

Where will you be, God?

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [November 25, 2015](#) issue

“How oft when men are at the point
of death have they been merry! which their
keepers call a lightning before death.”

Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Scene 3

Where will you be, God,
when life-time warranties are running out,
familiar faces muddling and fading,
lovers’ own language sliding into recitation;
and when I am wanting to rally
to welcome one last poem,
I keep colliding with that ancient passion
for sacred sleep?

Where will you be, God,
during kisses I can’t return
but only savor forever,
when precious hands as though my own
are touching for the last time
my body’s prayer places?

Where, God, will you be as my odyssey ends—
this one that keeps folding
back upon itself as though to start anew,
this odyssey now running out of road?

Will you be so much me that I could miss you,
so present that I am at last fully realized,
or so far away that I am left
with the nevertheless of mere surrender
and my own bright laughter?