

1983

October

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Cover Page Footnote

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OCTOBER

Black black June
Born in icy birthday rains.
Then the sun came.
A Black hole, cruel sun
Sucked her life away
From me.

Hot September;
And I searched in vain for the kind sun
To fill the hole,
Dark and hollow and cold.
Endless void in endless time?

An anguished cry,
Silent piercing scream
Without a voice.
A hole
Never again to hold love?

Emptiness big as a heart
Displacing all warmth,
Dry,
Bitter, brittle.
An empty cocoon.

Tears burning inside,
Never emerging,
Etch painful pictures.
The photographs
I can't bear to view.

Now winter comes.
Already the cold sets deep
To dwell with the eternal cold
Within.
Dry leaves sweep the grave.

Spring: lavender buds from bare bone limbs.
Perhaps it will never come.
And I will cry for her
As long as the winter is long,
My sorrow frozen
In the hole,
In the ground.

She lies
Beneath a stone unmarked,
But not anonymous.
She is the colors
Of October.

Drew Townson