

Your brown body

for Yaser

7/17/18

your brown body

marks the page,

a folded corner among leaves.

we tried hard that summer
to avoid evidence
rifled from prologue to epilogue
then index, then back,
resolved not to find you

till a determined breeze,
some cruel intention--
blew the pages
eight, nine, ten.
and the book lay open
to you
at eleven.

when we say brown body,
all that's left,

it's because
the face is gone,
flesh torn away.
now we say
the,
not *your* or *his,*

mourning
is red,
not the color
of sun or sky or rain.

It wasn't nature
that came
and took.
What blew into *you*
was a thing

designed.

And now
soccer
will always mean
this

horses
will always mean
this

11 year old birthdays
will always mean
this

16 (because you were the 16th)
will always mean
this--

So we try to turn the page.
Even as the wind
blows against us
we are turning the page,
though the page is blank,
we turn.

Though all the pages
between you and the end
are blank,
we turn.