

Pauletta Hansel

Photograph of a Woman at a Funeral

Even though I knew
this day was coming,
now it's here
it seems a train
on fallow tracks
came from the dark—
no light, no whistle—
left me broken beneath it.

Well, never mind all that;
we do what's to be done.

This was his favorite
scarf, he said the green
was like the fishing hole
we'd sit by summers
when he came to stay.
These earrings, too,
he said were lily pads
the day he gave them to me
in the box he'd wrapped himself,
more tape than paper.
I can't see the likeness.

He was a good boy
then, and always to me, no matter
what you hear, you couldn't help
but see the goodness in him,
bright minnows
flitting from the stones.