

## Providing

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*Meshuggenah.* I'm in the air and not  
even Jewish. I am just a son  
who runs and grabs for words at hand,  
and then  
promises at night to my father's body  
(so far and dying), to wakefulness and  
stopping,  
to my wife and to the future of my  
children.  
My prayers compressed into work  
packed on a plane,  
into crazy sleep all bundled for the  
airport.

When filial travel pricks my sleeping  
skin.  
I bleed into an altitude of love  
and contemplation starred with sacrifice.  
My sitting still flies back and forth again  
among unnumbered hopes. I'll be, from  
home,  
to offer binding thanks with a hurried  
knife.

