

Poem with a Ripcord

*For Yancy Noll, Murdered on
Aug. 31, 2012, in Seattle, Wash.*

In the skydive
video they played
at your memorial,
I heard you laugh
again. A deep belly
sound abounded
then opened
like a parachute
billowing around
the whole room of us.

You are past tense
now fast forward
to some strange heaven
footage recorded like
a premonition. Like
a lament. Your last dance
across the palace of sky and
white clouds. You never
crept into the cave of fear
where some of us
choose to quietly live.

This world was a place
where you would not limp
but climbed then dived.
You chose to swim. Never
sinking but forever rising
to meet what rushes in force
toward you. All those moments
you tasted (even leaden)
came from kissy lips.
Blessed next seconds
sped straight for you.

BY TAMMY ROBACKER



WATERLOGGED
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*Archival inkjet print from the series *Subtle Hysteria*, 20 x 20 inches, 2009*

*On view through May 28 at Photo Center NW as part of the group show *Spinning Yarns: Photographic Storytellers*.*