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Who Is It?

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WHO IS IT?

Words drift in, whose I can't say.
It's late. All yesterday
the sun poured itself out over the yards and houses
but it's cloudy now, a small rain
dampens the street. Those words
seem to fly around inside me,
blue wings, blue tails,
whizzing and flapping. Who is it
trying to tell me about her grief?
A darkness only the old
can swallow begins. I taste the bitterness she tastes.
Mine. April. Fuzzy green breasts
everywhere. I sit under them on the steps
in the stunned air, the lamps
open their light
and the stars grow visible and silence
like a hand thrust over my mouth suddenly
covers things human.

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING

I don't know where my father's ashes should lie.
I drive to the cemetery
to find out
and when I get there,
passing under the gnarled walnut trees
by the church-like crematory fortress, on the office
windowsill there's a box the size
you'd wrap a wine glass in for a gift
with brown paper and string around it
and a white label on top with
Sidney H. Berg
typed on it.

I put both my
hands around it, *him*.
and stand there holding it out in