

**FOR CURT**

Lisa Jeffs

perhaps it is the way he moves his hands  
gently and with tenderness  
or the distance in his eyes  
the view from the perimeter  
mirrored there  
only visible in certain lights  
and from particular angles

your ghost haunts me through him  
no longer in trees  
or in Mary-Anne's song  
not crumpled at the place where asphalt  
smothers ravine

no longer curled up safe  
in the smooth folds of muscle in my heart  
but standing tall  
hammered fists against chamber walls  
aching reverberations  
echo through me

**Lisa Jeffs'** best friend Curt committed suicide in October 2003 after many years of struggling with bipolar disorder. "A few years later I met a man who reminded me so much of Curt. This poem is about that time."