

The Things She Loved

by Gary Tillery, SFSPE

Strands of beads
from that Mardi Gras,
the amber shell from
the cove at Vero Beach,
the framed print of a
rain-spattered afternoon
on the Champs-Élysées
that remained an elusive wish;
things emitting auras
invisible to all but her,
things left behind
after possibilities became clear,
things with stories to tell,
but no one now to listen.

