

This is the place

Afterwards there was anger
It would flare up-
suddenly-
but most of the time, smoldered.

This sort of feeling of wrong
and resentment
a lot of resentment.

Not at her dying
mind you
but of the
whole
ordeal

Of her
there was sorrow
heartbreak
Sometimes
I thought the word
pathos

But I think it is just the agony
of the aftermath

the sorting through

She was just
out of energy
out of luck
out of
something

The floodwaters crept in.
Sometimes they point, say,
"Look how high it rose.
That line there, that's the high water mark."

But the waters didn't recede.
She was up to her eyeballs in it
It wasn't pretty.

Her eyes were wide open at the end.
It wasn't easy.

This is one thing I kept seeing
Staring out the window

To rest. To rest
The crow in the treetop
Her dream of crows in the kitchen
It is a yes and it's a no

There was glory
in the end.
But only after
after the agony.

Only now I say
don't go.

Only later when I was left
in the empty tense time
Only then:
Wouldn't this be easier if Mom were here?
Mom would understand.

It's like a giant weight descends
the handle is cranked
the wheel turns
and everything is crushed,
cracked,
splintered,
ground to a fine powdered dust

Everything is dusty

And meanwhile
there's the anger
burning
a hot oven

This is making charcoal
There are frayed ends
the electrical shorting
sparks flying
I'm talking inside me
seared
grill marks

But then you watch the grass grow
leaves sprout and unfold into great green fans

In the summer,
there was the grasshopper
and later that yellow mantis
and bees.

There were bruises on the inside of her arms
No fat beneath her skin
She was so small.

She was buried in the wig.

I wonder if I could have been more kind?
Would it have made any difference?
To me.

Slowly the valves are turned,
steam let off,
fluids drained.

Wrung out, the cloth flaps in the wind.
A dry breeze blows
you stare into space
the fever breaks

Some regrets get ironed out
folded and put away

Some things you don't forget
but-

Walk on
Walk on is what you say to the horse.
Walk on.