
Pro Rege

Volume 20
Number 2 *Arts Issue*

Article 4

December 1991

Only She

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Recommended Citation

De Smith, Bob (1991) "Only She," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 20: No. 2, 3.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol20/iss2/4

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Monday Morning

by Robert J. De Smith

Where are Psyche's friendly ants
To sort my endless piles
Of colorfasts,
Stained whites,
Delicates?

My widow's cruse
Is a bluegray basket,
Brimmed with cottons and denim.

Send rain, Lord.

Only She

by Robert J. De Smith

Only she can draw from me a song—
"Jesus Loves Me" sung quietly
As our dark car rolls homeward.

More used to darkness than she,
I can drive hours in silence,
Brooding.

But music reassures her,
Lets us touch
Though she is in the back seat strapped.

Only she can make me feel
"Jesus Loves Me"
As a simple truth,
As a light
Pooling on the pavement before me,
As love,
As all there is.