

## DRESSING

The grief had made my hair—just  
around the forehead—break off  
at the scalp. Dressing for the funeral,  
I pulled long strands from my comb  
as if it belonged to someone irradiated.  
I jabbed pearls in my ears, two posts  
in two holes, suddenly remembering  
the long night of half-sleep with the windows  
open. Hearing the great horned owl squawk  
as she went for the last of the barn kittens,  
the one she'd saved all summer, and the way  
its final mewls grew strangely acquiescent,  
almost calm—a purr, a hum.