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For Jill who died on March 1, 1998

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For Jill who died on March 1, 1998

Jerelyn Schelhaas

March came in as a lion,
Snarling through the ventilator hose,
Pressing with full weight on already broken lungs,
Breathing hot breath against speechless lips,
Blinding with golden mane until
Only one tear showed that she understood.

Oh *Lion* of the tribe of Judah,
You can sometimes be too strong.
What do you expect from a girl who's barely eighteen,
And from parents whose last gift of a child
Had just begun to see her gifts
And made a choice to give them back?

Oh *Lion*, within your deafening roar
We need to hear the quiet bleating of the *Lamb* you are.
To know the softness she now lays her head against,
To see your eyes, oh snow-white, wounded *Lamb*,
To see your tear-filled eyes.