

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?