



George Tooker (1920-2011), *An Embrace of Peace*

In the land
of Invisibility
you are on your own—
because you *were* on your own—
with nobody there
when you needed them,
and what could you do
when the wave
crashed over,
 that lifted you into
fear, into terror,
but swim for your life,
though you swam
so far that
no one could find you,
not even yourself.

 So now you walk
unable to be seen
among the ghosts in this life,
each of us reaching for
the one who wasn't there,
 and our hands pass
through, touching only
emptiness,
touching only air.