

## FIDELITY

I saw her in a most unlikely place—  
Clutched in my best friend's arms.  
Outside I heard the traffic snarl—  
A plane passed overhead—  
And rain fell gently on the roof.

The rainfall moistened the dark earth;  
Assaulted the soft air with silent sounds.  
I paused. An image blurred my sight:  
I saw a man bend humbly toward the earth.  
When he stood up his face was dark with mud.

I saw him in a most unlikely place—  
Clutched in my best friend's arms.  
Outside I heard the willows move—  
The moon passed overhead—  
And rain fell softly on a grave

The grave was open.  
I circled once or twice  
And saw a deep and dark inviting place.  
I faltered, stumbled, and then stepped in,  
And felt the densest moistness on my face.

When I stood up my face was dark with mud.  
A plane passed overhead beyond the trees.  
Wind threw the soft rain harshly on the roof.  
I occupied a most unlikely place.  
I saw the trees, the grave, and my best friends.

—Duane Edwards