

Odysseus's Muse

POETRY

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Dear sister, please speak to me. Proffer me
your whispers of another world. Share with me
your secrets, secrets that could have saved you.
Kept you here. Help me navigate my seas.
Help me proceed through my Penelopes
and Poseidons, especially when they
share the same spine. Teach me how you moved on.
Apprise me, Char, what did you learn on Earth?
What has God taught you in your time above?
Inform me of His words. Save me from my
uproarious and tumultuous self.
Restore me from my Polyphemus eye.
Mold me into what you could have become.
Should have become. Sweet Charlotte, I see your
bright freckles in the stars. Clouds are your hair;
the moon reflects your eyes. My map to life.
Your features share signs with me. Letting me
trust that you're still here. Your nightly visits,
your celestial fingers drying my
earthly tears. Your constellational arms
pushing me up, lending me strength. Letting
me hide behind you. Letting me pretend
that I am near as strong as you. Thank you,
my darling, for the comforts and ghost pains
you left me. I will always wait for you.
See you soon, sweetheart. Love you forever. ■