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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.