

To Grieve for the Living

to see them in the street
 beautiful as marble
to pass by them and smell
 the graveyard on their breath
to follow at their heels
 hoping to catch their stray words
to sift those words again and again
 in search of a spark
to mourn their elegant hands
 their graceful uselessness
to watch their lips fold and unfold
 around an exhalation
to stand in the street like a stump
 while they ripple like wheat around you
to walk up to the door
to stand at the open door
to drive away out of town
 and find yourself circling back
to clutch your memories
 like sharp stones
to have no marker
 no locus for your grief
to lie down in the grass
 with your heart of salt
and to get up with
 your heart of salt

