

Phil-anthropist

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Positive-ly
Human,
Indelibly in our
Lives

I hear the scratch of
your pen
scraping the sky

You were called without
raising your hand... What
could you do
to write your way
out of this one?

Clouds
blank as
paper
burst open with
your
words,
light and heavy
at the same time
like your
gaze,
ferocious with
possibility,

incessant, like
mist in
our eyes
fighting
to see you
there.

Tell us
we are only sleeping
in this life,
 what
 wakes us
is the
interjection of
our soul
into a plane of
time and
space.

You had
the wisdom of trees,
knowing your
time and
space,
how to
suck in the
sun and
share
its warmth,
 how few rings
 we have before the
 last leaf
 falls,

Each ring
we add
becomes greater
than
the last.

You were the cultivator of many rings,
 in many trees
 in many forests,
a redwood touching the sky,
 A giving tree.

How could we
"begin to
understand the
necessity of falling leaves..."
 Why
 your autumn came
so soon?

Today
it is warm,
it feels like you,
backlit
behind the trees,

An ear
to the ground
would tell us
you are there
planting seeds,
watching us grow
because
you cared
to share your life.

For Phil

¹ From "Good Friday, Poems" by Philip Heldrich