

A BRASS JAR

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“Today, we are gathered . . .”

Released!
From the twisted wreckage of his life.
From the incessant lineage of brown,
barren bottles.
Beer goggles,
skewed realities and tainted views
give way to new life,
everlasting life.
One heart,
elated for his freedom,
overcome with loss.

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . .”

A last somber prayer.
Warm hands
support an unhinged lid,
a brass jar.
Mascara graces flushed cheeks,
rolls down, and blends
with the dust of his bondage.
Loving hands decant his ashes
from the depths
of a pitch-black cavern,
from cold,
darkened hollows.

“Our Father, who art in Heaven . . .”

A solitary moment of suspension.
Raised on misty wings,
he soars!
A sudden, warm breeze
tousles my hair,
rests a kiss,
and brushes my hand,
for one definitive second.
One instant of exultation,
draped in tranquility.
I hear him whisper —

“For Thine is the Kingdom and the Power, and the Glory . . . Forever and Ever. Amen.”