

Merry Christmas, Mother

I scream Merry Christmas into blackness; and the blackness is Outer Space, where sounds are stillborn.
I shudder under death lighted silver and blue.

I scream Merry Christmas.

The Taste of My Grief

Today my tongue tastes yellow, not like lemons, but like nicotine stained fingertips, or young pus on the cusp of turning pea green. That's what it is—my tongue tastes like infection. Tastes like your moldering death and sticky linoleum. Tastes like November 8th, the day I learned you'd died in that goddamned apartment with no one to mourn you but your fucking cat. It comes out of nowhere and somewhere both at once, this yellow sick. It begins in my belly, and travels upward through my esophagus, coating my mouth. Bile, oil viscous. Yes, this is the taste of my grief.

I Breathe, Still

For a minute or more, I was dead as you,
as you were technically dead
before the end was absolute—
before your brain conceded.
For a minute or more, my world was edged in blossoming dark,
engrossing, on the cusp of consent.
Blackbirds congregated, chattered 'round my head, and
they called dibs on my vital organs—
heart, liver, kidneys, and lungs.
One expressed explicit interest in
my spleen—
keen student of human anatomy,
morbid corvid.
Then a cardinal came with your breath on its wings,
and I breathed.
I just breathed.
I breathe, still...