you don’t need a body to bury something

I.
i like to picture that eternity is the absence of
some people say it wears the face of death
bloody and devouring; neverending
maybe that’s why grief is so daunting
the concept of loss in five stages
never done for once
always repeated in rebirth and recycle
eternity in grief and loving people that no longer know it
love isn’t supposed to be a finite resource
I guess that’s why it’s so caught up in death.

II.
the sun is forgiving, honey sweet, almost golden
snow blankets in powdery layers
(I wonder if the ash of Pompeii looked like this when it buried bodies.)
grief slips into cracks and widens them in chasms.
the clock does not stop ticking.

III.
life goes on, after a newspaper obituary,
or as close to one there is these days
they only gain passing sympathy from a silent stranger
there is loss in that too.
maybe there’s a funeral some lost summer day—

IV.
death does not chase after bodies
I suppose it’s strange anyways, the idea of a coffin
who would’ve of thought:
another box to fit in.

V.
mourn too, beyond a graveyard
I am mourning every time I gaze into a mirror
childhood has always been less of a skin to shed
and more of something to bury.