

When you died

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 8, 2011](#) issue

I hoped that you might show yourself
for after all we'd often talked of what
might happen after death but so far
there is only this; the way leaves shook
in sudden wind as we prayed beside
your grave, acorns striking heads, hands,
feet, and we looked up, expecting you
—it was, it seemed, your kind of joke—
but all we saw was silent sky which is
to say that life goes on: trees drop their
leaves and snow falls soft as children
starve and glaciers crack, and so far
you have not appeared although it's true
I sometimes think that late one night
as I lay sleeping you, in secret, slipped
inside for in the dawn light when I woke,
sun rising like an open heart spilling
forth a sea of love, in that moment,
ah, bright wings, I saw the world.
through your eyes.