

Poetry

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The Obituary:

a stark biographical account, distilled
like bright light blaring, but scarcely tracing
the masterpiece that once was you.

“A loving wife”

will never quite capture the glint in your eyes
which betrays poised composure. A warmth for him,
spilling through cracks in the stony façade.

“A zest for travel”

will never truly replicate, your breath always stolen
as the plane’s wheels escape, the Earth.
Only now, the twilight of your travels leads you here, where
I hold your brain in my hands
with my heart in my throat.

The Obituary

fails to factor forgotten treasures:

Butterfly kisses, on your cheek matching those in your chest
The train station woman, wearing your mother’s perfume
Songs sung with strangers, after a meteor shower

Elements elusive to everyone else.

Enigmas which evaporate like smoke in the night.

So, sing to me your poetry, that I may paint the sky
shades of surprise, sorrow, sanguinity
forever detailing the intricacies of
the masterpiece that once was you.

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