Janet Butler

Death in the mountains

So it ends, like this.

A moment silent, filled
with past, present, the not-to-be
beneath snow-crusted trees
in a frosty morning light,
the brightness perfect, pure
difficult to endure,
but you must.

Time fills with a blessed here-and-now,
the warmth of moments lived give
peace to preparations,
to gatherings, reconciliations
as the whitest of lights descends
to flare, then soften, to fade at last
in the dusky night
of death.

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