

On The Night My Friend Killed Himself

Ace Anthony

Please note, this work includes content related to suicide and self-harm.

I dreamt of infinity.
He found where the stars had kissed the night
in nebular agony,
hovering on the edge of adolescence
and testing the threshold.
We talked flesh and possibility,
intending to tear each other apart
tendon by question by bone by
confession.

Something thrashed within us,
maybe purpose,
maybe a kind of boyhood
still weeping like an open wound
that we pursued as
wild animals, trembling.

The post-apocalyptic honesty was syrup,
boiled and hardened
under July's heat,
stuck on my soft palate.
My teeth ached from the sugar
and disbelief.

I forgot how to write.
Instead I hydroplaned across
lost roads of realism;
doubt slammed into me like a car crash,
my hands steady on the wheel of guilt.
Shrapnel punctured
my heart still learning how to love
with absolute
severity.

I tried to set the memories we shared on fire.
My mourning was architectural
and my hands constructed his house
as the last place on Earth.
Everything was burning and breathless and God—
how else could I have endured?
It hurt, it hurts.

I want to murder every moment
of grief as it spells your name.
I am homesick.
I am eighteen
and I will never be here again.
Boy made of acid tab infinity
and chemical reactions,
How are you?

I am dreaming,
dreaming, still
dreaming,
still,
dreaming—
Goodnight, goodbye.