Species

Susan Blick
Species

Erratum
Featured Poet

This poem is available in Forces: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2009/iss1/58
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-
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?