

Dana Fripp
ENG 360 NLS
English Lyric Poetry
February 4, 2021

Grief Stage:
November Last
(first presented draft)

It was all supposed to culminate
The weeks the work
The laborious hopeful treading traveling early
rising to and from and to an
all-too-early rising to be adequate sleeping

All poised to crackle and sparkle
with Summer to Summer to Autumn's dreams
fulfilled as we breathed side-by-side
the rarefied air in the temple
Polyphonic praises before the great congregation lifting

All glorious headiness, this!
All synchronous bliss this
inhale to exhale within A Creator's Promissory Elements!
A jumping-off point with Cape Canaveral impetus

Why now this countdown's caustic interrupting?