

Endnotes

In time I thought I understood
how it must have been for you, driven
as I was to the worst details: what
the newscasters didn't say, where
the prosecution stopped. I was wrong.
I often am. You knew this. As I knew
you, as you were: all the late days
of our late teens. How often you
would say, in rapid beat: *good things
to come*. How that belief repeated
in your heart. How now I cannot think
except to think: even your death was
not half-hearted. You blazed onto
the screen, like someone else. The girl
on the television. The girl hit
by a car. The girl dragged. Dragged
through the streets. Hundreds of feet.
Left. Died. Died hours later. Died
in her hospital bed, before her father
could arrive. Whose name headlined
the news that night, and nights to come,
whose name I could not say for months,
living, as it was, on other people's lips.
Forgive me. Forgive me for forgetting.
Even now I am confused. Even now
I am down that darkened street,
where you lay on your back, the way
we did in Vermont, stars out,
shoes off. The image of your shoe
the networks played, again and again.
The red fleck on its side. Not you.
Not you. Now. I will say what you are,
what I could not say before you were.
You. Always younger than me. Always
walking to that house on the green.
Sweater lost. Looking ahead. Small girl.
Freckly girl. Fierce girl. Wrong again.