

Spring 2020

## Closure

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### Recommended Citation

Quinn, Madeleine L., "Closure" (2020). *Student Publications*. 809.  
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## Closure

### Abstract

This poem explores the idea of closure through various lenses of the narrators life.

### Keywords

poetry, creative writing, COVID-19, loss

### Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

### Comments

Written for ENG 305: Free Verse & Form in Poetry.

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## **Closure**

Maddie Quinn

The first door closed in the beginning  
of October, I do remember that.  
I remember how mom told me  
grandma had become very sick.  
She told me she had a few months to live,  
so I called her and I could hear  
the life floating out the hospital window  
as she spoke.

But I told her I'd call her again tomorrow,  
same time.

Slam.

Turns out she only had 24 hours left  
after the one last call I got to make.  
I broke a promise.  
I told her I would call her again tomorrow,  
I cried to my mom.  
At least I said I love you, but  
I thought I had more time,  
but it was locked tight, done.  
No opening it back up for a funeral service.  
Grandma wanted her body donated to science.  
I mourned that slammed door for months.

I kept moving forward,  
until December.

An email from my high school came first.  
We couldn't fathom that he  
might be in that much danger.  
We had just spoken to him the other day.  
Then came the pleading  
from his family to pray, pray more.

Sure, he was in a coma,  
but we didn't think he would die.

Slam.

Padlocked tight were the memories  
of friendships that were supposed to last a lifetime  
high school Spanish class where we became friends.  
We tried to go back into the door,  
convincing ourselves he was not really gone  
even seeing his casket right in front of us.  
It couldn't be possible.

We didn't even say bye,  
how could we have known.

I kept moving forward.

I remember my mom talking about Seattle,  
how things were getting bad there at home.  
I told my friends I didn't know if we would  
return to school.  
They said I was overreacting,  
this virus was just like the flu, we would return.

I drove away from 4 years of my life that day  
reassured that we would return.

Slam.

No last meal with my friends,  
no walking out of class the last day,  
no last Saturday night in the apartment.  
The worst part about it was that I didn't  
even know which times were  
my last,  
because I was blissfully unaware in  
those last moments.

I kept moving forward.

I had not lost the people that made  
that place so special.

Slam.

Heartbreak consumed me,  
as I said bye to one of the people  
that did make the place so special.  
I did not know how I would replace that.

Just a phone call,  
without any good explanation for you  
except my quick words,  
*things are different now.*

They tell me when one door closes  
another door opens.  
Nobody ever told me  
what to do if the door that closed  
is too irreplaceable to be able to  
see through the blur of tears  
to the next door.

Nevertheless, we all keep going,  
during uncertain times,  
I sit on the back porch of a home that is not mine  
but that is mine for now.  
I remind myself  
how often life can lack closure.  
How there is no creaking of a door  
for you to prepare  
for you to save it from closing  
as it is shutting.

Sometimes with a big unexpected gust,  
it slams.  
We will keep moving forward,  
with the people we kept  
from places we lost,  
and the places we kept  
from the people we lost.

I will not try to replace the doors  
that have closed,  
but seek to again create something  
as magical

as grandma  
Shane,  
Gettysburg,  
and you.