

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.