

Hannah Wynne

Self-burial

The summer shimmers with decay; cicadas squirm
out of their skin just to fuck a little.
This is what I think about as I watch you die.
As I wait for your sour yellow dermis to
properly desiccate, so I can crush it under my sandals
with the rest of the left-behind bodies.
When the trees scream, I watch you seal yourself off,
your blanket pulled as tight as if you can
fabricate the womb. But I lay and listen. Of course
the singing sounds like pain; that is all
noise is. It's still better than the silence that follows:
the echo of small corpses on wet leaves,
the absence where your breathing was beside me, the
whisper of your uncle's malt-rot breath,
who waits till the house has been tainted with quiet
to tell me *If he weren't here, I'd kiss you,*
and you'd like it.