

I used to hear Stan coughing in the night

Through dark and shadowed pines
stubbling the tired face
of the northern shield,
between him and me
no other human sound
but that of Stan —
coughing.

We miss the things
in life
we take for granted

I wish I still could hear
Stan coughing
in the night.

Robert C. Dickson
Family physician
Hamilton, Ont.