

The End

I learned well to mourn a dream,
to let it rest, gently as dust settles
in warm light, softly as moss blankets
stone after cool rain. Now the world is dressed
in shadow, silent as the snow melts
on the ocean. The sky unfurls
its colors like a prayer. Watch and listen –
leave the body behind in the salt wind,
inside the molten gold spilled
from the moon. I learned well to let go of things
that were never mine. I have been a ghost
knocking at windows, grasping empty light –
Let me awaken new, as the Pleiades stretch
across the winter sky like open hands.
Unbecome me, make me whole again.



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