

## His Grace

Regal even amid those tubes,  
the urinary, the fecal,  
serene & elegantly gentle still  
through the good night's badness  
I condemn  
for he only whispers, without venom,  
of some small complaint  
huge as acid leaking  
through his intestines eaten away,  
he, gold glasses on, a choreographer  
designing yet his care, his will,  
pure as garnet, the hardened shiny  
mustard seed of life's dictum,  
his facets so angular, so thin now,  
also so soft, luscious as any valentine,  
amazingly surviving this Dante' sojourn,  
or so we pray