

The Day You Attempted Suicide I Sought Solace In Solving A Cubic Equation By Hand

Yesterday the universe
changed colors for you,
from dark-wild rot
to vast-malignant blue,
you lingering in its cold embrace,
hope no longer
sufficient nourishment.

This morning, when I arrived
you tried to speak to me
with smoke signals,
using embers that were just too cold,
hesitating, stuck on *I, I...*
the rest a whisper I almost heard
as you slumped against the wall,
your knuckles against your wet eyelids.

And later, the geometry of the empty cylinder,
found curvature of emptiness
you must have dropped,
rounded ends of missing pills,
the order of the algebra
I sought in your wake,
X squared and cubed,
rearranging until everything equaled zero,
three possible outcomes,
but it never added up.

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