

POETRY

Easter

Robert Rees

My grandson, ten,
hates the rain,
as he does this Sunday morning
when dark clouds bring the sky down.
He announces that he is not going to church:
“I’m anti-Christian.”
His mom says,
“Nevertheless, get dressed.
It’s Easter.”
“You know I don’t believe
all that gobbledygook,”
he replies.
“Don’t forget to tie your shoes,”
she says.

Later at church I see him play
with the baby
in the next row, then snuggle
against his pro-Christian mother.
At times during the hymns
and the sermon,
he listens
while pretending not to.

In the foyer following church he
bends to touch the face of a
Down's Syndrome toddler, echoing
her small slow vowels.

On the way home,
we see a dead raccoon
on the road.
He asks to stop
so we can bury it.
The rest of the way home, he is quiet, then
as we turn the last corner, he says,
"I hope it gets resurrected."