

Gracelight

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [November 2023](#) issue

*for David Rowan*

My son-in-law, addiction counselor,  
tells me to give the unhoused nothing when they ask.

I grace their palms anyway. It gives me hope.  
We don't know how many friends may die tonight

nor which seeds we plant will split a rock.  
We never know how many days we have

nor how many stars break up under our feet.  
He says they need therapy, but they give me grace

wandering the highway beside my house,  
poor as the poor Christ offered blessings.

Did I just say that? Dare to bring in Christ?  
I can't let my son-in-law know what I'm doing.

And I will never show him this poem, ever.