

## Widows

Mount Eerie

It's almost Mother's Day  
Me and the other widows will commiserate  
Alone at Montessori again  
Straddling two worlds  
Between the crush of single parenting  
And the need for wailing in the woods  
Around a slash pile burning  
Into the night with tear crusted eyes

I know I'm overcompensating  
In this PTSD disorientation  
From my brief time in the rich part of the city  
Now my hands stink like salmon skin  
Left out in the rain in the ash  
Of the fire from last night  
I haven't bathed in a while  
And no one's near me

If there's significance in where you live  
Let it all go and follow love and intuition  
Today the tabloids told the world you separated me  
And see what's there  
My phone began dinging more than usual  
In the open sky  
It was just like the day they found out that we'd gotten married  
Because we're all gonna die  
Unwanted attention  
From an inhumane delirious absurd other world that keeps trying  
to eat you

I woke up quivering, raw, and heartbroken again  
Took my daughter to the garbage dump  
And rifled through the free pile  
And stood next to the pit  
The crows and ravens circling spoke to us  
And we spoke back to them  
But nothing is real  
Except this one thing

Please remember at the bookstore in the poetry corner upstairs  
I slept with my head on your lap