CAREN CANIER

L'amica geniale (Elena Ferrante), 2018 Matte acrylic on paper, 22 x 30 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS

Prayer for the Boy Lost Inside the Boy

John Sibley Williams is the author of As One Fire Consumes Another, winner of the Orison Poetry Prize (Orison Books, 2019); Skin Memory, winner of the Backwaters Prize (Backwaters Press, 2019); Disinheritance (Apprentice House, 2016); and Controlled Hallucinations (FutureCycle Press, 2013). A nineteen-time Pushcart nominee, Williams is the winner of numerous awards, including the Wabash Prize for Poetry, Philip Booth Poetry Prize, American Literary Review Award for Poetry, Phyllis Smart-Young Prize in Poetry, Nancy D. Hargrove Editors' Prize for Poetry, Confrontation Poetry Prize, and Laux-Millar Raleigh Review Poetry Prize. He serves as editor of the Inflectionist Review and works as a literary agent. Previous publishing credits include: the Yale Review, Midwest Quarterly, the Southern Review, Sycamore Review, Prairie Schooner, the Massachusetts Review, Poet Lore, Saranac Review, Atlanta Review, TriQuarterly, Columbia Poetry Review, Mid-American Review, Poetry Northwest, Third Coast, and various anthologies. He lives in Portland, Oregon.

I'll see you among the cruel things winter chases south or hibernates & in the particular cruelties winter invites into our limbs & lungs. The earth's always too soft or callous to leave the buried be. Shovel snap, slippage. But never an enduring silence. I'll see you in the shadow play sparrows paint up & down the bedroom wall, in that partially illuminated movement just outside candle reach. & for when there isn't such a soft darkness in the house, I'll see you in the endless vigils kids keep locked inside so the world won't see they haven't given up yet. Maybe I'll see you in their giving up too. This is how I bathe my dead: with a pumice stone & words that mean less & less the louder I speak them. I don't think I mean a damn thing I've ever said above a whisper. That's why I speak in wails & roars, why I see the whole or nothing at all-my face in all faces, in yours, vice versa. I know it's just a matter of time before I stop seeing what I need to see in whatever is kind enough to lend me its image. The kindest thing about being human is that everything gifts us its image-for a moment or forever.