11:33pm

Katy M. D'Arduini
St. John Fisher College

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11:33pm

for Noelle

The night is sad tonight.

The rain is pouring so ferociously, that
it sounds like a million black
marbles shattering against my car,
throbbing in my head. . .

I am crying 4 U.

"LITTLE GIRL, I AM CRYING FOR YOU!"

I am thinking about you. . . laying so fragile
in that metal-raised bed, in room 218.
I know that you are hardly moving, so the noise
will not remind you—
that You are Alive.

You are existing as a body under a hard,
uncomfortable white sheet; with scars on
Your heart,
Your fate and
Your wrists.

I am driving past your house little girl—
and it is lit up against the darkness and
the rain. The family inside cannot
sleep, for they are up all night wondering
why you want to?

As I drive by slowly,
my memory remembers you, and I, and your brothers
running around your yellow house in the
summer sun. . .
the sprinklers were crying upward tears,
before they fell. The iridescent bubbles we
blew, floated up towards the sky,
until they couldn't resist bursting. . .
my embrace on you cousin is eternal,
why are trying to let go?

-Katy D’Arduini