

A Thought for Emily's Sleep

by Darryl Price

Your precious feet were there once, pressed against the
familiar floorboards, where your poems suddenly appeared to you,
flashing
like lightning. I wonder which window they came in?
Here's a thought: you were like that window. You
caught all that light inside yourself and let it
shine back out through your hands. You were the only one the
wind was

being lovely for, up in the nearby trees, fluffing
out all the pretty leaves like a bird showing off its wings.
You were the one the rushing stars were spinning
faster and faster for, to get your focused attention for themselves,
to look into those eternal eyes and dream again and again.
I'm sure the occasional rain only wanted to be

closer to your inside movements and was willing to
settle for just about anything on your windows, if that was
all there was left in the world for it.
And then there's that little bitty writing desk, it
fit no one else like it fit your frame, your
lamp like a mighty little lighthouse sending its flickering

beams against the shadowy walls to warn off any
incoming ships of fools. I am one of those
fools, make no mistake, Emily. All of your flowers
must have loved the time of your coming to

water them, to lift their heads in admiration, your
fingers in the dirt around their roots like God's own anointed

worms, digging, tending, healing. That absence must have been
felt through each and every garden in the world, for centuries
afterwards,

I know it is in mine. And yet there
is still a tender, comforting response happening even today for
the constant reading of your amazing letters to the world.
I should know. This one's my own letter home to you.

