



1988

Death Calls

Timothy Liu

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DEATH CALLS

I made you some breakfast.
What else could I do after
waking you from your dreams?
The moth which fluttered by
last night lies motionless
on the sill. No alarm rang,
only the phone. Now breath
spreads across frosted glass
where you watch October's
first snow dust the lawn.
You didn't hear the toaster
kick or the bacon shrinking
in the iron pan. You didn't
notice that the lean edges
were charred, that I passed
the salt you always took.

Timothy Liu