She Took Off Her Wings And Shoes

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I don't think there will be another day  
like that day we drove in your truck  
to the edge of the Hudson River  
near a bike path and sat on the hood  
with a six-pack of beer until  
the dusk slipped into the river,  
and tugboats passed us, their lights  
flashing, reflected on the water.  

We were just talking about nothing,  
just quietly watching the river and air.  
I haven't had that kind of ease  
with a friend since then.  
Your sculptures are gone from the apartment,  
too, a blue-green coffee table  
with a wooden shoe glued to the top,  
a note in the drawer scolding me  
for opening the drawer to look inside,  
or your matching bookcase with hands  
poking out of the sides, praying.  
Your prints making fun of travel posters  
lined the walls of a coffee shop  
we went to with another friend.  

I still have the rock collection you left,  
a stone tool rubbed to a point  
and smoothed, fossils of insects,  
eggs, shells in the other rocks,  
what nature welded into those rocks.  

Are you sleeping in the bed with a blue-green canopy,  
insect netting draped around you,  
dreaming of uncut stone, wood,  
waves crashing on the beach outside your room?