

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.