

SUNRISE PINK, OCEAN BLUE

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these papers we pin to sleeve
or slip into pocket. Perhaps
you carry mine, or I carry your
family name, firm as passports

to travel us through time
and eternity, centuries courting,
our cares galaxy wide,
or near as the neighbor in for surgery.

I write her name on paper whiter
than any hospital sheet. She
in turn may once have written mine,
or yours, penned perfect empathy.

These names too are gathered
and sown like seed wheat, tossed
heavenward where they may take root,
shoot becoming stalk, head to grain

to be garnered soon or late. All
here are also named and blessed,
cradled and bounced anew by arms
that know how to write remembrance.

I speak the name and listen for
the whispered sacred response.
Can I hear stars speak for me,
or is that just the sea breeze
whispering praise to the rising sun?