

Jacob Stephens

Undertaking

A friend told me you lost your baby, and now your daughters
are all confused about birth and death and which comes first.
I don't have the courage to call you yet, how hard you cry.
Out the window larch shiver a needled dream. Cabin bound,
imagining your sadness is a child spreading his arms as far apart
as possible saying, "I'm this sad." How sad? Spreads them further.
Bring your girls north with lots of socks. Plenty of room.
Perhaps we'll build a snowman, angels if wind lets them lay.
The weatherman says the sun forgot Montana, then chuckles.
Nothing funny. The earth is frozen, a spade won't break it.