Excavation to Belief

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You cannot hide the soil coating your fingernails and undersides. Your feet are rooted, but not nearly as deep as her coffin.
“She lived a good life,” you’ll hear them say and it will shake you down until your wrists soften

like the silk of her hair. You wonder if you can still see beauty, if she will always be this ghost etched only for a moment as an image within a thought within a whisper. Your wrists soften as you remember

shared closets bursting with shared clutter, now grown thick with a dust of lost eyelashes so deep your stomach fills only for a moment. You wonder if you can keep your promise to the clouds that you won’t be bitter, but their shame is bright

with the silk of her hair. Even though hearts are denser and distance is louder and life is longer, your roots are not as deep as her coffin. You do not hide the soil coating your fingernails while your wrists soften and shake you down and your

“She lived a good life,” comes and goes.