

The Earth's a Little Lighter

Florence Behn 1894–1984

what shall we do
with the ashes says my father

what shall we do with the part of her
that mattered that unburnable

mother-thing the air won't swallow back
what if it's the soul

or is the soul the space
of air she once displaced

It's for him to decide
— but —

what if we brushed her
over him lovingly

he'd look like he's standing in the rain that rains
just after the end of the world

If she were *my* mother
I'd want to add a little water

offer her small planet
back to the sky

and I'd want the stars to know her
as she went on her way