

Goodbyes

Now, years later
remembering that evening,
I keep repeating my goodbyes
to that little boy and to his garden . . .
"Never be far from me, little one.
Lodge yourself in me,
somewhere in the words I will seek all
my life, and there,
cry out your hurt,
and cry until the words become
a brown and shining young man
raising his hands high and
calling above the clamoring
pain around us,
Peace! Peace! and only
the blessed silence answers,
that bright silence beyond which
new mornings dawn
for all of us.
Go, Precious, go.
Stay with me always.

John Kneubuhl
Excerpts from his play, Think of a garden.

