

memory

Eileen Myles

I lost it
that soft
ball I threw
in my room
across
many walls
because
I love toys.

It warmed
to my grip
became dirty
went splat
and I threw
it against
the writing
on the wall
not hitting
it exactly
but with
a smile
went
out the door
to rise over
golden hills
and descend
with a family
on a tram
ride through
graves
you irreplace-
able
the best
thing I had
my passion
for you
I hope
will continue,
summer