Paul Otremba

Invocation

How long have I been avoiding this? *Start*

there, you might have said sooner. But direct

encouragement would never be your game.

You were always good about those lessons:

the spool of thread; the little stones to mark

the way like a simple rhyme a child could carry

into woods and out. It makes time and time

pass. What do I call you now? Or do I

just raise my voice so I hear it come back?

So at least we know where I stand on this?

Something happened in that abandoned field

through the trees. My knees in dirt, your silence,

then the stone's weight and its release. Did you

think such a small thing would make such a noise?