

***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.