

Mourning

I know they depart in flame,
drop tears,
rich and sweet as figs
splitting in the earth.

And for their burden what do we mention?
And for their craft that brought them
from birth even into harbor,
what can we say that will sustain them now?

I wash the flame
with corrosive tears,
and Adam cleans
his clothes with dirt.

I wash the grave
with my feet,
the bodies of the dead
with neglect.

Like a mother
I catch them later unawares,
and with a handkerchief search
the crevices of the years for pity.