

THE COMET

Leona Holbrook

We stood there together in an early year of my life,
my father and I.

My head came up to his knee as we stood
in the dark of the fresh spring night;

We looked at the night sky, bright stars
pressed into the dark overhead vault;

He could see the comet and I was satisfied
and fulfilled to be with him;

I was rewarded and encouraged by his vision,
by his knowledge and interpretations.

He lifted me in his strong arms and together
we looked at the sweep of sky;

We maintained the watch under the night skies
of passing spring and summer.

His presence and his words and the enduring sky
have held together the nights, the days and the years.

In the quest of the comet, the trust of youth,
the sustaining assurance of the reality of the known
within the vast realms of the unknown,

The years have brought the long view, the life view,
and some of the wisdom of the world.

The high arch of the heavens span the days of my life,
holding Halley's comet from the beginning of my years
until the end of my years.

Time and life and meaning have been brought together
by the long sky watch.

We stood on the cool earth, my father and I,
and together we looked for Halley's comet.

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