## **Forces**

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# Species

Susan Blick

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Species			
<b>Erratum</b> Featured Poet			



PLAYGROUND 03 Terry Chen

#### DAVID (for lost friends)

Michael Raffaele Featured Poet

I dream of frozen headstones And wake up in guilt guided mornings. Walking to work haunted by birds chirping Like Virginia Beach piers where we fished with arms around each other-

Like Virginia Beach piers where we fished with arms around each other-And laughed under skies draped dusky by the eyes your mother and sister shared.

Then all day long I think about a son's piano playing dreamy keys
In the downstairs peppered porch sunlight.
And "Tears in Heaven" spinning upstairs on a bedroom bed shelf.

And I relive the days when we played hide and seek.

When you snuck away into the woods with powders and liquors

And I stopped looking until I heard the news six years later.

I'm left with arms that are question marks.

David why the drugs?

Why the death?

Why the father losing his faith?

Why pictures with no baby brother?

Why the sister who found you in the house?

Why the Wonder Years reruns now making our mothers cry?

Why me, so old since you died so young-Why no answers to questions of why?

#### **SPECIES**

Susan Blick Featured Poet

On a drizzly day down at the shore he waits his head held proud and green

> He is quacking, quacking and listening for an answer to come from a single pair of orange feet attached to a plain brown feathered body that holds a bill like his

When he calls he angles his head on a graceful neck looking to the sky

He is longing, longing
to see her swoop down
on outstretched wings
to nuzzle close to her feathered
breast as if he could never find
comfort in another
and I think I miss you