

Where are you now
LLWG – July 2, 2009
James Gregory Maynard

He sits alone
On the bench
Staring
At the man
On the cross

In the moment
There is no one
And seemingly nothing else
But the two of them
Locked in a trance

Aching grief
Consumes every fiber
Of his body
His daughter
Brutally slain
 Senselessly

Only one question
 “Where are you now?”