

Now we see . . . darkly

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [April 5, 2005](#) issue

Sometimes, at end of day, but not of care,
Mozart or Beethoven our aural food,
Her hand reaches into empty air,
A tactile search for something understood;
This is a nurse's hand, a hand that heals,
And yet, the reaching gives no hint of sense,
No hint revealing what it is she feels,
But still, incarnate eloquence.
Perhaps it is within these vacancies
That meaning lies. Or in the mystery
Surrounding us in health, and in disease.
Perhaps Alzheimer's gives epiphany.
She reaches her hand into the empty air;
Who dares to say that there was nothing there?