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Memorial to a Friendly

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Memorial to a Friendly

Christine Mellick

I did not know your favorite color.
I did not know your favorite band.
But I knew your name and
I shared a secret with you once.

When our eyes would awkwardly
meet in the hall, I might wave or smile,
and you would share that smile or,
“hello,” or “good luck.”

And this was enough to make me sob.
Enough to have my stomach emptied into
a plastic garbage bin
when I heard that your brains and my secret were
no longer locked away
but coloring gray walls and
decorating gloves your mother wore
to scrub the tub after.

You were two weeks from prom,
one year from scholarship.
And you left these and the ones who knew you better
with so much everything and nothing.

And you left me, a friendly, with a reminder
of small pleasantries and
that some secrets
go to the grave.