

Echoing Samson During Her Rehearsal

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Lightning flashes, illuminating the apostles
As we rehearse.

My wheeled-warden waits, parked in the aisle,
Off to the side.

Tomorrow they will exchange reverent vows,
And she will leave.

At my home, her pink bedroom waits
Mostly empty

Except for the old Doberman who naps there,
And memories:

Of her delight at a small Christmas tree
Beside her crib,

Of the wind-up diver who kicked his legs
In the bathtub,

Of rolling out pizza dough and wiping flour handprints
Off cabinets,

Of the orange backpack bouncing as she climbed
On the school bus.

Will the walls and wooden floors of the house remember
If I forget?

Those moments remain intact even as my
Myelin unwinds.

My legs need help to lift me now, and
My hoarse voice fades,

As if scissor-wielding Delilah were here,
Cutting my hair.

Tonight I will pray again for the strength
To escort her

Blond curls down the aisle one last time,
And say loudly,

“Her mother and I,” so that all
Will remember.

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