

for j.i.k., who will not read

by mazaher

July, 2011 -- updated August, 2011, because I am slow

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The brilliant light of you
solid and pulsing
coming out of the gate at the airport
and locking eyes on me.

The way your shoulders droop
and you become smaller and hard
while correcting my mistakes
and hiding your trembling inside.

Your singing voice, thin
and crystal clear, and how
it gets fuller-bodied and thick with blood when you
sing *Fairytale of NY* by the Pogues.

The determined downward turn of your mouth
when you talk about the things you
have learned, and the things you
have chosen.

Your wholehearted respect for every living thing
even if you don't know them:
because you don't know them,
and you don't stand for prejudice.

The touch of your hand, offering me
your own knowledge of grief,
like an old balm on a new wound
of mine.

Your name stamped in red ink not as a sign of
death, but rather bright and thick as red blood,
red as the uniform of the cadets in the
Academy of Life.

Now that you've gone, I'm like an empty pool
in the blue light of these summer evenings,
when the bats come flying fast and low
to drink and leave long streaks on the still surface.

Live long and prosper, friend.

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