

# Namelessnumberheadman, I Know How You Got

Read the play in the spring  
Thought a lot about God's role in suffering  
And all...all of the millions of times.

I heard the news in July  
Had no symptoms, only the reasons why  
All...all of those lost, sacred rhymes were lies.

I had imagined it mattered which reasons to use  
But winter brought nothing but all the bad news we could bear  
Could hardly bear

Heard your voice through the glass  
Felt you standing at every slow street I passed  
And then...then I was standing alone.

I strained to think what you said  
To remember the last couple lines you read  
And grinned...grinned with the grace of a saint

I had imagined the best way to deal with the blow  
We stood on the lawn and we sang in the snow  
How I wanted God to know

I know how you got old.