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Camille

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Camille

They found her mother
in the parking lot of a church,
quiet. It was six am, and by then
it had been hours, Camille told me.
I wonder if she, her mother, lived
to see the sunrise
and if she didn't, if that might've stopped her.
Might have made her count her breaths
or count her children,
instead of finding death.

On a telephone she told me.
Too young to own this disorder,
but when men come back from war
they usually aren't men, but boys.
This same diagnosis.

Post, after,
post-marked letters telling me
that she is sobbing herself to sleep,
please come soon.
And one night, alone together, I held
Camille for hours in her bed.
It was the heaviest I had ever felt,
but I still tried to support her.
As she curved into me, looking
out the black window,
I remembered the last time
we were in her room, before,
how her mother had walked in
to make sure we were okay.