

For Leslie (5/7/10)

For too many
It isn't until
The red streak in our stool
The aberrant cells of jagged perimeters
The alarming number out of range
The count too low or too high
The sudden and searing pain
The slip on the ice
That we realize our fragility
And we ask,
Why me, why now?
When all along
It was a given
This flicker of light
That was our responsibility
To keep ignited.

Until the bad news
Delivered in a hospital gown
We have lived as if forever
Would never go away.
Should we be granted time
To come to terms
With knowing we are not exempt,
We should be so lucky
To ask ourselves the question:
Have we gotten closer
To the meaning of our lives?

That grace that quivers the leaves
Sparkles the ocean
Aligns the stars
And flows as eternal breath.

Deborah Golden Alecson