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.

Rhea Côté Robbins