

The Yarkzeit Glass

The wick in the wax that fills the glass is lit in silence
I observe each flicker a flash back to a recalled gesture.

And at the end of the day
After wax is cleansed, washed out, the plain glass remains.

I recall my grandfather drinking hot tea from that very glass
a spoon in the glass to prevent it from cracking from the heat.

The glass will find its place on the shelves of glasses
indistinguishable from the others.

Using that glass becomes a sacred act
Holiness is not outside the cupboard of ordinary life
The sacred is not in some other-worldly precinct, deposited in some shrine.

Here glass that once contained wax in memory of the deceased
now holds tea and milk and coffee held to the lips
its contents swallowed, absorbed.

What loving memory
to know that my beloved continues to nurture me posthumously
a love that outlives yesterday.

