

# *Sketch*

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## Seven at a Cemetery

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## Seven at a Cemetery

Darryl DeLeon

“Yo no quiero morir.”

I had no idea what it meant, or why he said it  
But he did. My grandfather’s last words before  
He was wheeled away from his room to his death:

“Yo no quiero morir.”

I never looked at God the same way again.  
I was in his house yet my prayers fell on deaf ears  
But I gave him the benefit of the doubt - “He must be busy,”  
I was seven at a cemetery surrounded by sadness  
The trails from teardrops remained on my face  
I waited for him to stand up and smile  
“Surprise,” he’d say and we’d all go home.  
But it never happened.

I watched his coffin penetrate the ground

“It’s almost over,” Aunt Diane said

Over, like a show.

Well, this show came to a screeching halt as the dirt  
Settled atop my grandfather’s head

I was seven at a cemetery

Crying my eyes out

And all I could say, to whoever would listen,

“Yo no quiero morir.”