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Gateway

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BRITTANY FERGUSON

Gateway

I once heard the dead live in the
Starlight, that path in the sky where
Light travels to Earth, like a gateway.

I like to think of you there, resting
Amongst the stars and waiting for us
To join. I see the light and I can hear
Your voice softly fall from the sky.

Here, the leaves sit in piles, carried
Off by the cool nighttime breeze.

I like to pretend your laughter floats
On the wind, drifting lazily over black
Waters and echoing on some distant
Shore for someone else to hear.

Coarse hair against my fingers.