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Dear Brother

Did you know the last time I saw you,
You were already gone?
Your black shirt withered into a
Black horizon.
You said,
"It's here. I have to leave"
But thought,
It's time to go.

There was the room we shared,
Remember,
Fireflies by the windows, blinking bright while
We watched the face of evening.
Blue to violet, now
The very darkness dreaming.
There, under tender bedcovers,
Peace flowed from the stories we told,
The truth under the stars.
We drifted in its waters,
Bathed in its waves, two princes
Awaiting the coming of day.

I watched you leave.
And sometimes now, without you, I feel
I am being squeezed out of something.
I become afraid because it will finish,
And I will be in the middle of dryness.
Will I be like you,
Or like a purple conch that lies broken
In my own hands?

—Aalap Mahadevia,
*Twelfth grade, Phillips Exeter Academy,
Exeter, New Hampshire*

Merlyn's Pen

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Poetry is boned with ideas, nerved and blooded with emotions, all
held together by the delicate, tough skin of words.

”

-Paul Engle