



Volume 19
Issue 1 *Wonderlings* (2010-2011 Issue)

Article 13

5-1-2011

On Losing a Friend

Christopher Marin
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Marin, Christopher (2011) "On Losing a Friend," *The Promethean*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 1 , Article 13.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss1/13>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

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*.