

Confidante

By Judith R. Merz

His truths lie heavy on my heart—
The knowing pierces mercilessly
as pieces, patterns, perceptions clatter into place,
and spaces fill with understanding.
Knowing the boy who still abides,
Who still resides within, though muted
By time and by will...
I see the man more clearly.
A soul crafted by love and pain—
As are we all, perhaps—
But burnished to a brilliance
Not even he can comprehend.
And through the sharing
And through the knowing
Of this precious soul
I become more of who I am
And offer it in turn to him
In confidence...with confidence...
And we are healed, if only for a moment...
Soothed and soothing: confidantes.