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## Silas

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## Silas

Nora McKee

Once the snow fell to a degree  
Too extreme to stay still,  
Silas moved East and up.  
He got stuck in driveways,  
And streets the plow never saw  
And his friend had died a few  
months past  
From a cancer that spread like  
peanut butter  
On a waffle.  
Yet he drove up to uncharted  
territory  
and moved into that cave  
that Plato talked about.  
He brought me there too  
and we unhooked the chains  
of those unenlightened before us  
and Silas set up his tv while I  
watched  
on the couch. And a few months  
before that  
His cousin had passed too.  
Addiction  
Ran through his blood, leaving  
Silas. With  
The shower that had some  
caulking issues

and the basement that felt damp,  
he hung up my picture  
on the fridge and made this place  
feel like his home. He has to call  
the gas guy  
And shovel my grandma's  
sidewalk  
And walk past the skeletons  
of the lives that lived there before  
him  
But he falls asleep on the couch  
every night the way I would when  
I was little  
yet there's no one to carry him to  
bed.  
So he wakes up and does it once  
again  
Removing the last boxes from his  
car  
and resetting the Wi-Fi until he  
remembers  
the password. He changes the  
sheets  
on the bed he won't use  
While he creates a home  
Out of a rock  
And brings me with him to the  
enlightened.