

# A Call Before the Obituary

*Jill Hemming*

His name, distant to me,  
opened your mouth to blackness.

It seemed you laughed before  
the half-crow caw fell out.

My brow creased, but I owned nothing.  
(two capitals and a few lower cases)

You went down the hall, to empty  
a trunk, shut the door.

Cluttered papers on the floor  
annoyed me. I stacked them neatly.