

New Poetry from Nestor Walters: “Homecoming”



FLATTEN TO BREATHLESSNESS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Only the dead have seen the end of war –Plato

he lies down, finally to rest.
grey light bands his closed door
with no silver at the edges. They said he left
one foot in the sand. wait, a head
no, a hand. the pale orange bottle, only
dust at the bottom, slips from his
fingers. one missed his mouth
small, white, and round, it
shines from the dark floor like
a little moon. In the space
between shadows and dreaming
his way to death, he smooths a dressing on
the hole in Seth's neck, he wraps

a scarf on Nick's face, still
burning with chemical fire, he
lowers Jeremy's hand, still gloved,
into a black trash bag. His
pupils sharpen to pinpoints, his
chants flatten to breathlessness, these,
his friends' names, hammered into
cold steel necklaces
Jeremy, Seth, Nick
beckoning
from darkness

won't someone tell him
you're not crazy
you should want to go home but
stay a while
stay and be here with me