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In the Deceased Woman's Blossoming
Yard · *Sandra McPherson*

I stand to the back of the bidding circle:
The buyers' raised fingers speak, and their nods.
But the auctioneers talk best. *Foster & Sons*
Hawk a clutchful of canes, a hall of her mirrors
Walled up outdoors, one long-reaching butterfly net.
Beside a cool blue firtree a sprung orange chair . . .
Unsellable! But when the portable mike
Leans into the yard's last curve
And somebody hauls the mirrors off
A reflection will still persist:

back of a casket

A shovel leans against a tree.
Yes, there is work to do and meantime
Grass-cloth covers the hole. We group around.
Prayer circle, as the minister says, and he finds
Speech first and easiest of all.
Inspired, my brother finds too much to pray.
And aunts, my grandmother's friends: loud thanks
For the stilled one. I agree,
Unable to speak for all that I want.
So I lift my head, for I can hear
The choretime whistling, loud hums and chuckles,
And even my own patter so late on the sleepingporch,
So hot we couldn't buy a night's rest.
She'd tell me to keep still.
My whisper could wake her.