

Tiny Tourist

Are there whales in this lake?

Just one.

Her name is Blueberry.

She hides in the deepest part.

She's very shy.

Sometimes, on a quiet day,

a quiet person can hear her breathing.

Can you?

Don't listen to anyone who tells you it's just the wind.

There will always be people who don't believe in lake whales.

When Blueberry sprays water up into the sky,

they'll tell you it's rain.

The slap of her tail?

They'll say it's the flap of a sail.

And on cold mountain mornings,

when Blueberry's breath rests on the surface,

they'll call it fog.

Don't listen to them.

Take your hands, and tightly cover your ears,

you'll hear—

Blueberry's heartbeat!

To these eyes that sting

Look no more for him

He isn't here, nor will he be there,

Our time with him has passed.

To these ears that ache

Search not for his laughter

But those that are coming,

Not from his mouth, this time.

To these lips that thirst

Trace not in memory his jaw

Or, the missed splendor of a second's gap,

None leads to his heart.

To these feet that drag

Don't stop to the place he loves

Not even his ghost dwells there,

Not even ours.

Hands that remember

Keep still while I write my farewell

Not to the lover that he was

But to the heart that loved him.