

Gold and Glory

Father, the sky is gold and glory
as we drive towards your death –
amber swirls, streaks of rose,
charcoal and chrome
piled stern but light
on the darkening grey
of the Madawaska hills.

Golden Lake, Killaloe, Barry's Bay.
The sun spears silver and sideways
through the Group of Seven woods
you love, rings a jack pine
in a rainbow of mist
as we hum into the night
to the beat of your slowing breaths,
last few words.

Combermere, Maynooth, Silent Lake.
Nothing clear for days, then,
I love you, to the daughter
who worries and plans.
There's nothing I need or want,
to me, who tries to fix everything.

I have one hope left – to reach you
in time to say – Father, the sky
was heaped and golden
tonight, for you.

If there is somewhere to go,
this, for you, waits.

– for Gordon McClure, 14 March 1929 – 26 July 2013

A glory is an optical phenomenon resembling a rainbow halo around an object or shadow caused by sunlight interacting with the tiny water droplets that comprise mist or clouds.

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