

# When you died

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 8, 2011](#) issue

I hoped that you might show yourself  
for after all we'd often talked of what  
might happen after death but so far  
there is only this; the way leaves shook  
in sudden wind as we prayed beside  
your grave, acorns striking heads, hands,  
feet, and we looked up, expecting you  
—it was, it seemed, your kind of joke—  
but all we saw was silent sky which is  
to say that life goes on: trees drop their  
leaves and snow falls soft as children  
starve and glaciers crack, and so far  
you have not appeared although it's true  
I sometimes think that late one night  
as I lay sleeping you, in secret, slipped  
inside for in the dawn light when I woke,  
sun rising like an open heart spilling  
forth a sea of love, in that moment,  
ah, bright wings, I saw the world.  
through your eyes.