## CLARE ROSSINI

## **Postmortem**

Having stood at the edge of a hole dug As depositary for the body, I.e., the mortal bit, blip on the screen, Form given to us, form taken;

having stood
Thus, and watched it lowered, the big box
Waxed and shined to a faux-bronze finish,

I've found words to be shyer than they seem. Pushed to the edge, they won't leap. In the shade Of the valley of death, they're toy lamps; they pierce The wily darkness not. Still,

Bless the nouns and verbs of prayer, the hymnal's Stodgy rhymes, vanishing in the careless sky That roofs the bereaved—

any sound to efface The syllable of wind jabbering in the ear, And on fake metal, the thud of living rose.