Seaweed

Mount Eerie

Our daughter is one and a half, you have been dead eleven days
I got on the boat and came to the place where the three of us w
ere going to build our house if you had lived
You died though, so I came here alone with our baby and the dus
t of your bones

I can't remember, were you into Canada geese?
Is it significant, these hundreds on the beach?
Or were they just hungry for mid-migration seaweed?

What about foxgloves? Is that a flower you liked?
I can't remember, you did most of my remembering for me
And now I stand untethered in a field full of wild foxgloves
Wondering if you're there, or if a flower means anything
And what could anything mean in this crushing absurdity?

I brought a chair from home, I'm leaving it on the hill
Facing west and north, and I poured out your ashes on it
I guess so you can watch the sunset
But the truth is I don't think of that dust as you
You are the sunset

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