

The Etiquette of Grief

Children sometimes cover their eyes to become
invisible—to remain, for a bit longer,

children. To remain invisible,
the wide-eyed dead refuse to blink, becoming

the wide, dead whites of their eyes. How,
through the same window, both sunlight and darkness

might enter a room. Sunlight, then darkness
—is that what dying is like? Pivoting might

be like dying. Moving one way—think of
a rose, its red unspeakable and dark

—then turning—now, a litany of roses
around a gravesite. No one speaking.

Standing around a gravesite like children,
wanting, but unable, to cover their eyes.