

Above Us Only Sky

On the day John Lennon died,
it snowed in Tennessee,
creating a windshield marvel
that threatened to ravel into rain
as we bore down I-65
into the barrel of a gray sky.

Early for the appointment,
we waited in an Elliston Place café,
amid plate noises and
a screen of cigarette smoke,
where whiskered men slurped
coffee from saucers and
Susan tried to force broth
past the fist in her throat.
I sipped hot tea
and stared out the window
into the slushy heart of Nashville.

What do you say to a girlhood friend
with a wandering husband and three small kids
who has decided to end the latest pregnancy?
You say, *I wonder if this snow will stick?*
and *It's a shame about John Lennon.*