

I keep having this recurring dream
you had invited my family and I over,
my sister the happiest to see you.
In truth, she was indifferent to you.
Someone died.

Death is the only event that would
supersede our silence. Trumpet.
Someone must die for you to see me.
I apologize.

I stare for longer, and you look different.
You made so many new choices
in my absence.

We go on a walk.
Leaving some house.
Not yours nor mine.
Palpably tense is the air.

I ask how you've been, and
I feel a tear make my lid twitch.
You've been good. I say the same.
Say the same.

You're happy and I carve a warm smile.

You call her your love. She's busy.
Argh, okay, love you. You say.

I went cold and froze.
You looked different,
but now I begin to see you more clearly.
The person I remember you as.
Such a boy; so gentle and sweet.
A little disheveled, glimpses of proper comportment.

You say you're glad to see me doing well.
You smile genuinely.
I don't know who I appear as, who you see.

Oh, young bull, what happened?
What ever happened to this?

I remember recently our pillow talking.
Warm were our bodies.
Hot clasping fists.

You promised even after our inevitable collapse,
You'd still be there, forever.

What happened?

I wake up to tears streaming,
I am sweating.

A student emails me.

That taunting rhythm starts up again.