ calls  
all the world's flowers and wild weeds;  
He calls rivulets and rivers from hills, bees  
and butterflies from blossoms.  
Some morning he will call  
and my father will come,  
shouldering through earth, rising  
through tall grass, strong as new trees  
growing into the sun.

It is dark outside and spring has come.  
I watch my father's dying body,  
and with him I await the morning.