THE SUMMER MY COUSIN WENT MISSING

I should have asked how our khalto was holding up, but I knew where she would be: her body weary & unkind, buried in the day’s tasks; back turned to the home she grew up in; seeds in the farm’s soil, like miracles, sprouting as she tends to them. Is this not always the case?

Child upon child goes, and someone’s mother is no longer a mother. My aunt — a mother herself — looks, for a moment, away; nothing she plants has roots long enough to hold. She turns back anyway, looks ahead. If we are too caught up in the end — like boys fleeing from the day’s news — eyes worried about that which we cannot control, how ever will we stay fed? How ever will we live long enough to grieve?