

# The great storm is over

by [Anne M. Higgins](#) in the [January 3, 2018](#) issue

Three days before  
death closed in,  
dear one,  
I visited your bedside.  
You still refused  
to let me say goodbye.  
Now it's Easter  
twelve years later,  
and I'm listening  
to the song  
they played at your funeral:  
Alleluia, the great storm is over.  
My throat still closes  
at the sound of it.