

A Lament for Kites

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In a gallery of colors and sepias
I hold your hand.
Too tight, I have to say
seeing how you flinch and
laugh almost dryly
your sound the dull tinkle of spoon
against fork. Metal
against metal, skin against skin.

We stand facing a picture of boys flying kites
under a thunderstorm.
This one has no color at all.
They're crazy, I say. I say
because of the silence,
that uncomfortable thing we
have found so comforting since
that last day.

But you just stand there and you
stare at the picture
the shuffle of feet
and shoulders brushing
wrapping around us like a thick blanket.
Covering, muffling, drowning
Everything.

Even memory or its absence.

So you can escape to your own safe place
where there are no colors, just sepias.