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C.A .C-Ket

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C.A.C-Ket

A marble podium with a green carpet.
Purple lolled over the corners, but
all off-center for the ivory sacrifice of
the fallen. Thorns rise from the pores,
with no blood to prove. Mourning isn't red.
Eight hands, forty gloveless fingers—
procession of the matriarch over the tiles
behind a permanent box of sparkling
cinnamon enamel.
At least thirty-six feet to follow, covered
toes lifted or pressed flat. Music sounds
distant and fake, like a cassette tape.
Strange faces, stranger tears blur along the
walk.
But the hardened wax has already been
sealed with roses. Those were red.
Hearts were wound as the knob
cranked. Forever will the face find peace.
Witnesses were warned prior.
A storm, waters churning and disrupting
annoying calms, ended after eighty-four years,
most productive in the last sixty.
Rivers have since branched off, and other
storms birthed.
The rivers accept rain indoors.
Doves and storks already claimed their
newest addition and wait for others
close by.
No malice, mourning is not red.
Frost trickles along the wires
and crystallizes majestically over
glass and stains.
But there is silence. Black,
which stretches low and
echoes off pews.
Cream blanket, with lace
added.
Goodnight.