

BURIAL

The first day of March comes again
after all the pain of a year ago when
the wind and rain cut into my fingers
and my gloves couldn't warm the corners
of the cold shiny box. In my mind I ran for the car.
But you felt nothing at all as the young priest,
faint and wobbling, went on and on. Your
grown sons, wordless for once, compelled to
reverence, hunted for warmth in their Goodwill
coats, and found an ally—me.

The young priest went on and on, and in
our minds, we dashed for the cars, leaving you
at the mercy of the priest, making his case
for the perfection you knew you never were.

And now the first of March again.
Garden's all alive and lovely, and
at your back door I see a different you—
hunched, shrunk, angry—that March should
come again and leave you out.