

James Baker Hall
1935-2009
by **Gray Zeitz**

Jim left the daylilies in full bloom.
Jim is now a daylily.

My mother comes when the dogwood blooms
as if she were still here, so sharp the memory.

We think of the loved often,
to remember what was shared, ask questions,
like I'd ask of you and you and *you*.

Like on walks in the backwood
when we come across a clump of daffodils
and realize here was someone's home,
the house over here.

& I'm listening, you telling me
how this life is put together.

How this poem is put together.
How to see in this light.