

## Mourning the Loss

I called the grief support group the other day.  
How long has it been since your loss? a man asked.  
No specific date, I said. It happened imperceptibly,  
through slow shrinking. There were no funeral rites,  
only tiny articles missing, confusing parts of speech,  
making up my own words. I called friends' eyebrows  
eyebushes. Or I would brood over them, unable to  
decide which words to choose. Do you feel abandoned  
by God? the voice on the other line asked.  
How could I? I speak in tongues now, but they flicker  
in the air—they burn me at the tip and disappear.  
Perhaps you could plant a tree  
or write a poem? the man asked in conclusion,  
as he had to attend to other deaths.