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Crash at Rose and Lovell

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Trickle
is a fitting description,
like a drop of water that
hits
the back of your neck and
the shudder that follows.
At first.
And later, the trickle from a hole;
a loss, a leaving,
slowly.
I try to purge myself of things
that make you real.
Your pictures are everywhere and you are
portrait-smile-birthday happy,
laughing and vital,
so alive you could never be anything else.

Vibrant.
We are children.
We are indestructible.
We try to plug the hole with
consolances and condolences,
but are left with one less than whole.
Part of me is made up of you
maybe a lung or kidney,
something unnoticeably there but
essential, dependent, composed of lifetimes.
You’re on the front page of the paper today,
and the newsprint rubs off on my fingers.
I am marked.