

Ignorant Innocence

Grandma's blood had not been warm in five days
and the vultures integrated her house.
As sand paper cannot appreciate cashmere
married wives do not appreciate a dead mother-in-law.
The husbands sat in the living room - blank stares.
The wives trashed her dresses and hand-written letters.
They politely bartered over her diamonds.
In slow motion I closed my eyes and swallowed back the bile.
I see children wearing Grandma's dresses over their clothes-
running, stepping on the seams, tearing the stitches.
Simultaneously these ignorant children rip their fathers' delicate visions,
The blessed quietness of respect all gone.

The women are doing what needs to be done.
But - why the rush?
Why the hurry?
It's been only five days - I can still smell her.
The faint scent of her shampoo, the lingering pollute of coffee grinds
and how the carpet knows she just vacuumed it.
I feel her expired breath float throughout the house and in the air.

Trash bags now hold her clothing.
Yellow sticky notes are sopped everywhere with who's claimed what.
I took one ring, one last smell, and left.
Her blood still beats through me.