

Elegy

by Joani Reese

Like sinews stretched until they snap, I finally reach that *no return*.

I banish man-child from my home, and toss his troubles to the curb

as rage cements his fisted heart that once fluttered beneath my own.

A hardened man, he won't admit rash choices formed his bitter life,

and if he ever loved someone, his mirrored body sat that throne.

I finally extract my life, aware he'll never own his fate; he'll stumble

forward, fall alone, his troubles blamed on everyone. How strange to think, innocent, young, he was my laughing, blue-eyed son.

Each angry man leaps from a boy tempered by existential harm.

Embracing hate, his ire thrums, this one who never caught the ring, nor sang a song, nor loved someone.

A frightened boy dwells in this man who claims he can control the storm; he'll realize, but far too late, he's just another wind-tossed pawn.

Drug ravaged, drunken, stumbling on, a sunken wraith, an idolon, his threnody's a sorrow song, a dirge lamenting damage done.

All kindness gone, he's flown apart, a puzzle piece lost in the dark. I stand detached and mustn't grieve his leaving or lie to the truth.

I have no time for a fresh start, prepare for years missing that heart that once beat softly, safe beneath my own.

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