

December 2019

Remains

Silvia Iorio

John Carroll University, siorio16@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Iorio, Silvia (2019) "Remains," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 73: Iss. 2, Article 16.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol73/iss2/16>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.

Remains

By: Silvia Iorio

You are here

And it's not
A load of bullshit,

It's peace,

Like a purple sky
On a night you wished
Your youth wouldn't wash
Away.

You see yourself--

Soluble.

Indebted to a Crayola box sky,

But it wants you too,

Unrequitedness seems far away.

You are soluble.

One with a hazy cloud
Who does not expire, it

Remains.

Grabs onto your hair
The kind you had in
Sixth grade—
Two hairbands thick,
Does not fall out like every
Relationship.

All just
Remains.

You are soluble—
Resting, dipping toes
In purple sunsets, feeling
Well-rested like a branch
Meeting ground after
The storm—

Doesn't need a pick-me-up,
it's
Soluble.
Connected to the ground like
Your dog's gripping veal
shank bones

Teeth and meat one in the
same.

Soluble.