Mourning For Two

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Mourning For Two

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Abstract

There will be raspberries on these thorny stalks — if it rains Gooseberries, even if it doesn’t
Spiny brush grabs at my jeans I drop a twig into stagnant creek and watch it drift Leggy cal
race from shade to shade And I find you nearby...
Mourning For Two

by

Barbara Beal

English 4

There will be raspberries on these thorny stalks—
if it rains
Gooseberries, even if it doesn’t
Spiny brush grabs at my jeans
I drop a twig into stagnant creek
and watch it drift
Leggy calves race from shade to shade

And I find you nearby.

Face flies mistake my sweat
for the tears that dripped from your round, sad eyes
I go no farther
I must breathe deeply of air
fragrant with honeysuckle, spearmint
For tomorrow’s breeze
will be rank
with your
rotting
flesh.