

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Poem of Address II

The summer you drowned

The ocean waves crashed against the cliff,
the sand baked
in the sun's blistering heat.

We ran along the shore,
collecting sea shells
and rocks that glittered.

You used to laugh
whenever I suggested
that we wrestle.

We danced
among the waves, throwing each other
down, with our masculine strength.

Afterwards, we would
sprint across the shore,
racing towards the rocks.

Usually you won,
and your smile
would make it worth losing.

We would sit on my towel
until the stars shined in the black night
or the sky blushed pink.

Sometimes we might kiss
until the sun rose,
but more often,

we would walk back to my house,
hand in hand,
whispering "I love you" when it was time to leave.

I stood on my darkened porch,
watching you walk off in the night,
wishing you could be with me.

The shadow of your absence
smothered me, as the chimes
whispered in the wind.