

# Black

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every time someone passes on in the family  
our elders command us to wear black clothes for the funeral  
to mourn the corpse in the morning  
to capture a memory of one of us in a coffin  
to wear a feeling of a dead body inside a coffin

and when the coffin sinks  
the choir hums hymns like deflated bodies  
they remind us of emptiness and loneliness  
of how to make a song live without a voice  
of how to make a home inside a black hole  
of how to stay strong within a quaking body

our elders command us not to shed tears  
not to turn our bodies into tornadoes  
I wish to tell them I'm cold enough to fit inside a grave  
that I've been dead ever since the funeral announcement  
that my body knows how breathless the grave is  
I wish to tell them how dead I am  
but I'm afraid to in debt their hearts with so much loss

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