

(On a sunbeam's behalf)

Caroline Cappelletti

Sometimes, a sunbeam spills, like cargo down the river.
Thrilled children swim to play with it
and dive into its red-brown fire because their eyes are not yet aching from the storm.

In June, the sunshine is beach-colored and loved to no end;
loved in its incompleteness,
loved even in the way it dies, punctually, at nightfall.

Children are too young to spell bereavement.
Children are too old to ignore its tilting, happy font. *Bereavement.*
If grief is painted on like time on a children's watch, does it count?

The river, heavy with history, buries her body before she even knows that she's a body
and not a sunbeam.

Now, the children save their tears in case of drought,
so that they can still water the roses
and the rue.

Even if brief, there was a sunbeam.
A small thing, yes, but not a forgotten one.
She was always there, and sometimes not.