

HEALING ARTS Materia Medica Dressed for the Party Remembering his death—for R. (1985–2015)

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Your ruffled shirt is what I noticed first at your mom's birthday party. We conversed, and you were quite the gentleman, to flirt harmlessly with your mother's friend, alert the bartender to fill my glass. You nursed

your ginger ale, decanted wine, dispersed the waiters with one gesture, and, well-versed at being host, you served us all dessert in your ruffled shirt.

The boy in you, though, teased, snuck up and burst balloons and laughed. Your brown eyes held your thirst for fun, for dares, for playing in the dirt; skinned knees; bruised heart; and other kinds of hurt to come—your only shield against the worst your ruffled shirt.

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