

After Their Death

You might be covered
By eyelids closed
Over your whole being,
Or reach with desperation
For something alive
To hold onto.
Your fingertips will hide
In a fist. No more palms
Open to life.
Humbled, the very ground
Will seem so large. Someday
The earth will own you.
Or you see there's no time
To waste, and plow
Into previously feared goals.
Try to be patient
If it takes you years
To return.
This is the exit from Eden,
When you have chosen life
While wanting to die.
This is the fall that gives
Wisdom, perspective, gratefulness.
It is worth the crawl, back to life.

by Judith Pordon