

The Accident

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I pass the stone walls
of the bridge. Bouquets
of fresh flowers lean against
the mortared rock. Yellow
caution tape blows in the breeze.

I think of the man
I read about in the paper,
he and his little girl
released from the hospital—
his wife, dead.

I think of him listening
to the sound of doves
on the front lawn
as he makes dinner and a life
for himself and his daughter.

I think about him as he takes
his wife's nightgown off the hook
on the bathroom door, holds it
in his arms, head bent to smell
the scent of what's lost.

I think of him wandering through
the house touching his wife's sweater,
her hairbrush, picking up the book
she closed the night before she died,
careful not to lose her place.