

# ELEGIAC

touch is almost too slow a sense for trees

*a cloud passed faster than the shadow it cast<sup>1</sup>*

a fabulous shade thrown on the ground beneath our feet

extraordinary

ordinary, yet

I see a black squirrel and think of a friend

a pen clicks and prepares to leave

glitter tapping on sun

the uncanny rhythm of hammers on nails

grief is the best

we can hope for

a life split evenly

filled more or less

by equal parts of love

and loss

leftover

overflowd

firefly elegies

being known

being found

not

needing

our edge to see

be seen

saying yes

to fortitude

with no need to

be fully understood

may we

they be

those whose meaning

as constellations

come in the gaps