

Shara McCallum



Six Ways of Envisioning Loss

1.

The world dissembling:
Blue mahoe, bouganvillea, hummingbird
Darting from one red-tongued flower
To another.

2.

Like me it shifts in shadows,
Dark to the light, uncoiling the stem
And scent of itself.

3.

As if words were rising
To the surface of the water.
As if I can cup my hands,
Gather them in my palms
And drink.

4.

Listen to me:
Your hands too will become strangers.
Placing them on skin,
Beneath you feel the bones
Assembling: a clatter of song,
An immigrant rain.

5.

Apples that fall to the ground.
Grains of sand blown in the wind.
Stars solid as tears.

6.

Instead, think of Lot's wife
Leaving her home
Without warning or choice.
I am she.
I am the one looking back.

