

Her cry,

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 20, 2013](#) issue

the morning when she finds the tomb empty
leaps from her the way the first spry geyser
sprang from the Titanic. She bangs her knee
and ducks to look again. Her adviser,
John, warned her it was dangerous to come.
Holed up behind locked doors, the gang of guys
who claimed to love him. She runs her thumb
across the ledge where his dead body lies.

Or rather doesn't. Her heart's a cypress
forming a final growth ring, final grief:
his body gone, his lithe hand, the small scar
from the sharp chisel. To what can she say yes?
Who is she now? Where to put belief?
Her cry gashes the fragile morning air.