

Oklahoma review

tolbert

laughter

it's as if you still smiled...
and your glasses were crooked just like they were yesterday

some said your plaid wool skirt was out of place,
but i thought it was you...
in a bed you never would have chosen.

it occurred to me that they closed your eyes
not because you would watch what was happening,
not even because you might cry.
they closed them for me, that i would remember the true color—blue.

when i see me, i see you. you never laughed much.
today you looked more like a child
than you had in thousands of previous yesterdays.
i suppose peace does that to a body when all sins have been confessed.

i wish i could ask you why, just so i could speak to you again.
at night, when the world is quiet, i try to hear your laughter
but it is still foreign, i heard it much too seldom.

i listen to the wind...tree branches brushing against the window...
and i pretend it is you, singing a quiet melody, a serenade into morning.
when the lid closed, your worlds separated like the wake following a boat
and i didn't see you again...but i know you are there. i hear your laughter.