The Visit

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The Visit

On my first visit
run my fingers over the letters of your name
The sharp edge of the K
The symmetry of the T
the curve of the R
It's so beautiful
Yet so cold to touch
The canyons engraved in stone
Overlooked so many times
As people step over you
Yet you say nothing

Some people pray and kneel
Lost in memory
Others stand and remember
Lost in the years when
We were together
Now they flick their cigarettes
And wish you could go to the party tonight

Me, I visit you still
But only in my poems
I run my fingers over the letters of your life
I write to you
And climb into the branches of memory
Looking for your blue eyes
And freckles

-Kate McNamara *