

Suddenly

to the memory of Ivana Taseva

I see her eyes wet with life,
the girl on the poster, fifteen
maybe seventeen, missing since
August 28th, last seen standing
on the banks of the river as the
water rose, her teenage curiosity
at its height-- how fast the water
rises, how beautiful its swirl,
this thing outside of herself
she was suddenly interested in.
When does awe turn to fear?
Throw panic between them.
And then she was just a body
caught in a soccer net on the
grounds of a school, thrown
there, tossed like a ball by
the water. No longer missing
but missed. I didn't catch her
name. We all have one. A life,
a death. Has anyone seen the
wind?