

Letter to Borgstrom in Stone

FREDRICK ZYDEK

Dear Kurt: If what the Hindus and Buddhists say
is true, everything that makes the universe tick
is with you in that river stone placed so carefully
in the ravine below your house in Winthrop.

The comings and goings of what moves through
the stars, the blue glances of dolphin in sea, those
red-berry mornings when you picked your
breakfast from bushes that grew down the hill,

the coyote who bays his tune to the moon's single
secret, the ongoing struggle among the haves
and the have-nots, the dance of love between you
and your lady, and what the wind knows about

scattering beige and brown leaves on the lawn -
it's all there. I think it's important for you to know
that when I stayed at your home on 10th North
West, I slept upstairs in the bed you shared

with Pat. She had placed blankets and clothing along the side you once occupied. I'm sure it was stuff placed there to help her feel she wasn't really sleeping alone. That's the hard part, isn't it?

That's why we all left stones at your grave, Kurt. We didn't want you to be alone. That's why your dog Tilly now sleeps on your side of the bed. She's making sure your lady knows what Hindus know.