

# What will be

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [September 20, 2005](#) issue

You may sense it in the call of a Canada goose in flight a longing strong enough to carry an entire flock to their destination

You may feel it in the grumble of a distant storm that dark dissatisfaction at what is in comparison with what will be

The people who should never let us down let us down The cabin roof groans with the weight of so much snow The stairs in the old farmhouse complain with every footstep even with the memory of feet that move no longer The branches of an enormous oak moan in the high wind

You may hear it in the spirituals nurtured in the cotton fields of the deep south a deep sorrow at temporal hopelessness distilled into hope for beyond *Comin' for to carry me home*

You may think you merely imagine it in the whistle of a train as it rumbles through a midnight crossing but the tracks through BC's mountains were laid with the blood of Chinese navvies the sweat of abandoned dreams & the boxcars rolling through the prairies during the depression carried the last hope of the unemployed Don't imagine that that wail has nothing to do with human grief

Sometimes our wounds heal completely sometimes they leave a scar A woman learns of cancer in her breast a man finds his heart is failing We fall to our knees for a miracle & are startled when an answer seems to come a taste of what will be

Hear the wind in the cavity where the siding is loose Hear it banging against the wall Sometimes our wounds don't heal at all

We fall to our knees but the sky grows grey featureless & silent We long for what we had what we almost had what will be

You may sense it in the stillness of a beaver pond or in the rush over Niagara

You may see it in the sunflower pushing through the soil reaching for the sky for the sun When we most identify with this

world we are least content