

## **Rebekah Parise**

### **A care guide for whoever inherits my brother's soul:**

1. Sometimes in the dead of night,

You may hear singing in the silence.

The whistling of the trees may become

The voices of a thousand poets.

Listen.

2. You may find yourself taking

walks in the rain. You find solace there,

you find it in a lot of places.

Let the rain soak into your clothes

and don't worry about getting the mud stains

out of your shoes for once.

3. If you feel that his soul is getting restless,

Pick up a brush and let him paint.

You will find that the soul can see things

The eye often cannot. Let him show you  
How hyacinths can bloom in one's bright  
Blue eyes, and how the sun setting  
Is not the most beautiful image in the world.  
You will find beauty where others cannot.

4. If his soul begins to weep, let him mourn.

He may miss the vessel he once knew.

Comfort him for me, assure him,

Let him write poetry again.

He feels so many things,

Now so will you.

5. You may go somewhere new and somehow,

Everything will seem very familiar.

He used to walk those streets, you sit in the

Coffee shops he used to sit in.

You may find yourself ordering a strong tea,

And wondering 'why does it taste like home?'

It's not deja vu, it's nostalgia.

6. Lastly, I need you to promise me

That you will take care of him.

And if you ever see me, and wonder who

The girl is, staring a little too long,

Call me out, allow me to apologize,

And please let me explain that I thought I saw

A glimpse of my brother's ghost in your eyes.

## **Laurie Van Loon**

### **January on the Sudbury 2015**

The expectant air is poised, alert for snow.  
The ridge across betrays no sweep of wind.  
No sign of bird--even the hardy wren  
hides in some ferny reach to ease the cold.

The river too is silent, glassy, gray,  
its current tucked beneath an icy calm;  
yet still its waters find their way back home  
and swirl from fresh to salt into the bay.

Far, far from here the rolling waves pile on,  
while we sit mute before this winter's grace,  
and settle out of time into this place,  
freed from the sprawling rush of what's to come.

## **Road Sign, Connor Pass, Dingle Peninsula, County Kerry**

Extreme Danger  
Do Not Attempt  
if you are tall and rigid in your height  
if you are wide and boastful in your width  
Do Not Attempt  
if you will not yield  
to beauty  
to the truth of edges and stones  
and cliffs that drop into a pure and savage green  
Do Not Attempt  
if the curves of the unknown  
provoke speed  
and expectation of the sacrifice of others.  
Attempt  
if you can stop in a faint slip by the side  
and see at first light the infinitely small yellow flowers  
if you can pause and feel the rush,  
the throbbing veil, of the waterfall  
if you can walk the high pass, leaving your car behind  
and witness the land fall away in the mist  
and be glad

## **Matt Phillips**

I have been here  
many times at  
first I pretended  
to like it then I  
  
really did I have  
been kicked out  
of the pizza place  
fallen scraped my  
  
arm jumped off  
bridges fled as  
water flooded all  
the inlets I often

used to bike past  
the marble house  
they razed two  
years back now

gone with Stephen to  
the beach where we  
emptied a whole pack  
of cigarettes we had to

cradle each match  
in our cold hands  
against the gale oh  
my it felt like love

I've loved you here  
loved you & yes I  
loved you too I've  
biked home alone

from shame I've  
eaten at the bait-  
&-tackle shop  
with no menu I've

climbed up the pier  
in still night (push  
lifeguard stand to  
boards grab bottom

rail hoist chest to  
top) I always needed  
help an ocean of  
blue plums I

loved you last  
you pitied me  
which made me  
swoon I have so

many fears but not  
until recently how I  
can miscreate a person  
in my memory I did

contrive you that night  
when Sam's band blew

the power the whole  
house flooded I've hurt

many people here  
been hurt by many  
people here so there  
are different kinds

of grief the kind  
which follows that  
first scab before  
you inflict real pain

but knowing you will  
& there is after-grief  
possible only on a  
thin-cloud morning

after being discarded  
when I bring you  
here it is the one  
place I feel far

from you I love you  
I grieve this place I  
miss this place you  
were not there I

don't know what  
to say to you  
about here to  
you about that