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# Untitled

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# Untitled

1

Tragedy strangled me with frigid air and organ music and avocado  
carpeting

Tragedy hurled me into the land of sobbing and irritable silence  
Tragedy brought me to a place I hate to remember, but hope never to  
forget.

His death slapped my face with life.

and the sun rose gray in the north  
and the moon set yellow in the east  
and I stood on a chair in agony as the smell of vomit still lingered  
and normalcy threatened to return.

2

In a car on a plane in a car.

The funeral home, itself on its last legs stood alone on the dilapidated  
expressway,

My grandfather waited alone on the landing, surrounded by his daughters  
and granddaughters, his own legs trembling under this mighty  
weight.

The artificial silence smacked my cheek with a gust of frigid air from the  
rusty, groaning air conditioner.

And tragedy hurled me back into the land of the sobbing,  
And tragedy brought me to a place I hate to remember, but try never to  
forget.

The varnished knotty pine chairs sat staring blankly at her casket  
and we were hurried past, into a room of avocado sofas where we stared  
blankly at each other.

Haunting faces of old men and anorexic women uttered my name with a  
tearful smile,

and her death slapped my face with life.

and the sun rose gray in the north for us  
and the moon set yellow in the east  
and I stood alone on an overstuffed love seat as the stale smell of smoke  
hidden by layers of perfume and fragrance seeped into my skin,  
and normalcy threatened to return.

*Janel Stead*