

**In Sweet Joe's Hands** by Robin Gile

My cousin, Josephina, died with a crucifix in her hand.

And Peter with a bottle of wine, a few swallows left in it still...

As he clutched it left-handed, his right groped for a weapon,

..a weapon that only existed in delusion.

Who today would die a warrior?

Carrying a sword to Valhalla?

What of those whose religion is the gun?

Do they pray as they clean their icon?

As they load and fire, and fire and fire...

A repetition of prayer of some sort, surely,

even securely, if it would only keep them sane.

Who seeks to die with hands open?

To grasp light, or air or even water?

What is the true symbol of love?

Even in this transition do we spread a net

to receive something of lasting value?