

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 .