

# *Homecoming*

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A father hangs small clothes in the trees  
believing his dead son  
will find them, dress up  
and come home for dinner.  
His hands, fingers lost to the war,  
struggle to pin cloth blossoms  
on the branches  
dangling in front of the sun like his hope.  
He doesn't know, even if he could,  
this son would not wear  
those clothes again.

No longer rooted  
in his memory,  
details of this life and death  
have tumbled backwards  
through the blue spaces  
of his years like dried weeds.  
Ground loosened between them  
the dust falls —  
white as the souls of his children —  
white as their bones.

An old man now  
he sets the table and waits  
under the stained-glass window  
for the dying to be done.  
While the sun,  
lowered in the western sky,  
gathers the colored panes,  
softly places them,  
like a ring of flowers,  
on the linen cloth  
beneath this father's hands.