

Face Down Days

I have seen the weather grieve, seen
it tear a woman apart,

the ropes that bind her body
to the world snapping taut ends.

I know well the faces met
at funerals, the stares of the bereaved

taking, always taking, and the way
the lines of mourners seem to snake

into the past, constricting the moment
where you live, and the other does not.

I have seen myself in the mirror
unshaven, addressing no one

in the deadened days
which those who have survived

must one by one face down.
I am writing this to say:

I hope you die first.
If one of us is to sit on a faded porch of the future,

trying to remember the curve of a jaw, or the feel
of something soft on the lips, I want it to be me.