

We Spread The Dirt

We spread the dirt
wife
husband
son
 on
maman and dad,
pépère and mémère
 from
daughter and granddaughter
son-in-law
grandson and great-grandson
on the ancestors
 like
we are priests
without ritual—
Eiffel Tower pink-tinted dirt and rocks
 for her
France-on-the-Loire brown
country farmer's soil
 for him,
like cremation ashes
of memory.

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