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Was It Julie?

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Was It Julie?

Your name, you miraculous girl, leaves me.
When I need it most, when I need to hang
a star at the edge of my sight, a point
beyond the swamp of what life's become,

when my wheels spin axle-deep without a winch
in the bog of middle-age and old sin.
At fifteen, years danced like horny angels
on the head of just about any old pin.

The sidewalks were adrift with orange leaves,
and we walked on autumn waters in dry shoes,
with faith that scoffed at Peter's brine-soaked fall;
we knew the currency of every now.

Such potency of days, submerged for decades,
returns. The lives we lived may matter less
than what it's meant to hold that point of light.
Still, I'm sinking in the loss of your name.

-William Jolliff
Newberg, OR