



Paul David Colgin

Six Farewells

1.
As he lay dying I imagined I would
ask him about the chambered nautilus,
how from inside he
might describe the sea,
and he turned and looked at me as if to say
though only with his eyes how he
was unable from the
cloudy loft to linger
longer, even for me.

2.
Then I imagined
I would ask him about the last glass
of wine he had, how if *in vino*
veritas in fact
or if only a simple warmth was there.
He
looked at me and declined implicitly
to linger longer, even
for me.

3.
I imagined
then I'd ask if he'd return in spirit for
the estate sale, to hover here

and there among the strangers
to inspire their musing,
and he turned and looked at me, as if saying
he could no longer linger even
for me.

4.

I would ask, I
imagined further,
if I might have the little shoes, the ones that had
assumed the shape of his feet so
walking in them I might
acquire something new,
but turning to me, looking down as if from
the cloudy loft he seemed to say
he could not linger longer
even for me.

5.

I'd
ask him, I imagined, about the clocks
and mirrors, if looking back they
were the demons he had
warned they were, but he
only turned to look at me and seemed to try
to say not even for me could
he linger longer.

6.

As
he lay dying, I
imagined I had to ask about his sins,
if they had been like rashes, itching,
needed to be scratched for
pleasure only thereupon
to bleed. He only looked at me and with a
single tear that seemed to carry
the whole sea appeared
to say how he was
just unable from the cloudy loft to linger
longer, even for me.

Paul David Colgin's poetry has appeared in such
journals as *The Iconoclast*, *Nexus*, *New Zoo Poetry
Review*, *Pearl*, and *River Oak Review*. He lives in
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