

# Searching for Poems on Grief



The stanzas get shorter—somebody stops at a gate,  
dusk and gravel, pews in a church, the errand,  
wings, a harp plucking, dark lawns.

I meant to comfort you with verse  
these poems sing but nothing rhymes  
with loss, nothing rhymes with—



dark. It's night  
again. It's day again. It's night. I want to find a poem about fog  
or how the world should be cut with an endless dull blade.

I remember you sat in mother's chair  
your skin the color of dust—  
sackcloth curtains, treacle sunlight.



The neighbor's car starts  
as if nothing even happened.  
Birds shudder in glistening trees.

Look: they build their lives from grass and twigs.  
They trill bird-sonnets. They protect their tiny hearts  
with feathers.

