

A strand of pearls

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [January 29, 2020](#) issue

A single lamentation, I'm done?

No, just a different one, to name the rains,

tintinnabulation at the window,

the bent lament of morning's radiance

refusing to appear at this blue glass

where last night I could reach out, name the stars,

many, many my imaginations.

Where are the pearls you wore in your engagement photo

watching me from the piano as I pass by,

piano you played until the end, even half-blind.

These pearls—the girl who wore them stands right now

beside me, mere seconds, in this prayer-poem.

Seconds. God, the cruelty of prayer.