

Searching for Poems on Grief



The stanzas get shorter—somebody stops at a gate,
dusk and gravel, pews in a church, the errand,
wings, a harp plucking, dark lawns.

I meant to comfort you with verse
these poems sing but nothing rhymes
with loss, nothing rhymes with—



dark. It's night
again. It's day again. It's night. I want to find a poem about fog
or how the world should be cut with an endless dull blade.

I remember you sat in mother's chair
your skin the color of dust—
sackcloth curtains, treacle sunlight.



The neighbor's car starts
as if nothing even happened.
Birds shudder in glistening trees.

Look: they build their lives from grass and twigs.
They trill bird-sonnets. They protect their tiny hearts
with feathers.

