

## Scraps of Gone

It's there  
flowing through the woods  
the day you played with matches  
and burned your hands

in the whiff of honeysuckle  
by the sun-bleached fence  
coming back  
one face and voice at a time

It whispers  
the name of an old man  
who soaked sundown  
with chianti

in the yellow light of kitchens  
on Sunday afternoons  
when years around the table  
disappeared

It's there  
falling through dead silence  
the night your father said  
he wasn't afraid of anything and died

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