



Almost Spring

You're nothing like a ghost,
nothing wispy. You don't even resemble
air or mist. Instead, your weight across
my arm is all I have—laced with cold, garnished

with a name you'll never tell
anyone. Still, almost child, they lay you
in my arms like you could cry yourself back,
like you even knew

how. For a second, I think of opening
your eyes, but falter, afraid to know
whose they were. I want to hum Brahms'
lullaby, but you are not

listening. I count
backwards from February and try
to erase this. I get to June.
You're still quiet, still heavy, still.