

Funerality

We don't get to grow together anymore.

There are no words.
There is no body,

no fresh turned earth,
no scattered ashes.

It seems more
like anger

than sadness
leaking out from my eyes.

And the memories
are wrong.

As if remembering were rewriting,
as if rewriting were worse than forgetting,

as if you were uprooted,
and the Earth could not

hold the shape
of where you used to be,

leaving my own roots
twisted in mirror echo.

There are no condolences.
There is no afterlife.

There is only the immutability
of time.

There is only knowing we grew together for a while.