

22 years ago, on July 10, 2004, my dad died. I flew down to visit with him, in the hospital, in Tampa, FL, a few days before he died. Knowing that his death was imminent, I wrote this for him, when I returned home, to Fayetteville, Tennessee. – Todd Jenkins

Crossing

Courage for crossing comes
not in bravado's leap toward the abyss
or titanium-willed single-mindedness
or inflated words of assurance or denial.

Courage for crossing comes
not in pain denied, endured, or masked
or physical weakness' regret
or obsessive orderly preparation.

Courage for crossing comes
in turning loose of titles and accomplishments
in joyously answering roll call:
“Welcome home, my precious child!”