

I have been told,

*“love cannot alter it.”*

I did not need to be told.

A eulogy ends at the funeral.

*Words cannot add to it.*

Like everything else.

An elegy tries too hard.

*You yourself have survived it.*

Like nothing else.

Ash is not only dust, but bits of bone

&so,

like everything else

that once was draped in marigold,

*you must carry it.*

Like everything else,

a dress rests in my closet,

*a thing that carries itself*

I have been told.