

I wanted to record the last sigh, the final passage
To make these poems a journey now complete.
My goal, still resting out beyond my hands
Prevents the final chord from being struck.

This poem must be as open as the first,
As tinged with doubt, but with more fervent hope
For goodness and for peace, but, like my life
Unfinished, transient, non-absolute.

By Ariel Cohen