For Angie Kate Estrella (estrelkat@gmail.com)

Did you single us out,
to be privy to your last days? Angie, your very name
spells ‘beautiful goodbye’.

You tried to tell me,
that you knew
when I was in the pool because the blue lights on your bedroom ceiling, began to flicker reflecting the laps

while I swam. .

Then, your doctor said
there was nothing left for you
but palliative care.
“Brunhilda !”, you named
the first hospice agent
who blithely marched through
your forever house,
as if she could vanish your belongings with her words.

Now, I replay the treasured sight of your last leap into the pool like a dare devil child,
knees up, plunging wild,

eyes closed, nose held,
that sudden splash.
The proud helmet of hair, emerging. Then you shook out
what they had left.