

Carrying you

by Steven Pirani

I woke up to the humming
of an empty space in the shape of a sweatshirt,

The whole day, an inhale,
while we watched your family melt.

There is no word sharp enough on both ends
to describe your mother's face, and

Nothing as grim as the sight
of so many cups of water, half empty.

When we carried you,
they played the organ,

And the whole town had no shadow,
except the hearse, wide open like a mouth.

We gave them your body,
like punching in a dream,

And only then
did we find the crater of you.

Mark,
they covered you in white roses.

I just thought you should know.

