


April 2017

Elegy for Naive Love

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Recommended Citation

Lefebvre, Rachel (2017) "Elegy for Naive Love," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.

Available at: <http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss1/15>

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ELEGY FOR NAIVE LOVE

Rachel Lefebre

It was me, the younger sister,
who got the call to pick him up
after he fell to the floor,
 his eyes empty as the pill bottle
 I found in the car,
 foam dripping from his lips
 like a shaken can of beer
 cracked open slowly,
 the kind he drank
 every day before noon.

It was me, the younger sister,
swallowing my own breath,
who believed him when he blamed
his sickness on the July sun
and an empty water bottle.

It was me, who did not think
love should have been gripping
 his shoulders and shaking dead
 brain cells out of his ears.
Love should have been
 hiding car keys,
 searching his drawers for drugs,
 and two fingers down his throat.

But it was me, the younger sister,
who did not know the gruesome parts of love
and so when he asked me to just drive home, I did.
And only knowing love as a trusting kind of space,
I brought him a glass of water
and closed the door as I left him alone.