

Silent Elegy

ANNA LEIGH MORROW

What I want to say is
 there are no words.
The Missing You settles beneath my ribs like
 suffocation
and no sound can escape from my heart—
 only a silent moan.

Some people pray to their ancestors,
burn incense and breathe words into the smoke,
 into the wizened ear of Heaven.
But what can I say
to the small white
 skull
sealed within a too-large white
 casket?
There is no one listening—
 only Death and the year-old sod.

Your absence is like a black hole,
 nothingness
so intense that it consumes
 everything.
Missing You is solid gravity—
 too heavy for light waves.

When I sit at your gravestone,
my words bleed out into the soil and
 your Death seeps
like a chill into my bones.
There is no comfort in the ground above your body—
 only emptiness.

Mourning is like running in circles.
I always come back to this—
 the silence.
The muzzle on my soul.
 There are no words.

How can I sing an elegy for you when
 Missing You hollows me out, leaves me barren?
How can I immortalize you when
 my memories are too fragile
to remove them from my padlocked
 chest?

I cannot recount your life—
 it is too much, it churns like an ocean
when I stretch out my hands towards it.
I cannot speak you back into Living—
 not even as a translucent ghost
that shimmers in the moonlight.
I can only watch, helpless and voiceless—
 watch you fade
as days pile themselves into months and my
 memory betrays me.
I can only feel you slipping
further, always further
 away from me
While my thirty-seven trillion cells scream
silently after you—
 “WAIT!”