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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.