

# *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.

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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.