

Aftermath

By Michele Parker Randall

What else can my eyes unsee? No
signs, no tells, no warnings. What more
can my ears unhear? Cries for mama.
Your voice no longer peals *wake up*,
and your pulse once iambic skip-stopped.
All amiss, gone. A leaving, as in a state of. Today,
I'm half-dead remembering
when the Gulf left its body to come for ours.

Revision #6

Created 2026-05-12 15:55:30 UTC by Michael Guthrey

Updated 2026-08-05 12:48:44 UTC by Michael Moore