

## **Elegy for Unfinished Lives (written by Adam E. Stone)**

As if I were more than a ghost, she loved me  
because I took the time to listen  
Among the weeds, below the trestle  
alive ... alive ... in the animal instant

Then .. she was quiet ... lost again  
I sat with her shade, at the edge of the river  
watched her cast her shreadings into its flow

I wondered if they even tried to know her  
fathom the ink spots staining her hands

She lived a glorious life in those letters  
Awkward ... perhaps ... but understood  
Destined, she was certain, to be remembered  
Not thrown alone into an unmarked grave

"Does a love that was never alive ever die?"  
She riddles me, over infinite waves  
Her laughter shakes the birds from their trees  
Her skeletal shoulders slip through my hands

Tell me what it means to be human ...  
pushed down by a wind, pulled under by a sea?  
We're less and less with every breath  
and yet we live to outlive the rest

Copyright 2020 by Adam E. Stone  
All rights reserved.