

## The Burning Side

This morning I floated down Broadway  
in my car and saw through the window  
    how the body grieves:  
    A woman sank to her knees, fell to the curb,  
groceries spilling.

If I could take it back—

    I would have stopped the car  
—engine running, door jouncing on its hinge—  
    put my hand on her shoulder,  
gathered her soup cans.

That's one prayer.

    In another, after the door flies open,  
I would crouch down and press her sobs  
    into my coat, my arms holding her,  
both of us rocking and neither of us stilled.

I can't do these things yet—

    But the sky is lightening and there's this terrible urge  
to press everything to my chest.  
    I need to know about the burning side of things—  
    I don't need to see how the waterfall started,  
how it came to fall on the black rocks—

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