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To Those I May Never See Again

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Description

Five Poems about the poet's relationship with God, people, obscure sci-fi concepts that inspired Halo.

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About the Contributor

Evan Ellis is a pastor's kid who believes "actual careers" are for people who want money.

TO THOSE I MAY NEVER SEE AGAIN

EVAN ELLIS

The admission:
I'd rather self-deceive
then imagine you in hell.

I
When— not if— you
called to the Father,
Was it when the ground rumbled?
When the snow unburdened
its weight onto the side of the mountain?
When you saw the tree?
When you no longer felt the ground
and the sky escaped you?
Did you even see the tree?

II
Your name is Catherine. I think.
They didn't quite reach the naming stage
but you are a girl. I am told with
utmost confidence in God, and you.
They didn't bother to check as they put you in the
trash.
You have attained
heavenly form. You are
the lucky one. You're waiting
for us. I wouldn't worry about it,
I forget about you enough
you have the right to ignore me too.

III
Such a miracle,
your salvation came
just at the right time.
Such genuine grace we found in you.
No one, of course, discusses
your senility at the time
or the fact that, rather than the Word
of God in written form, your conversion
came at the word of a loon. Well,

I think he's a loon.

IV

You might be the reason I love Phil Collins.
I was in Tarzan the summer after
the present half of your heart gave up on you.
Every day, for three weeks,
I heard Kala tell this discarded child
she'd never abandon him.
Every day, for three weeks,
I heard your mother,
holding your freshly born—
and discarded— body in her arms,
as her center of gravity moved from
her pelvis to you.

V

I pray for you
when I remember.
Does God care for you as I ask?
Do you have friends?
Not like those
your loyalty demands
you remain with as we
wonder if the bullet will hit
you this time.
Actual friends,
who point you to the reality
you saw in me, despite its vessel.
People who love you more than I did.
Than I do.