

James Croal Jackson

Sunny Days

In memory of Chris Hull

friends don't
wait for rainy days
to die
there is never
a metaphor
in the weather
the sun laughs
as it always does
when I receive the call
I find the nearest tree
to brace myself
with shade
it's the only darkness
seventy-six degrees
warm breeze
the car
approaching the hospital
still takes her living
to work
at being alive

James Croal Jackson's poems have appeared in magazines including *The Bitter Oleander*, *Rust + Moth* and *Columbia College Literary Review*. He lives in Columbus, Ohio. Visit him at jimjakk.com.