

Christopher Brean Murray

Letter to Knut

Knut, what do you want me to do
with all of these boxes? Why did you keep
so many? Most of them are empty.
One's filled with photos of someone else's life.
Knut, whose life is it? I thought I saw you
in the shot of the mossy fountain.
There's a blur of dog leaping for a frisbee.
There's a guy laughing who looks like
Robert Kennedy. You didn't know Bobby,
did you? You would have told me.
This box is full of soccer uniforms. Knut,
that's just weird. Or were you a coach?
Is that where you went when you disappeared
before dinner? Were you doing sprints
with the kids? You were thinner
with each passing day. Did you leave your pipe
on the bench? Had you finally put down
that volume of Spengler? It looks like
someone hacked this box with a machete.
Were you angry? Why didn't you tell me
when we were roommates? All those days
you spent shut up in your room, you could've
talked to me. I know I threw fits sometimes.
I didn't mean to shatter your viola. I offered
to buy you a new one. I know: *It cannot be replaced.*
Knut, are you okay? I want to know.
I'm alone in the house. It's starting to snow.