
After Words

Tori Woods

I see his lips still moving,
but my selective hearing kicks in
after, “Yeah, Mike Miller”,
is spoken.

I’m sure he is telling me details
about the car crash that killed our friend
who was 20 years old,
whose name was Mike,
who had memorably empyrean eyes.

I walk down the stairs calmly,
wrapped in silence,
not even hearing my feet.

I step outside,
light up a cigarette.
I’m surprised to see
there’s still a sun in the sky.