

will you go penguin sledding with me

what did we say, we called them
fragments do you remember

we used the word to refer to any
small thing, anything that was a piece

it did not mean something broken
the word was always sweet

i have an image of you in my mind
in foreground your blue eyes

and blurred behind the edge
of your bed, the one in jamaica plain

your eyes made brighter, bluer
than they really were by memory

now you are a quiet place
a room that i walk into on occasion

sometimes you message me
on instagram about recipes

or we text about overnight oats
or something and it's nice

the sadness is still there but frozen
like aang inside the block of ice

a hundred years and still a child
still another chance at life

— *Jodi Bosin*

