My Grandfather's Last April
Mark Henderson

Afternoons of fading winter light fall
flat on themselves into slack dusk.

and the last cooling breath of a seasonal
body expels a heavy blow, pushing not into

spring but into that night where all is untested.

unknown to the keenest imagination slipping first from
fear into a simple confidence.

then quickly onto a joyful possibility
where the urgent ego dreams, draws, and constructs
the hope of a conscious deep--

where psyche falls whole--

plunging not terribly to earth,
like the final downward

rush of a kite struck by sharp wind,
but falling impermeably
to unfathomed lochs,

like a submarine on its way forward
and down through uncharted deep:
intact within its hull a thriving

intricacy of activity and light.