

Maria Picone

Elegy for A.

These days, when you die, people
congregate on your Facebook wall.
Your profile is a stone memorial:
etched with grief, displaced from time.

Typing out their thoughts into the internet's wired darkness,
they reach through the ethereal fibers, hoping a consciousness
ghosting out in the application windows receives their message.

When you died, you made the truth
Apparent—grief is an aura, a net
around the living, and the dead
slip through, wordless.

Maria S. Picone is a writer, painter, and photographer who lives in Boulder, Colorado. She studies fiction writing at Goddard College. She loves to volunteer and travel, most recently having done both in a rural village in Cambodia. Her website is mariaspicone.com, or you can follow her on Twitter @mspicone.