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## Elegy on an Anvil: For Edward F. Brewer

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Kathryn Brewer is currently promoting Maimonidean obscurity whilst simultaneously cultivating her image as a poet by frequenting dark corners and brooding over caffeinated beverages. In her free time she drinks tea, practices yoga, and leads raft tours down the Nile River. She drives a golden Buick and grows lavender.

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*Kathryn Brewer*

ELEGY ON AN ANVIL

For Edward F. Brewer

This poem is just to say that you lived,  
to say that you died,  
beyond that there is little else.

There are too many ways to know a man  
but in every way that mattered  
we are still ignorant.

You made puzzles  
of bent nails. You never told me  
you wrote poems.

There are too many ways to know a man,  
too little evidence to sort,  
save his eyes looking back  
out of another face.  
Your genetics, your words,  
the way to know which will outlast.

Last Memory:  
milkshake in the frunchroom,  
black and white movie,  
sunlight bleaching old lace.

Your body somehow became less.  
Great arms beat metal, men and eggs,  
time beat you beyond recognition.  
You are where we will be.

The face of the son reflects the face of the father,  
this is a science we cannot fight.