

Blessed

for Bill Dodd

How he gently linked his arm
in hers to the church of his youth,
one of sacred traditions, of Hebrew
beginnings, then of baptisms
and communions, this man
who originated from our town
clothed cleanly in suit and tie,
a public figure, selected David
who watched over his mother
in dedication as if delivered;
these two who knelt together
nearest the altar to be purified
by the Word and sacrifice,
how I admired their pairing—
mother and son--what love
and discipline their instruments,
what valley finery as they listened
to the gospel, the good news,
she and he—a song of songs--
twin breaths dispensing
as if one heart, one spirit together,
teacher and pupil, but who was which,

he or she, it was a feast to see them
a blessing really, their camaraderie
a goodness like the spring
flowers that open at dawn,
immigrants of the hour, dove
strutting like the sweet scent of white lilacs
or April brodiaea; a pledge, a
fidelity few have, oh how I thought
one day I might be her, how lucky I'd be
escorted from the outside in
to this meal, to this wise
eternal clearing.