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(Courtesy of Joan Sauro)

by Joan Sauro

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I will never forget you, dear Rose,  
you and the afternoon we spent on a hill,  
you with your head thrown back

and laughing.

down the hill,  
across the ages  
and into my heart  
this dreary day.

Your laughter lifts me up  
and out of here —  
into love everlasting.

You know I keep this picture of your laughter  
on the front of our refrigerator.

Here you are —  
laughing winter away away  
far far away into spring,  
into the resurrection.

Afternoon on a hill.  
Laughter with every opening  
of a refrigerator door.

Heart to heart.  
Heaven to earth.

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