

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

LEAVINGS

I thought I was a goner, but I didn't see the light.

Albert Guyon, 1994

He left in light,
the likes of which we rarely see,
except in art; and sometimes in the sanctuary,
when, deep in prayer, we lift our eyes from books
and it is there.

He left in light, and all aglow,
and angel-like, as if Fra Angelico
had painted him—the odd thing being how we know:
for we were far away, asleep,
when he came and smiled,
and, turning, took his leave.

He left in light, way back then.
More recently, another friend
lay in lace upon her bed,
down to skin and bones and grace.
Her teeth were gone, her hair gone gray,
her smile as radiant as the day was dim.
And then that light we rarely see
arrived, and bathed her just as he
had been bathed so long ago.

He left in light, and so did she.
And so, one day, if all goes well, will we.

—Rita Sherman
late June 2008