

Her cry,

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 20, 2013](#) issue

the morning when she finds the tomb empty  
leaps from her the way the first spry geyser  
sprang from the Titanic. She bangs her knee  
and ducks to look again. Her adviser,  
John, warned her it was dangerous to come.  
Holed up behind locked doors, the gang of guys  
who claimed to love him. She runs her thumb  
across the ledge where his dead body lies.

Or rather doesn't. Her heart's a cypress  
forming a final growth ring, final grief:  
his body gone, his lithe hand, the small scar  
from the sharp chisel. To what can she say yes?  
Who is she now? Where to put belief?  
Her cry gashes the fragile morning air.