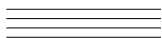


L I T T L E W I N D S



A D A M G I A N N E L L I

for Benedict Egan, 1918–2013

The cars on Sunrise
reduce to headlights.

Above the King Kullen
the stars resume

their old staring contest.

•

Residence turned
to reticence.

•

In 1974 you published
The Four C's of...

Outdoor Advertising.

I wonder about
the ellipsis.

•

Copy –

In your old age
the mailbox became

for you an event.

•

I shall conclude, you wrote
at the end of a letter.

The archaism was not
meant to be prophetic
but ambitious.
You never went to college.

•

In your letters too,
ellipses
rise like midges.

•

Coverage –

Shore Road in Bay Ridge,
Lüchow's at Christmas,
the Rockville Links (you
were their first Catholic),
Montauk lighthouse,
the house on Roxen Road
where the third step from
the bottom of the staircase
would sound the alarm.

•

All these years
I was hesitant to break
away from the coals,
and now the coals
have broken
from me.

•

At the liquor store
we get boxes to

disembowel the rooms.

•

Circulation –

Because of heavy snow,
my mother's flight

landed in Allentown.

As she traveled by taxi
to the hospital,

you kept coursing.

•

The candles on a cake
reflect in your glasses.

In each photo a flame

of one sort or another lilt –
and your image is

the irreparable ash.

•

The leaves in the grass
bend into

little boats –

The elms are black
easels.

•

Continuity –

I think your punctuation,

a star field of dots, dashes,
is because of the billboards –

anything to stand out

against a white facade
to speeding passersby.

– This rage I know.

•

Even your pamphlet,
with those dashes,
ends in a wreath –

to i-m-p-e-l and s-e-l-l.

•

We wait on the sod for
the bagpipes,
since you had ordered them
for your eldest son,
and
for your wife.