

Springtime Funeral

by Tabasum Chowdhury

It's a sticky spring night as my grandma takes her last breath.
My father's grief held down the door to her grave.

Flowers flourished with vigor,
rage splashed across cherrywood.
Persist and endure.
Soften into sorrow.

Sit with your grief, and mother it.
Let it nestle in your belly.
Let your breasts swell with curdled milk, to raise your child sick.

The trampled moon will bulge,
Then struggle to escape its own ribs.
The daisies will wane with the sky,
the crickets will keep strumming their legs.
Let years expand across eons.

Let the stars drag their wet tongues against the bones of your spine.
This is hungry work.
Until grief is the world.
Until you can hold onto family long enough to make it stay.



TEETH by Jackie Stoll