

*ron pronk*

## An Old Routine

This is not goodbye  
Grandfather says to his family, laying his head  
deep into the pillow  
so deep you cannot hear him  
breathing at night through the closed door.  
Sure enough, he rises at dawn  
and hobbles his arched body  
through its daily routine.  
What he does seems dull to us  
but he says the world is always different  
in his garden — each day, something new to touch.  
Even in winter he wants to study the earth  
what it might bring.  
How his smile keeps us warm!