
It has surely snowed feet
and will again.
But it is warm now
and some trees
retain soggy colors of fall.

The train carries me South,
away from a wondrous death
service designed to
bring emotion cleanly to
the surface.

I thought then what
I might say were my father to die.
I would not be able to speak of
jazz, opera, art, literature,
good food.
Of a family highly bonded,
for better and worse - passionate.

I could not speak of warmth,
ever present love.

I could speak maybe of buried
love - a whole world
of contact that was silent

and hypothetical, and therefore
simpler and less rich.

Piero was a remarkable man,
but the disparity was strong
and painful.
