Elegy for a Gust of Wind

knew you as a heavy breather. Each inhalation commanding the flare of nostrils, fearful and strong, two expansive spheres limited only by the elasticity of your skin, and the struggle to reclaim all that had escaped the moment prior.

I watched you as you slept, even then filling your chest with pride, a gowned, blue-breasted creature exhaling slowly by mouth, the mist hovering above your lips like a secret meant for the singular ear of your late wife.

Suddenly, you wheeze...struggle...pant... in a manner that does not fit the wise furrow of your eyebrows, the eyes of a once stoic man now painfully narrowed, as though straining to see through the dark, ultimately exhausted by the last breath that was your own.

Now you breathe through a hole in your neck. The sound like dishes breaking in an earthquake, unyielding and sharp, and hardly like air at all.

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