Requiem for Aunt May

A calm sign in the trees of May: she’s dead, not like this dirge staining the air, her name recited in the camphor-house where the chalk figurine, that haberdashery sphinx, reclines, riddled by the TV. There no one faces the calendar, river-stone talks go under the bridge of condolences, and land on the old sofa’s shoulder. I, her water-child, keep watch over her laminated Saviour, nailed into the wall, flipping a coin whose head promises Daedalus. Someone pries open an album, the cocoon postcards wail on the line, pronouncing, Aunt May —

baker, builder of the yellow stone house, your children hatched wings while your face was bent in the oven. The mixing bowls, the wooden spoons, the plastic bride & groom, knew before the phone alarmed the night your passing. So you passed, in a floral dress, a shawl softly tied to your head, the house spring-cleaned.

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