

Time in Asia
Quenton Brooks

It's been a day since I've heard he died,
When my grandmother told me,
A day I've been mourning.
It's true, most wouldn't mourn a doctor the way I do,
But he was more than a doctor,
A scientist and doctor,
Brilliant pastor and friend.

He spent his days
making medicine,
since he knew the body best.
He cured a man of Lupus,
another of hepatitis.
He cured me of back pains.

I thought of the days I had stayed in his office,
talking about Scripture,
or the summer of '05 when I worked in his yard
Filling in his ditches.
I recall him telling me of his days in Asia,
Learning from Tai Chi masters.
Or on native reservations,
learning native legends.

I held the obituary my mother gave me,
Not reading, but thinking.
"You're not going to read it?"
She asked as I continue to think.
"I bet it doesn't mention his time in Asia,"
I said.
"No," she said.
"It doesn't."