**In This Version**

Julie Weiss

you reach for me, let the last

hours of your life fall

into my hand, a crumpled grasp.

In this version, you relieve my hands

of all the planes I couldn´t take,

the unfathomable ocean between

your home and mine, the intended

phone calls, slipped through fissures

in the expressway of life. *You’re here*

*now,* you say, voice of marble, grinding

up my remorse. How a moment

of joy is at once as microscopic

as a speck of cosmic dust and

immeasurable as a trillion galaxies.

I pass you a handful of drawings

whose brilliance you liken

to the masters´. In this version

my children comet into the room,

drop a gift of trinkets in their

grandfather´s hands. Your hug

more spirit than body, but touch

nonetheless. Even as your body

wanes, you wear your pride like

an ensemble of starlight.

Your daughter the poet.

Your son the chef. Our names

glittering on the theater of your voice

every time a nurse checks your vitals.

That undying laughter, its own jester.

In this version I regard the clock

with the despair of a daughter

who carries a malady of lost years

in her heart, its hands wound on time´s

bomb, spraying me with milliseconds.

In this version, I don´t let go

of your hand, grateful the man

on the phone said *come fast,*

*your father is dying,* not *I´m sorry,*

*your father died earlier today.*