Headline
Emma Faesi

Body Found In Burned Bedroom: Police Say Man May Have Started Fire That Killed Him

A week later, your silent guitar begs to be plugged in: feedback assaults the air slicing the quiet as gently as a blender filled with matchbox cars. My awkward hands can’t finger the rough melody I wrote without your help. And where the hell are you? You never taught me how to gallop and I can’t ask your ashes.

Smoke seeped from the eaves of your face, and I was there first (first!) I saw the lump-that-was-you and seethed at the cameras huddled like hyenas in their pastel polo shirt unity and bad, plastic hair.

Self-medication of grief is palpable on my breath, erasing our lyrics from soft-tissue fissures as I smother and sweat in whiskey-tinted dreams smiling serenely as our plane goes down in flames.