C.A. C-Ket

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A marble podium with a green carpet. Purple lollled 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.