So Much Lost

when I say it

bluntly.
That another friend

just died,

bluntly.

A tree
and …

On the ground, a crisp line —like a rope—of shadow now.

Of course no one reaches this point in life,
walks this far, without—

step, step, step …
blast of devastation and—

purpose, sure,
stamina, yes,

but even music?
belonging now

to a distant world.

Other people on their other planet
ask about my friend.

I can't answer.
I don't answer

the door either
when the trick-or-treaters ring.

Instead I hope one kid will empty the whole damn bowl
into their bag and brag about it for days.

I want someone to win.
And everyone to hate them.

I suppose I could claim the bright light
hurts

and I can't see.
But I can.

I can see
that tree

waving its branches
and only its branches,

the rest of it,
its body…

I decide to stop eating breakfast because hunger at least means something.

And yes, I know this is just life
and any one of us still here,

like a marble in a junk drawer,
is lucky to be in the mess.

We're walking this earth
on a blind journey

is how, at my friend's funeral,
his husband expressed it.

His husband who, early one morning
in early mourning—

one month later, in fact, to the day—
went running among the redwoods and—

NO—

died,
literally died, of...

the flow of blood that brings oxygen to the heart, blocked.

A map with a star on it.

I follow it,

lay down
on the red ground

below trees, tall and straight
like arrows—

So, there's still beauty
up there?

And now,
more?—

as of a few days ago.

He's here,
his husband had also said,

closing his hand tight
as if around something,

and—
opening his empty hand—

*not her*e.