

# Requiem

After Lorca

The moon is colder than ever,  
capable of belonging  
to us both. I want  
to swallow it,  
stow its brightness  
in my throat.  
Look there, spider silk  
stitched near the horse's eye,  
and the fur on the cat's belly,  
stroked by wind.

I want to ask  
if you ever felt the same  
tug, the way my head  
was turned, early on,  
toward the pail of milk, bluing  
with flies or the small  
white moths, wet  
and dying in the grass.  
Why it was rapture I found  
under a collapsed dome  
of snow, the sting and water light,  
bizarre reprisal of birth, pulled  
feet-first by my father.

I don't know who made me  
cry over the pumpkin's  
smashed grin, or who made me hear  
a green and silver *lonesome*  
in the old woman opening  
hard candy in the last  
pew. I don't know why I hear  
the tick of leaves unfurling

like exit wounds. Was it the same  
for you?

Most of all I'm curious  
about the box of French perfume.  
When opened, it held the same formaldehyde  
pang of the woman in her casket,  
hair already less red, water still  
in her lungs. I was just a little girl  
outside the church when her husband  
bucked and kicked, wailed  
something I shouldn't have been able  
to translate but did. A child  
died in front of you—  
you learned something  
similar then.

You needed orange trees  
to say for you that the world  
was both too much and  
never enough—the old horses  
in the field, the lunar eclipse  
and the beautiful costumed bodies  
of men. *Your ear full of fresh-cut flowers—*  
if you didn't have the work  
of translating them, what  
would you have done with your life?