

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?