

You

You are every bouquet left on graves.
You are the prayers of griever. You are
the naïve spectators pretending, the tears
of those who haven't lost. You are eyes
forcing yourself to look away. You're the addiction
of a mother sitting on a trunk that hides medications.
You are the choice to overdose.
You're the fear of two orphaned children,
wondering where they will be forced to go next. You
are the tragedy. You're a simple combination of pills.
At the funeral they pray your death is like a novel,
memorable yet learned from. You are like a novel. Events
that end in a planned conclusion. You are
that second before the last pill, the medication,
an array of medication, a combination of medication, the last
breath. You are the vomit of your husband's soaking
into the carpet. You are a cry of a child
caused by the scare of a naïve nightmare.
The entire graveyard grieves with you.