

To Grief, Without Asking

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You indiscrete son, you bird-like sun, you ellipsis you waver and I come to a gully, wade in the gully, go to the woman next door and ask for a disaster. To spread the disaster down my cold and waiting hands. I want to see it, feel its papery strength — paper that could hold a word could hold this gold failure to breathe. The woman lost her husband, could not find him the park, found him in the illness — a triptych of adenoma. You go where you want without asking, don't you little sparrow? She could not heal me the way she needed healing, we were gone to the grayed out gulf— a dream? A god. Dead as a goat in the valley from the virus of you — worms scavenged him, we asked for a blanket to cover his tiny feet. I could name you like a gimmick, I could feed a piece of the storm back to you. We could praise you, graphite tenement, could redefine your arrows and gross curves. We went to the source, the woman and I, were ready to cure you. The goslings in the park were a languid few, were you there? Did you go, again, without asking? We could not cure you that is all there is to say. It's just anger as in deep or caused by the self or another, as in to say the hardship was the folklore. It seemed to bloom a quiet engine. What is the difference in loneliness? The antonym for bison or an unspecific noun? You ephemeral feeling, will you stay this time? I do not want or need your pity, I will soldier you away. But come into the room. Hand me a hurricane. I want to see what you're offering.