

Tribute -- Sarah Maceda-Maciel

Spring 2006

These words are about you and I-
It is in the sense where I'll rely
on you, to put a watch on naked time
to make some sense of absent rhyme
to pick up memories from where they lie
like a thousand shards of glass-

Under the weight of ocean and sea and sorrowful rain
jagged edges have been made tame.
Further from shore, they can't be searched for-
past's language is foreign, I know it no more.
Where the waves crash- the end of a December
this is the point that we'll start to remember.

That winter, the snowflakes fell like pianos and were
revealed in cacophony-
No longer tossing and turning in the sleep of days,
awakened by the crashing in our ears
and the jolting shudder of Life picking up to Go-
Racing a countdown started on New Years and driven mad
by the ticking seconds
at least I was, you were always burning cool in
comparison,

but with the same electricity crackling under your
fingertips-

Breath smoking, words billowing out
talking eternally breathlessly occasionally pausing eyes
flashing effervescence
trailing streams of conversation from packed cars as we
whizzed over roadways
plunging over hills going seventy on ice and dirt and
gasping turns-
Everything was new and everything was loud and
everything was delirious,
Rhapsody was found by the cash machine in the 7/11
and we touched our palms to cement walls in Harmony,
gazing at the future-
the snow itself melted in rapture-

Do you recall what's impossible to capture?

Soon, summer eased in,
Sonorous bell tones suffused the air with calm
The hours slunk by, lazy and long-
Everything unwound a little in the heat, you and I included,
we drifted around each other, distracted and distant
Neither of us minded much when I went away-
I wondered if the quiet was here to stay.
But what I'd thought was quiet was actually the hum of
expectation-
you heard it of course, in your vibrant eyes I saw
anticipation-

and then finally, the world burst open;
like a ripe fruit splattering sweetness over our days,
the taste making us giddy but the sun slowing the rush and
dizzying everyone with its golden tessellations except you,
who could only smile more than I'd ever seen
ambling through hours as I shivered over silver puddles in
Keene-

you saw perfection in time's suspension,
and even when the days lost brilliance, we didn't think
they had been lost to the Fall-

they were, after all-
achingly, wretchedly, the sun cracked to pieces,
its fractured rays in splinters on the ground-
on a Friday
I heard the shattering sound -
when her phone rang and she answered loudly before
frozen quiet spread across her face,
Framed, like always, by a fiery halo.

Now we took refuge in locked rooms the only places that
weren't hollow-
Sitting by your art and
kicking dust ball hopes across the floor and
making lists of what we cared about-

Feeling fit for nowhere and nothing else except God's
Alley:
Brick sacrilegious space

rain falling on our heads as we listened through walls to
voices sing
echoes of hymns and thoughts resounding Up-
towards and about something that had always been gone,
(Except for the wire angels that you made
Knotted and twisted, ferocious and forgotten in my
backyard,
only for believers and mothers to find)-

Lost cause lost hopes lost paradise-
Where are those fluorescent nights?
Where are the ancient railroads with their terrifying train
surprise?
Where are the girls with dirty jeans and vengeance songs
and angry crying eyes?
Where are the secret morning rooftops the smooth river
bones the winding cemetery mazes the Sid Vicious posters
and exploding balloon crazes?

Why would they ask if we realize, realize
warning the consequences of a compromise but
not understanding why only the ashes have stayed alive?

The ashes- the only things burning since the sun broke,
They soar out car windows in pentatonic scale mornings
and
visit that ancient railroad then follow, to where
rust balances over water, where
you and I are searching for pieces of blue glass-
where the ashes dust our eyelashes and

we blink,
on the last note of requiem-

You and I,
We ricochet off the boundaries of this school, this town,
A thousand reverberations sounding in our skulls after the
impact
But again, always again
We slam our cards down unto the table
Borrowing each other's luck and
Crossing our fingers when there is no more.
These words are about you and I-
It is in the sense where I'll rely
On you, to understand the shift of time
and know the feeling behind my rhyme.
to pick up memories from where they lie
like a thousand shards of glass