

Carol Sadtler

## Praise Him

After she died I cut my hair.  
Saw in the mirror my father or my brother.  
“Not bad,” I thought.  
I am  
more me than I have been since I was twelve,  
standing on the shore with a towel around my neck,  
hair wet from a cold swim,  
looking sideways at the camera like  
a tough guy—innocent,  
with only a hint of fear in my face  
about the woman I will be required  
to become.

Now the critics are quiet.  
How long before I take  
my own life?  
Seize it, shake it, explode  
in it. Maybe now,  
for I am  
fearfully and wonderfully made.

