

*When I think about the funeral,
I find I can taste the mints*

NICHOLE PAGE

I can hear the crinkle of the wrapper, the sniffing and speeches
My fingers push it from the plastic casing giving me something to do
Stares from family and friends who think I'm being too loud
Fingers, mine, bring it to my mouth
My tongue grazes against a twisted kind of braille
Held between my teeth, I poke the tip of my tongue through the center
The mint cracks under the pressure from my jaw
Drowns out the stories people are telling at the podium
The powder becomes pressed into the dips of my molars
Swallow
And another and another and another and another
So many they make cuts on the roof of my mouth

I'm afraid to find what else I might remember
If I'm left to think for much longer.