

Poetry

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You let your fingers run over
warmth, nestled between white blankets
and a pale wrinkled hand still holding on. You whisper
everything will be alright
as another set of eyes close for the final time.

We briefly stop. Read aloud words that were left
after him. No one looks too long.

Soon the organs come out, one by one. A procession
of belongings leave their childhood house,
cradled in foreign hands that do not know
how mother liked her silverware organized.

You wonder if he would have cared. If their new owner
will care for where the rake is when autumn arrives.
He was a landscaper, and a momma's boy. Small things
like that mattered to him, he kept repeating.

Late into the night, many possessions are lost,
some even purposely discarded
despite calling two hours for any willing host.
Meanwhile the leftovers are packaged neatly in ice,
cushioned in a uniform sterility of blue.

There is no more time for silence. Just the sensation
of gratitude, or the desire for gratitude.

When the one who wakes up asks you if
everything will be alright
you tell her about where the forks and spoons go.
About the best way to sweep up dried leaves.

You hold her hand with both of yours
and begin to cry,
recognizing, for the first time with such certainty,
innocence.

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