

Old Joy

by Kellan MacKenzie

Today I feel the years soaking into my bones.
Yesterday, when we ate fruit from the neighbours' tree,
Time caught up to me.

Clocks ticking
When I knock on your door, and no one is home,
Who is there when your heavy head slips sideways
Knocking on the floor?

Ambrosia, Old Joy.
Borrow my breath
Should you need it later
for the winter months.

Cavity, wasted day,
Ice cubes melting in my rib cage,
Dripping over my organs,
Pooling in my stomach.

Ladybug, recycled joke,
I forgot to open the window,
I forgot.

The birds break from the bush.
Chase them! Catch them!
Collect fallen feathers to hang above my head
Arranged in a macabre mobile of quills,
Oddly intimate.

The absence
is
 Staggering,
 Humbling,
And the constellations on the ceiling
echo us,
Twisting around and around,
Relying on another's scorching gravity for stability.

We forgot
Even the old fables, scrawled in the stars,

 Fade with time.

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