

for: *Voices, Visions and Dreams: An Anthology*
from: Alison Jennings

to: Sharon at Cahabapublishing.com
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The Past Keeps Changing (For Chana Bloch)

After you died, you spoke out loud,

Chana,

from the obituary pages.

I'm glad I found you, while avidly reading thumbnail
sketches of the recently departed.

Don't laugh—it's necessary research, since my body's
aging without permission.

Like an aberrant tumor, I have a burgeoning interest
in how we're measured posthumously.

You would understand such obsession, would tell me
not to come in out of the rain.

Like Solomon—sagely determining whose child it is—
you assigned simplicity to life's
surprises, not shying from searing mysteries of love,
or the humbling downfall of the body.

You zapped me like a taser when you admitted:
*We learn through intuitions and confusions, but we deny
and delay, and finally discover who we are.*

Now the moon is almost full, Chana,
floating towards the heavens.

(Note: *The Moon Is Almost Full* is Chana Bloch's last book.)