

John Foy

Alan Kurdi

There is no interest at this time, no hope,
no place that isn't far away.
Please help me, if you can, to understand.
I don't know what to pray for now
that Alan Kurdi lies there on the sand.
It looks as though he's had enough.
There's nothing now that I can say to him,
a little boy upon the beach,
face-down. He lies there at the end of time.
His days upon the earth were few,
and water was the final thing he knew.
His shirt was red, his pants were blue.
Now let me go to him and pick him up
and take his body in my arms.

John Foy

Out of Body

My body died. I saw it from above.
I drifted out of it, and there it was
like something used. I looked at it
on the gurney, trying to be sure.
All was bright and very beautiful,
like when you see someone you haven't seen
in a long time, you want to go to them.
My mother was there in the energy and light,
and I saw the faces of my son and daughter
not wanting me to go, but not afraid.
And that was it. It happened years ago
and doesn't matter now. I have some friends,
a few who still come by to sit with me,
but it doesn't matter anymore.

The Wheelbarrow

(in Brazil)

This one's had its share of woe
if the chewed-up look of it
is anything to go by now.
It knows a little bit about
all the washed-out nights of rain
and summer days just standing there
in the sad, tropical sun.
Blue moons have come and gone
and hell has frozen over thrice,
and work, the sweat of big hands,
has educed, somehow, a shine
from this life that's mostly given
to dirt and dust and firewood.
The barrow's been relied upon
to take on stacks of cut-up wood
for the bonfires we often light
and sit by, talking for hours
in the soft Brazilian night.
It's been relied upon to hold
itself together, wheel and pin,
and not give in to grieving much.
It's known some better days, and worse,
like us — no mystery there.
It stands behind the house,
obedient and filled again
with wood that we will use tonight
to build, again, a bonfire
here under the Southern Cross.