



"Ships in a Gale" by Willem van de Velde. Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington.

On Dying

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is she dying? Is she,
going to die?
her words laced with a depth more profound than death,
i could not soothe -
both our hearts.

"but I saw her move",
she said, pleadingly,
"i held her hand, and i felt,
her tighten her hand around mine,
it was real. it was real."

i wonder if God exists. in this hospital bed,
surrounding these white walls, God in the dim light of day,
in the IVs,
the ventilator,
in the swimming sea of us - lost.

i sit with her. she plays me a song that,
she danced to at her wedding;
i sing it with her -
again, and again, we both drown together.