

# 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*