Dear Sylvia,
the Magnolias are in bloom
along Commonwealth Avenue,
the ducklings are paddling
their down across the Public
Garden pools, and
we miss you!
I walked past Nine Willow Street today,
and remembered how strange
to share the same "ghosts,"
or perhaps my ghosts were you:
At night watching the rain
by the window I stood silently
wondering why I was there
at all, why the rain reminded
me of tears, or the voice
I heard between the drops
was not mine, and why
the sadness I felt came from a distant place,
a place where I would arrive years
later too late to tell you
how much I loved your last
poem, not knowing it
was just that

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