

Remembered Poet

by William David Able III

A poet friend
I used to know
is dying of cancer
in Port-au-Prince, Maine

In the bowels of New England
We went to college
E dropped out
and I continued on

It is winter now
I picture the tiny town
bleeding under the spectrum of city lights
the streets all cloaked in snow,
the now-fragile trees encased in ice

I remember a bridge near campus
where cherry blossoms were
flocked pink in Christmas tree colors
that contrasted against the harsh
sterility of gray sidewalk cement

My friend wants me to return
To Port-au-Prince
Sail off into the unknown
like Columbus' fleet
Perhaps drive all night
in their 50-dollar car

Now I'm in the post office
waiting for a single stamp
to mail out my last condolence
There is a strange current of silence
that falls upon the room

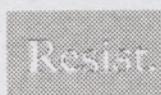
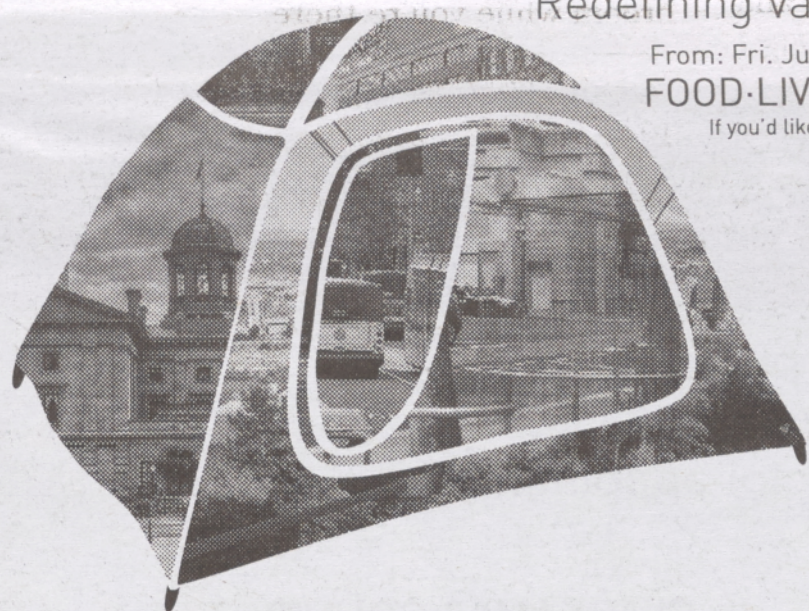
Everyone in line is glued to their phones
like electronic needles piercing hungry eyes
Yet I couldn't stand to see
his sunken eyes sinking into
the quicksand of cancer
or his desperate body
slowly disappearing into eternity

In my letter
I say that
I am praying for him
But never say
that I could never bring myself
to send it out

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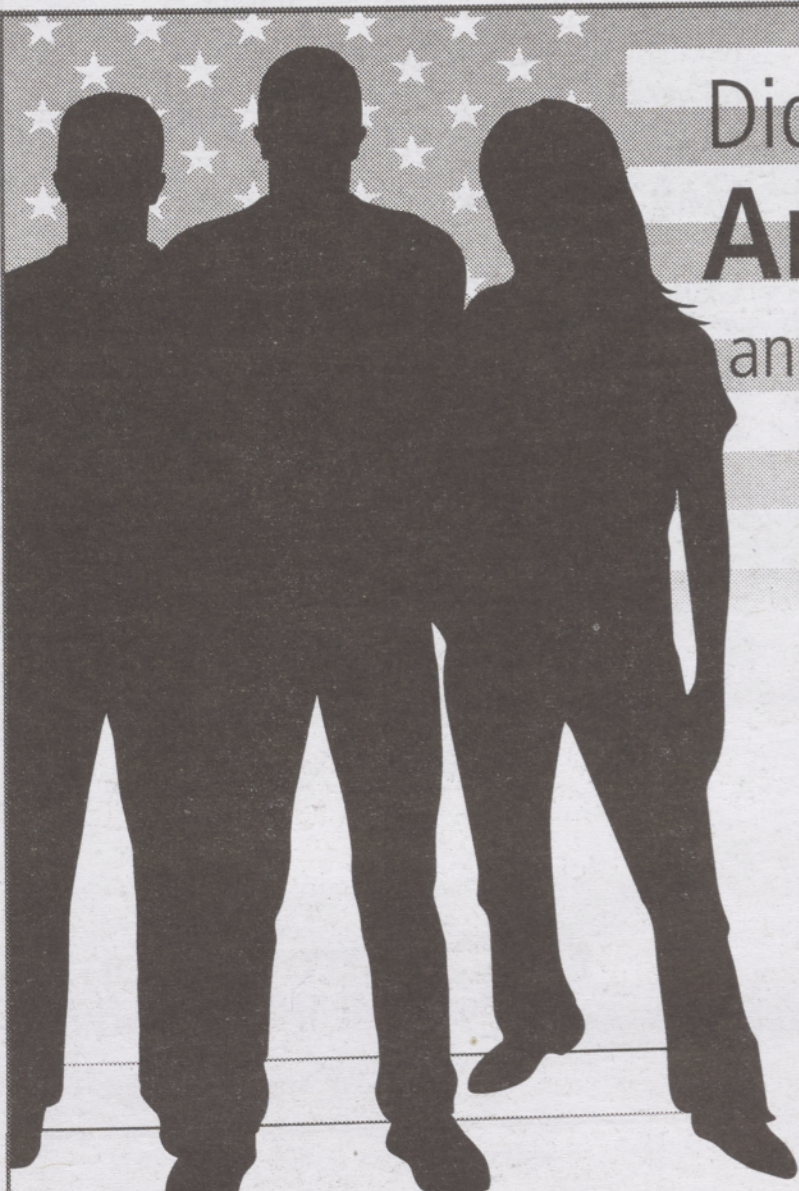


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