

And in the silence when the blessing's done  
the son stands up and shyly takes her hand.  
The old man, feeble now, stands at the door,  
winking in the glitter of the stars.  
For days those flashing words will dance like sparks  
around her ears, behind her eyes and in the air—  
  
as if she walked with diamonds in her hair.

## Nephews

*Lee Robison*

Their shovels grate rock and gravel to fill  
the grave she'd scoff empty of their grief—  
“Hey, guys, I'm with God!” she'd proclaim.  
“I'm not here, guys! I'm with Jeeezus, singing!”  
She, the guru Champion of Miners to China—  
the Pretty Rocks Assessor who made flint shine—  
the Prime Minister of Girl-Friend Confidences—  
She, Queen of Rock Chuck Hill, would laugh.  
“There's nothing there!” she'd exclaim, if she  
were here to boss them how rocks are tossed.

But, even with the joy God's glory sings,  
how can laughter fill heaven's hall  
while these boys strain backs to fill the first  
empty thing their hearts have ever found  
on this earth, where (except for what  
they cover) Aunt Jen, the Great and Good, is not?