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Like the Ancient Magicians

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I am trying to remember how it happened. How one minute
she held her hands as leaves, all thin veins and air.
And the next, how they fell
almost to the ground, like an October morning.
She was so beautiful.

Or maybe it was winter. I remember the ice in sunlight
and on the blacktop as we walked from the car. The heat
was on so high she had to remove her sweater. It fell
on the chair as close, as close to silently as I can imagine.
Inflammation in the joints and all the birds just gone.

It could have been by text message or on the phone.
I have no way of knowing anymore, since the news is old
and she is, like everyone else, both living and not.
*She had gone away ordinary and come back miraculous,
like the ancient magicians who came down from the
mountains.*

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