

I had said there would be no more poetry
for friends dead, or friends dying

I had said that but when the call came
and I heard your name, and said your name
back again over the impossible long distance,
my ear pressed hard against the black receiver,

I knew poetry would come back. It had to.

Because, Tom, I see you driving alive

down that dark Arkansas road the moment before

your old car is accordioned into something else

impossible, the radio still playing

a tune you could tap your foot to

as you drive. And in your eyes

for the moment something glorious

comes through. Even in that moment, Tom,

something glorious comes.

Susan Musgrave