

i cannot hold my grief in my mouth
it itches my teeth.

i am peeling an orange.
poets have a lot to say about oranges;
i do not.
there is nothing in an orange that conveys
the tongueless dead i walk with
the bones that salt my morning coffee
the seven thousand and more
buried in black ash
who i walk with every morning
who i pray with every night
who the temple will not sing for and
i cannot say may your memories be a blessing
i say may you be remembered
may you be remembered at all
may i remember you.

my teeth itch.
i open my mouth to sing
but they cannot sing with me.