Wet funeral

by Steven Pirani

I feel a cold wind from the back of your mouth and the weight of a moon on our home, while she is pushing out from under her door one syllable of movement at 4 a.m.

I know now, how she moves without verbs after you crushed her into the river.

Do you remember, when it happened the sound of the deer running from the shore the ravens on your car how the dogs would watch you from the window.

I have never seen a body float upstream. You had never seen a body float upstream.

I used to wonder, why all urban legends come from the country why all legends demand some blood why you sleep with a chair under the knob.

Tell me what has poisoned our garden. Tell me you can't see her in my face.

You can only hide so many keys before the hinges wilt from the frame and no one can board a door from both sides.

And so you scream her name in your sleep but you pronounce it wrong. How could you have forgotten that ghosts shamble from the crater of life. How could you have forgotten that she was our daughter.