

Ghazal for Hal

The morning of the end of what we knew,
Holding hands across the table, focussing eyes, was to become rare.

I loved his deadpan humor, his unfailing taste
In eclectic music, oddities of comedy, and vinyl rarities.

He'd call from an airport gate and we'd pick up in the midst of our most recent breath
Though conversations were getting rare.

Walking this afternoon, I heard a child laughing:
A belly giggle, jogging loose some marble rare.

I never met Arlo, but his dad is gone
And my heart is on a plate, seared and served rare.