Under the one-track overpass, Micah scrawled his name three times—at the beginning then middle then end as if aware that there are always three of us in a body, like Christ but also like your neighbor who lost his mother then wife then son and turned loud then still then gone. Where are his visitations: past, present, or future? Each day I wake to cries though I mean to rise before them. After the next mistake, I make tea then forget I made tea. Micah, I'll remember you like you asked with your Magic Marker in the dead of the night when I'd already turned into the third person of myself, as brave as I ever was or will be.