

Elegy for WLC

A photo brings you back to me. It is 1949.
You have not met the woman you will marry.

Funny how the men in those old photographs
look like they are on furlough.

You are 25, in short sleeves, a short haircut.
Those glasses are back in style, now.

You could design and build a house yourself.
Your motto: measure twice, cut once.

A Cessna 172 pilot and a career meteorologist,
you loved the sky, wondered if it felt the same way.

A genealogist, you hunted down your ancestors,
pinned them to sheets like Gypsy moths.

You made a lifetime studying the sky's lungs,
its clear days, its drizzle, felt something alive there.

Each cloud contains a molecule of the last breath
of every cruel and good thing that has ever lived.

I feel your last exhale in the air around me, the wind.