

Late Visions

LYNN DOMINA

He's an old man with an infant
daughter dead seventy years. She comes
to his room lately; he believes
she watches him sleep. Evenings and mornings
she comes faithfully, pouring cool water
across his forehead. He feels
her fingers curl around his forefinger,
an infant gaining strength.
Faithfully, she waits through the night,
listening for his raspy breaths
as he dreams of her
telling him what it will mean
finally to be buried beside her.