

To Ray

Corrine Phillips

You once wrote of a brother— mostly dead,
whose ghostly visitors haunted your head,
and I have known him just as well,
but inside my mind you mostly dwell.
We once walked the earth at the very same time
when I was so young, and you past your prime,
but each word you wrote enchanted me so,
taught me of magic and helped me to grow.
I've known you in high attics where meadows did green,
where spiders weave pearly webs,
and Dust Witches glean—
cataloging her souls like books on a shelf,
imbibing their spirits to poison herself.
And what sweetness it is to swallow such things,
to taste the bitter wisp of dandelion,
or arid Valley of the Kings,
to dream yourself smiling on a cold October night
when the air smells of cinnamon as you fly on your kite.
Then one day in June you flew off into the breeze,
while a circle of moths danced 'round pumpkin-covered trees,
and there will never be another,
what more can I say? —
about my favorite brother I never met,
my best friend called Ray.