

Mother, Edith, at 98

Edith, in this nursing home  
blinded with macular degeneration,  
I come to you with your blurry  
eyes, crystal sharp mind,  
your countenance of grace—  
as yesterday's winds  
I have chosen to consume you  
and take you away.

"Oh, where did Jesus disappear  
to", she murmured,  
over and over again,  
in a low voice  
dripping words  
like a leaking faucet:  
"Oh, there He is my  
Angel of the coming."

Michael Lee Johnson