

The way water moves through me this week...

There is something about all that blue
snow-light in the basement.
Look at all those shades out there-
Do you think you could ever paint them?
No, I do not have my grandmother's hands.
I am incapable of making water
a permanent and beautiful stain.

I am looking up at the full moon waiting
for it to change places.
Every time the clouds blanket over,
I am afraid I will never see it again.
That a whisper of moon-glow-traces
will now be the moon-whole.

I remember my grandmother
is in a million places
all in the Atlantic.
That she died in a landlocked state.
And we carried her
to the largest body of water we could get to.

I remember that the moon tugs on her now
and tugs the tears out to my cheek.
I say *i am lost* and *i am sorry*
I cannot remember why
she wanted to finally be in the sea.
And when I really think about it
I cannot fully remember her face.
It is covered in sheets.
It is moon-glow.
It is milk poured over glass.

I lost her necklace last month.
It just slithered off my neck.
It was an abalone shell.
I know now that those vibrant layers,
like an oil-spill, are a time-capsule
of what that one mollusk ate.
They remind me of the layers of dust-time
aggregated in the desert she lived in.
I wonder if it lives on someone else's neck
or if it is frozen in the dirt somewhere.

I went looking for it everyday this week
and all I found was an assortment of trash:
coffee stained paper cups and their sheaths,
bottle caps that are too beautiful for birds to look at,
and a grape vine not near enough to any dirt
to rot properly.

I wandered to the nearest body of water again,
looking for that one small piece of her.
And in the little river there were two geese,
the ones I feel I always see flying together.
Here they are landed.
Floating with the garbage
in water that wasn't always this black.
They nibble at the water to drink,
and I say again:
i am lost i am so so sorry
We have the same haunting in us.
There are some particles here that will never die.

I remember one night she gifted me,
two grapefruits, from her neighbor's tree.
I held them up to my eyes
and cried from the sting of their flesh.
And the man down the street almost died
from a swarm of bees,
until his wife sprayed him with their hose.
And for some reason I felt he was lucky—
to be baptized like that.