

Little Sister's Question at the Funeral

Poetry

Cassie Ball

Calvary Assembly of God

22 Lines

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What will happen to the bones?

Silence from somewhere ruptures and floods every vessel of each lung as

My ignorance swells within inches from my heart and brushes my own bones,
Whose fate, upon their dying, I must now determine—

Nowhere in this suffocation do I dare dispute the relevance of the question.
Molecular calculations and bacterial formulas concerning the erosion
Of decaying organisms will not suffice.

What becomes of the dead things?

She knows the final breath releases soul from that filthy cage we trap it in,

Then grows too light to be pressed by the weight of stars in galaxies we see.
She is quite aware of heaven and addresses only the verse we are all ignoring,

As we instead paint a psalm above the coffin and pretend death does not exist.
Soft, mossy earth cushions our feet best in our stepping around the sharp rocks
Mortality places to remind us that the trail we stumble on has boundaries and an end.

Doesn't "All things come together for the good" mean all things?

I answer that perhaps God is a bone-collector.

Alone, He would arrive with His shovel after we bury and forget whatever rots.

Unseen, He may stir along the path we tread and rebury those bones upright,
Bones which would stretch downward into the soil in thirst of a fresh immortal blood and
Would reach upward to release beauty they hid within them when connected within us—
Delicate petals peeping from the dirt and budding alongside those shards and rocks we avoid.
Perhaps they bloom there yet, if we would not be too frightened to look.

