

NIGHTLY

I wake each day to face

the tyranny of certainties

that rhyme with age.

Next come

the obstinate laws of science

where life is only what

I taste, touch, see, hear or smell

as well as what I name

in passing with the curse of words.

For some who look for more,

there's always the mythology

of God's parting the Red Sea

or Christ's walking on the waves

in Galilee.

As for the righteous

who assume that miracles will spare

them everything they fear?

I leave them to their dreams....

I trust in love ongoing

from time present into presence.

I'm grateful for seven hundred

and fifty-three months I shared

with Mary Anne and share still,

share now.

The once and freely

giving of herself made poetry

of prose.

To live that life
again with her for one
more day, I'd swap the world.