

Sketch

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Untitled 1

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Untitled 1

Michelle Dillon

It took three years to reach Calcutta
But you didn't ride after me
through the white-hot sun and caravans
that I had imagined as a girl

Perhaps the wind has buried you
You, on your white horse
In a grand suit of armor that was buffed
and shined
Until you were brighter
Perhaps you came and you walked
Longer than I did
You sat
waited
drummed your fingers on the empty spaces
And saw me in the countless faces
passing by your worn-down path

You sat
and you dreamed
of unthinkable things
Your body was folded gently
into a pocket of earth.
You rotted and rose
still dreaming
turned yourself into a grain of sand
and were carried to the sea

One day I will find you as I walk
Parasol in hand
along the coast
and I can dream as you dreamed
and dip my toes into the seafoam green.