Building the Pyre

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In the dark of the house
boxes grow everywhere
laying down shadows
in the dark of the house
laying down dark upon dark
and I moving through it all
a ghost
my son watches t.v.
his face lost in the silver
wash of its numbing
does not see me

these are her things
neat rows in the closet
here is the dress I gave
her last christmas
here are her shoes
do you see how neatly
they sit in a row?
here is the shirt
she used to wear
when we worked in the yard
here are her cowboy boots
the boots she wore
on our first date
these are her things
I spend all my time  
in the yard  
rusting hoes  
and hammers  
bushes planted randomly  
I have high hopes for it though  
over there, under that tree  
I plan to build a pond  
and build it so it flows  
down to this small one  
here, you see?

the illness was sudden  
but here  
here in this house  
in the darkness of this house  
everything moves  
in slow motion  
I turn on the lights  
but it only destroys  
a portion of the dark  
is dull like the light  
before or after a storm

everything is quiet  
there in the house  
in the yard  
among the rubble  
I stoop and pick up sticks  
and I am God  
removing the miniature trunks  
struck in the precision  
of the white flash  
and I neatly, patiently  
assemble the sticks  
neatly, patiently  
built the pyre