

## **That Which Remains**

It is almost a year now since  
my dad died. No one expected  
cancer would take him so swiftly.  
It was always his heart that we thought  
would blunder. Two days after  
he quit breathing the bolts  
came loose in my sister's head.  
This sort of thing happens  
all the time. In every family  
there is at least one member  
who will never grow up in any  
meaningful way, who has missed  
every chance to make their peace  
with the world and picks  
at their failure to do so as if  
it were a scab. I don't mean  
to be rude. And there is nothing  
to confess. This story is not  
about me. It is unfortunate and  
I wish I could tell some other  
story. But every life goes on.  
And as the anniversary nears  
and my sister accelerates  
out of reach, my mother sobs  
and says she doesn't want to  
lose her only daughter. But the  
girl is already gone and all that remains  
is for each of us to accept the light

that goes out before we are ready  
for it to be extinguished.

Originally appeared in *Radiant Turnstile*  
April 2009

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