

The Conversation

For Sister Kathleen Quigley, SC

My friend has moved
to where at 3 am the stars shine
or a shawl of clouds covers them.

Who knows where her god is?

She, teacher of biology and theology,
who once said of living things:
We never fully understand—
just moments of epiphany, said

as I bent to gather a glistening rock
while a wave chased a sandpiper
up sand that once was shells

something into something else—

~

She drew on muddle.
Omissions hemmed her in.

Who knows where her god is

between the binding of Genesis
and Revelations?

~

I carry my coffee to my desk
where hard waits
like an unwritten poem
that begs for light

I hold it—
the rock—

what else to do?
For this is the cold epiphany.