

Michael Lavers

GRANDFATHER SONNET

*On driving my grandfather to the hospital after the death
of my mother/his daughter*

When all the cows were fat and in the barn,
when the hinges of the weathervane stopped crying,
and after loads of hay brought in still warm
from that day's sun were bailed and drying,
when all the wheat was threshed and shipped and sold,
when your hands were ripe with calluses and blisters,
and water from the tap was sweet and cold,
when upstairs still slept *two* brothers and *two* sisters,
when even magpies slept, and field mice
had gorged themselves on grain, and the stir
of coyotes sounded more like dogs and less
like wolves, when all these things were as they were—
It's *then* I wish I could have closed the day
with you, alone, not knowing what to say.

