

On the first anniversary of my father's death

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [March 11, 2020](#) issue

Rain, early March rain
Heaving against the windows;
March storms in again,

All bluster, as though
Intending to remind me
Of something I know:

As spring will appear
Behind this sorry weather,
So grief, this past year,

Has stayed coy, low-key
But now seems poised to flower,
Be what it should be—

Or at least regret
For things we couldn't settle,
Forgive, or forget.