Loud

You used to tell us when the earth was quiet,
you could see the stars shoot by, if you really watched.
I can still taste what it was like
to go out after bedtime and drink in cool, dewey air,
pad across that damp grass
that turned to soil that turned to asphast.
I remember your skin and how each touch
made me want your goodnight kisses even more.
You used to tell us we were safe.

I’m watching through the window and you’re there waving.
No one really looks at someone and knows them like you do.
You were the phone call, and that night
haunting the living room of your home
across the street on that Wednesday.
There’s all these people on the lawn and
cars all down the street,
al stuck.
The girl you loved,
on the white tiles in the corner,
she’s wading through the grays and blues of your laundry
and it’s like she’s in your ocean, too.

I don’t remember when I forgot to look for you,
wait for you to come caroling on the front porch,
smiling with your voice that meant home.
All of the half attempts to really reach you,
save you, all gone.
There’s a funeral on Friday,
and I’m in the parking lot of the house you used to live in,
pretending I didn’t know you.
I wonder when I learned to be so callous,
so distant from your light.
It was never this loud when you were here,
ever this unholy.
I am stuck but everything else is moving.

The sound of it all is crushing.