

JUDITH BAUMEL

Another Young Person's Suicide

You changed my life. You marked my life.
You retuned my life. I want still a metaphor
For what you did. Made me dry soil so I absorb
Every drop thirstily. Made me wet soil the rain
Spills over wastefully, past my roots. Dark soil.
Top soil. Poor Soil. Someone else changed
My daughter's life today. The desperate trail
You blazed opened before her. Differently.
Of course. Hers will be different.
I'm still measuring the grade on mine. Where
Have you been all these years, and how
How have you been? There. Where. Gone.
It's a brutal business. Brutal and unrelenting.