

from *So Far*

*The following poem was an official selection of the 2003 Odes of March Poetry Contest, now known as [Utmost Christian Writers](#).*

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## **SAY IT TO THE DYING**

*- for Sophia; you were so beautiful*

### **I**

sorry about  
tubes, air, lungs  
for what hospital gowns reveal  
because I am not going with you

yellow daffodils  
unfold vibrant bloom  
injected and dyed properly  
get well soon, they look best by the window

### **II**

more morphine  
my imaginary sister sits  
beside the bed and  
talks with you  
she too is

nurse interrupts  
and reads your blood pressure  
eyes bulge noticeably

### **III**

talk about  
Johanna, she was a stinker  
she took the job  
only after the kids were  
in high school –  
a good job

remember  
The time she picked up the  
dragonfly  
convulsing helplessly on its back  
and let it fly away  
a line of blue propelling

shame she isn't here

visiting hours are over  
and patient is still dying

### **IV**

tired wrinkles line your face  
they are deeper now

I dreamt last night that I  
was lying beside your Grandfather again  
unsettling juxtaposition  
In this room but  
he didn't see me

still bed,  
no interruptions,  
enjoy that thought

**V**

we both think it and  
converse with our eyes

Say nothing

it wants to be in the  
room when it hears its name  
it isn't time yet

hold my hand

**VI**

so many memories recalled  
to life projected inside  
echoing grins

wishing I knew you  
when they took this  
photograph when  
the smile wasn't  
supposed to be brave

the daffodils are drooping

they need more water