

Winter Burial

Carol Clark Ottesen

Grey clouds, March-heavy hung over
an old and mottled snow that day
we brought him there to you.
I stepped on headstones to avoid
the mud and deer dung just in time
to see the grey steel box descend.

I watched a knifing wind whirling
a leaf into a dance over
your name engraved in stone,
then softly you came whirling in
green organdy with your blond hair
catching and falling as you danced

to him. For him. He caught you there
in joy's small hand, crushing the violets
at your waist. The earth spoke life.
Your children came and danced around,
bound by the cord they loathed to loose,
yet now so far from this grey day
you cast the pieces of your sun,
indiscriminate and shining.

Who can weep with all this gaiety,
with green mud-splattered organdy
whipping in a wind like laughter,
violets falling on our cheeks as
you and father with a grand indifference
dance squarely on the stones?

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