

A lonely photograph remains,
Ensnared in bits and other hollow clutches
Snow seems so secure in his hands, this static vestige, a promissory moment.
A t-shirt clings to his frame, laughter I can recall,
Exuberant peels crashing drunkenly into the brick and mortar. What life is in those eyes!
Snow melts and clouds flew. I followed them some while after.

A friend we shared was in town, she reached out. Old stories and new were bandied over for a time,
refrains of unsculpted youths grasping at a frail dream, trying to find some semblance of purchase. That
piano piece you were ever playing seemed entwined with your name, as it questioningly sprang,
excitedly from my lips.

The bloom of tears in her eyes still breaks me.

I try not to think of it as a cruel weight anchored to your name, though it is hard to feel anything but.

An echo of you returns to me sometimes, and I feel as though standing in a nocturnal field of flowers; so
certain of their beauty, yet fraught gloom so bests dawn.

I long to hold that boy in the snow, to share my warmth, and convince you of Summer.

Hamish Julian-Lillas