A Thought for Emily's Sleep

by Darryl Price

Your precious feet were there once, pressed against the familiar floorboards, where your poems suddenly appeared to you, flashing

like lightning. I wonder which window they came in?
Here's a thought: you were like that window. You
caught all that light inside yourself and let it
shine back out through your hands. You were the only one the
wind was

being lovely for, up in the nearby trees, fluffing out all the pretty leaves like a bird showing off its wings. You were the one the rushing stars were spinning faster and faster for, to get your focused attention for themselves, to look into those eternal eyes and dream again and again. I'm sure the occasional rain only wanted to be

closer to your inside movements and was willing to settle for just about anything on your windows, if that was all there was left in the world for it.

And then there's that little bitty writing desk, it fit no one else like it fit your frame, your lamp like a mighty little lighthouse sending its flickering

beams against the shadowy walls to warn off any incoming ships of fools. I am one of those fools, make no mistake, Emily. All of your flowers must have loved the time of your coming to

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water them, to lift their heads in admiration, your fingers in the dirt around their roots like God's own anointed

worms, digging, tending, healing. That absence must have been felt through each and every garden in the world, for centuries afterwards,

I know it is in mine. And yet there is still a tender, comforting response happening even today for the constant reading of your amazing letters to the world. I should know. This one's my own letter home to you.