

The Suicide · *Deborah Tall*

All day we walk the coast, study the sheen
for a sign, then dive in ice water
to the deep spots things snag in.
There's no body here.
The boats weave closer, an army helicopter
chops long ellipses in a tranquil sky.

The wife tells what she knows:
"I put my hand down on the kettle
but it was cold, I checked the door,
the bolt was off it.
His dog came back alone this morning."

A man on the pier says
it takes eight days till the brain rots
and then the body will rise—
"It's only the brain holds it down.
You think the body is heavy?
It's as light as a feather . . ."

At dusk we call it off.
I cut across his land, heading home.
A black calf waltzes with its shadow
on the garden wall.
The turnips he transplanted
day before yesterday—they're taking fine.