

My husband crafted their casket
from walnut and pecan,
signed the bottom,
"With All my Love."
As they were sealed
in the mausoleum across
from my stepmother's first husband,
— they too, had been married forty years—
I said, "I suppose you think my parents
are nuts."

I spilled my father's ashes on the kitchen table,
then I made lunch.



Home

by Jonathan Travis