



Winter 2024

Amongst the Trees

by Diana Raab

He was my age now when he died. I entered the hospital room and dad laid underneath the sterile white bedding, oxygen prongs in his nostrils beneath wire-framed tear-drop glasses. Unshaven, his head rolling back and forth on the pillow, he asks to be taken out of his misery. The window was open, on this first day of winter, which he hated. I felt his chi escape to the forest outside, as he took a last breath, when my husband promised him he'd take care of me forever. That was dad's death wish. Life is not the same without him, but he visits me as a mourning dove bestowing peace.

where in the sky
can he hear
when I speak now

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