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

Dean Rader

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—  
that dark wick—  
burn  
what does not  
might still die—& yet  
graft—  
what does not might grow—may  
like leaf & branch together—  
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—