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**ANNE
BRETTTELL**

NOT FOUND

Grief is as luminescent as your face in the dark.
Once, I lost the ability to see faces.
Everyone was a universal twin and their voices
sounded like dreaming. I jumped
into my second grade playground, watching
skinny Christopher Dreiling get into a fight
in Winfield, Kansas. Annie stands in a huddle
of kids, mouths closed on daily jeers. We will
all leave this story in a dirty corner of the room,
along with old electric bills and twinless socks.
The walls are breathing through the patterned paper
and in the dark its flowers look like grieving faces.