**After the Death of a Friend**

John Muro

Because I’ve grown weary of blue

and want nothing more than a soundless

space to hide and heal, I choose this

darker hour of dusk and late-in-autumn

air; the foreboding, slow-moving clouds

of lurid violet and indigo easing into

evening while the season’s last leaves

tilt and drip finespun streams of fleece

onto long tufts of grass, and I see how

yet another day’s ending before it’s begun

with too much loss, and how easily we

collect and coddle despair, and how

the senses, too, like the many memories

of you I sought to preserve, become

diminished things and this hobbled

muscle of heart would just as soon

utter its final farewell and leave this

world, following the moon’s round

rind in slow transit upon a drowsy

wind with its unsettling truths of

fertile decay, colder days without

purpose and the still-becoming darkness.