Poem Begun on the Day of My Father's funeral and Completed on the first Day of the New Year

Dean Rader
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Light the last light and lift—
and lift again in to that obscurity—
blue-skinned sky & what it cannot lead to—
the always immolated flesh of this world’s bone-shell—
what lasts? what goes like a trumpet blast
through the feathered
ear of the angel? There
& being & the evening air—
is in everything plummet—
& yet we go even
some-
times rise—have you wondered?
flame both
inward & below light the first fire—
what does not
burn
might still die—& yet
graft—
like leaf & branch together—
what does not might grow—may
live this
long lull
before the last:

let this

let my words

leave their black axe next to the tree

& may

the grace

of grace

feel through its fall

the way—