

On the first anniversary of my father's death

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [March 11, 2020](#) issue

Rain, early March rain  
Heaving against the windows;  
March storms in again,

All bluster, as though  
Intending to remind me  
Of something I know:

As spring will appear  
Behind this sorry weather,  
So grief, this past year,

Has stayed coy, low-key  
But now seems poised to flower,  
Be what it should be—

Or at least regret  
For things we couldn't settle,  
Forgive, or forget.