

## This Morning I Wanted to Tell You

by Jacqueline Kudler

how they came to me in a dawn dream,  
cousin Larry and Helen, to ask how you  
were doing. *Oh*, I said, *not well at all.*  
*She says her only pleasure is falling*  
*asleep. She says she's ready to go.*

There they were on a Monday morning,  
just as they were 30 years ago or so—  
Helen's face radiant with solicitude,  
Larry with that sideways smile of his,  
that told you he saw more than you knew.

I wanted to tell you how happy I was  
to see them. . . . family.  
But who will I tell this to? Who will  
I talk to if you don't wake up.