



A Beginning Not to Be Missed

by John Grey

Clouds clear after death to show new life
from a long time spent dying,
in the soil, in bird echo, even in stones
washed by bedside rain, as leaves curl
like fresh palms, press their liquid
into the trunk's scarred face,
grass replenishes the hearse's tire-tracks,
the sun hesitates, won't set
until light has a chance to work the windows,
the open doors –
for day has a way of explaining itself...
there has been enough nightfall.

