

# Oklahoma review

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## Death in the mountains

So it ends, like this.

A moment silent, filled  
with past, present, the not-to-be  
beneath snow-crustrated 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.