You Ask Joanna Eleftheriou

1

my fear is running

out of time

you pose

the question I

waited

twenty years

to hear

*who have you lost*

if I start running

through the long

days just wanting through the

spaces between words through the

years so

quiet

if I start to say

if

2

you pose the question

I say

*she*

you are still listening

*she*

you are still listening

is there time to say *loss is*

to say *my love never mattered*

was silent

was sick—my eyes, thieves

my heat, nothing

but a joke

my body, a buried grenade—

is there time to say

*my loss never*

3

I say *never*

you say

*I am sorry*

I say *thank you*

and speak

the first name

this is the beginning—it

springs sorrow

open.

The picked bones

of more loss wait, also,

for their names to be spoken.