

SUZANNE C. COLE

## April, Autopsied

April, and the prickly pear flaring  
its yellow goblets. Drinking wine,  
we photographed them in the glare  
of noon, then in a room's louvered  
shadows glisten ourselves in intimacy.  
So simple to forget you weren't mine,  
even as we exploded into light—  
*us, we*—as evanescent as the dust  
motes, glazed gold by Texas spring sun,  
dancing a common rotation.

November's angled empty branches.  
*CSI* reruns—autopsies—silently flicker.  
Under crumpled duvet, indulging in  
the seductive luxury of grief, I wonder—  
loss increases longing, but what,  
after all, has been lost?