

**Lindsay Fuller****"Circa Never"**

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Overdue library book  
Once was lost but now I owe you  
Milk crate on my bicycle  
Coming down the road to see you

Paper said your mother died  
Didn't say she took her own life  
Starved herself to death last year  
Sent you to grief without supper

Paper skin and breadcrumb bone  
Fingers in the bedsore balm

Latin in the 7th grade  
Conjugate the verb: to carry  
Bear your mother to her grave  
Bear the burden of her memory

Wish I could've held you then  
Helped you hide her in the red dirt  
Wish I'd done a lot of things  
But wishing only summons hurt

Knocked upon an open door  
Heard you weeping in the hallway  
Mother's gone to ask the Lord  
If He thinks her soul's worth saving

Rough drafts of a eulogy  
Written in the blackest ink  
Circling you like a choir  
Chorus of the unexpired

Got my fingers crossed forever  
Got my rabbit's foot  
A talisman from ancient Rome  
But death don't give a damn

Had a dream the other night  
Drove you to the cemetery  
Dug a ditch with our bare hands

Laid to rest that overdue book

Spine of Dewey decimal

Poems of Edgar Allen Poe

Blackbirds sang in minor chords

Last we ever exchanged words

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