On Losing a Friend

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despite the fact that it is 12:30 and I have class at 9:00, start singing along. “I think I’m gonna be sad,” but not today. “The girl that’s driving me mad” is doing okay. “She’s got a ticket to ride,” and I don’t care. There’s always tomorrow, and tomorrow is a new day.

On Losing a Friend

Christopher Marin

What are we?
A pair of pelvises, an electric charge under a blanket;
burned-down candles, sputtering black
a lake Panting like foxes in August.

Do you remember which night we made your bed our home?
And
supply exchanged jawbones for hearts; I took your
foot in my stomach and you my kneecap in your mouth until
we were metamorphosed. And now
your left breast depends from my finger like a kid with a yo-yo,
I hold your spleen in the shallow of my collarbone.

When I was young I found among the thousands
a rare stone, floorboard flat and smooth,
to add to my collection.
It perspired as I fingered it in my pocket
imagining it, long cool, in a purple velvet
box or on the shelf above my bed,
how it would enjoy the light.

& then mossy wavelets were lapping at my feet;
looking, I tucked my toes in the sand and
saw the faraway water; iridescent; a million
pieces of a smashed gold necklace. Chest tight,
shoulders in I peered over the water
and
expertly skipped my stone away.

... plunk plunk

I walked home, my fingers touching lint.

We talked under sodium lights with only
cats to hear us
Now
we breathe each other’s very air,
you dream a world I dream who falls.