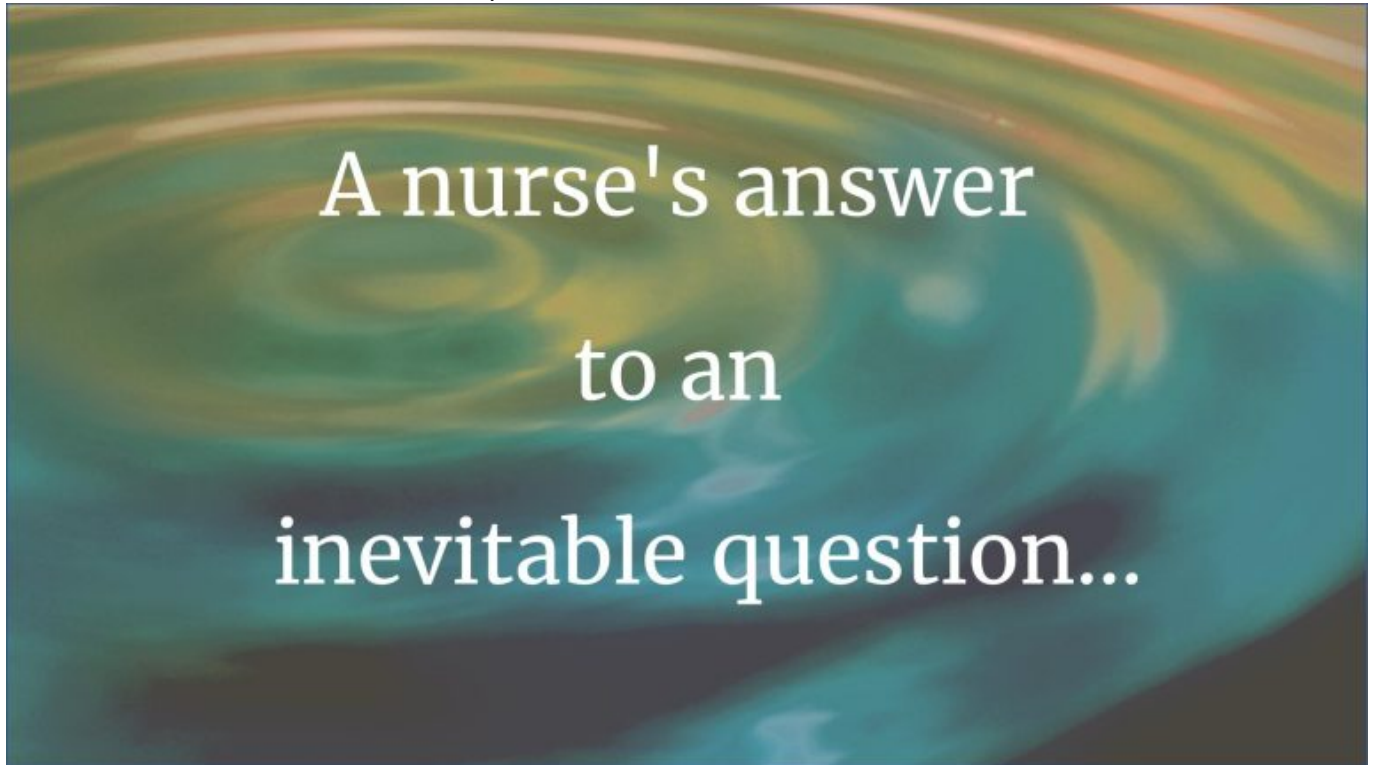


When they ask how he died I tell them

Category: Poems

written by Stacy Nigliazzo | July 1, 2022



he found the gate unlatched,

crossed the downy path

into the volant field,

pressed his palm against a river birch carved with his name,

his breath, a brace of stars—

and never looked back.