

## Wendy Sloan

### Fall Brings the Anniversary of Your Death

Like echoes in the rain, since losing you  
our memories form a chain of losing you.

We gather close, we mean what we don't say  
as we retrace the pain of losing you.

Another year has passed, but we're the same:  
we're brittle with the strain of losing you.

We bear the gift of living on with shame,  
the dull retort, again, of losing you

We watch the candle flicker into flame.  
What else can we retain of losing you?

"From stardust, Sloan, long light years far away," I tell myself,  
and turn to this refrain of losing you.



**Terry**

What more will I ever want from life  
than those lingering afternoons of tea  
in your rundown railroad flat, scones  
I'd picked up at the shop, jam & cream,  
to talk of books, the latest you were editing,  
nostalgia for an England never seen –  
the dream of a trip together through the Potteries,  
(Do they have that bus tour, still?) –  
admiring quilts handsewn by aging ladies  
back home in Carolina, your Miss MacDougal's,  
dating cottons in your lilting drawl,  
ogling the feed sack backings,  
your cats curled cozy in the corners,  
till the sky thickened, and you walked  
me to my bus home, waving me off  
with a threadbare volume of Evelyn Waugh?

