

From *My Grandfather Singing* by Jesse Millner

Middle Age

Strange how I have come to love the old
Baptists in my own fading years, these days
of retreating hairline, but worse,
these nights of troubled sleep. I wake
in the black hours before dawn, the bedroom
dim, the night world pressed hard against
my windows, and wish for the comfort
of the Lamb. How wonderful it must
have been to believe, and have that faith
rewarded with nights of blessed sleep.
Little Lamb, who made thee? A voice
whispers from just beyond my hearing
and I turn towards it, seeking
meaning in absence, music
in the cool silence of a winter
Florida night. And when the dawn
comes, I've been listening for hours.