Michael Nardone

For Michael Ballantyne
1945–2008

Your wife is well.
She loves walking Uma to nursery.
They take a different way
each day depending on the weather—
through the meadows, past
the museum, along Saint Clements or
under the oaks. They are learning from each other.

I’ve been looking at maps
and rehearsing all your stories.
But the geography gets mixed up.
I see you riding an elephant
in a hospital
bed over the Beaufort Sea.
You always had a lot to say about Hannibal.