

Alone With St. Joseph

by John Leonard

Every night the sun attends its own funeral.
Days slowly die like the sparrow egg you found
underneath our favorite oak tree. The shell was pale,
an afterthought of heat lightning.

You buried it in the dirt and said to me;
“The earth will make a perfect mother.”

(Silence and a weakly nurtured glance)

Every time I think about failure,
I picture the crib in my tool shed,
the opportunities we could have given it.

Every time you think about me,
you picture sweat dripping into the ocean,
and you wonder why I visit that tiny grave
for no apparent reason.