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# Obituary

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## OBITUARY

### I.

Her first child was a bat  
flapping inside her.  
Her second was a thimble  
or a stuck plug, she didn't care.  
The births were painless.  
Her husband was at her side.

When she visited hell, the devil gave her  
her name. She returned, healed,  
from hell's white womb. Her children  
grew like weeds around her.

Her skin broke. The tiny nerves  
were exposed and had to be fed  
carefully. She grew hate  
in flower-pots, on the kitchen window-sill.

### II.

She thought her first child died  
of hunger, the second  
for lack of interest.

You couldn't call it murder.  
She lifted the gun  
once only, to the temple.

The carpet blushed. The curtains  
couldn't watch. Her husband  
held the children, at her grave.

Leaves died and fell down  
on the secret parts of her body.