

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **To His Wife of Sixty Years** **By David Landon**

You know this but I can't help say it, "here,"  
thanks to some whimsey of the cosmos, here,  
as if awake, and knowing that there's time,  
the planet underfoot, our toes, our heads,  
our autonomic systems somewhat go,  
and trying, sort of, to take care of stuff,  
because we seem—and maybe we still do—  
to care, which keeps us busy even if  
I'm not quite sure just what we're up to here,  
breathing and calling, crying, speaking words,  
like path, and world, and home, and song, and drum,  
and yet I know I love to say your name,  
and hold your hand, and whisper funny things,  
in heaven that we're here—a little longer here.