

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
build the pyre