Columns
Arts and Media



(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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