

# Excavation to Belief

*Jenny Moseley*

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.