

The great storm is over

by [Anne M. Higgins](#) in the [January 3, 2018](#) issue

Three days before
death closed in,
dear one,
I visited your bedside.
You still refused
to let me say goodbye.
Now it's Easter
twelve years later,
and I'm listening
to the song
they played at your funeral:
Alleluia, the great storm is over.
My throat still closes
at the sound of it.