

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Robert K. Johnson

THE UNENDING END OF GRIEF

Six months after
you are gone from your life,

I am once more as steady
as on the deck of a boat

anchored in a calm bay
until a sudden

mounting wave of loss
crashes into me

and I'm clinging to a plank
from the boat's floating debris.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLED

Your blonde hair not yet fixed
--in what style?

your bathrobed body
still waiting for--shorts? a dress?

you sit in an apartment
across the street from mine

on this sunny Sunday morning
and sip--coffee? herbal tea?

stare--heavy with sadness?
lighthearted?--

at the far wall
and silently remind me:

I know only an inch
of the infinite world we live in.

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A SON AFTER HIS FATHER'S SUICIDE

I've vowed to never--never
let despair
convince me to lock shut
my eyes forever.

Then, past midnight, I see
his face--and my vow
becomes a pebble dropped
in a fathomless sea.