

Home, In Parting

Kate Wright

I.

bread bundled legs march
an erratic parade of
soft celebrations,
infant's beam twins mother's eye
yet rain topples down her chin

II.

balled-up socks congest
a suitcase of cotton nests
from which children dropped
with empty passports in hand,
sentenced to the worth of flight

III.

minutes 'til ashes,
tucked beneath hospital sheets
the essence of life
soon scorched to petty sands, spread
among dunes of the deceased

