

NO SUNLIGHT

Every afternoon father dreamt
in his rocking chair
looking out the open window
looking waiting for death
who he knew was near
listening for Death's footsteps
above the long sound of the wind.

In his eyes were the shadows
of a thousand thunderheads
chasing each other across
the buffalo grass and
storm clouds were in his eyes
darkening the grass.

But the sunlight was missing--
there was no sunlight in his
dreaming eyes as he sat waiting
waiting for death.

Elmer F. Suderman
Gustavus Adolphus College
St. Peter, Minnesota