

Elegy ~ in Memory of Brian

Carrie Etter

Imagine: cutting a hole out of the sky's dome
with an ice pick. Clambering through the opening,
sitting on top of the hard, colorless fiberglass,
Indian-style, expectantly. The entry disappears.
Birds fly close, underneath, but you cannot touch them.
The air has no taste or smell.
Suddenly, you understand that I
put the ice pick in your hand, that somehow I
brought you here.
This is how I feel without you.