

“I met a man in heaven”

by Jeffrey M. Cohen

I met a man in heaven,
My foe he was on earth.
We'd fought and traded insults
For all that we were worth.

I'd claimed that my religion
Was better than his own,
That truth and light celestial
To me alone was shown.

I'd mocked his myth and ritual,
His garb, his mode of prayer;
His family life, his accent quaint,
The odd way he wore his hair.

I'd called him an immigrant -
A lower caste, a nerd;
My vocab of expletives
You'd truly never heard.

He'd applied to me for promotion,
I said I'd lost his file;
He contacted me on my answer-phone.
I said, 'Just wait a while!

'Your time will come, I promise you;
You'll get your chance one day.
When you're my last employee here,
I'll beg of you to stay!'

I met that man in heaven,

Who on earth had been my foe.
We embraced at our reunion,
and our tears did freely flow.
Yes, we embraced at our reunion,
And our heartfelt love did show.

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