

MINE

First it was as a soft brown spot
palpable, round, tender
I saw it in the dark –
mine.

Then, it was clear
it presented itself
when they died –
just walked through
the door and
stuck out its hand –
Hi, I'm Death, glad to meet you.
I didn't realize it's been visiting ever since –
mine.

A round potato on the floor
sitting beneath the table
where it rolled
I picked it up
Hi – don't think we've met before
flesh firm and smooth in my grasp,
I put it on the counter –
alive in the silence,
the dead of night.

– *Vermont*, 3.14.18