

## I'm Wondering

what happened  
to the old man at the window  
whispering to the clerk at the  
bustling Zimbabwe border beside  
the sign warning of cholera and HIV

near the condoms in their torn box,  
as he pushes his cane closer  
to the window's ledge begging  
for entrance into the country  
where his delirious wife of one-hundred years

lies in some clinic bed calling  
his name, and all he has in his pocket  
is one dollar, as the clerk leans closer  
and with an impatient mean tone  
yells that he needs nineteen more.

I thought about what the Dalai Lama  
might have done right then and there,  
and I reach into my muddy  
safari pocket and hand the old guy  
the only twenty I had and wish him

a good day or however many more  
he might be blessed with  
before his God calls him to the gates  
of his own private heaven which  
one day he'll call home, hopefully  
right alongside his wife.

- Diana M. Raab