

A shimmer of something

by [Brian Doyle](#) in the [April 4, 2012](#) issue

Well, the aged mother of the woman who married me died,
And there are so many stories both sad and hilarious to tell,
But let me tell you just one, because it is little and not little.
At her Mass, after the miracle, but before the electric bread
Went into every soul, as people are shuffling slowly toward
The altar, everyone in the line on the left side, as they came
To the front pew, touched my wife. Some bent down to hug
Her. Some touched her hair gently. Some just placed a hand
On her shoulder. One woman reached down and cupped her
Face in her hands for an instant. Sure I wept. We touch each
Other when we have no other way to speak. We speak many
Languages without words. We are so much wilder and wiser
Than we know. There are so very many of us without words,
Speaking the most amazing and eloquent languages; we sing
With our hands. I have seen it happen. You have seen it, too.
It's a little thing, but there's a shimmer of something beyond
Vast. See, I am trying to say an epic thing in this small poem,
And here we are at the end of the poem, where I stop talking.