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The Books

Hilda Weiss

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The Books

for Rick Weinberger

by Hilda Weiss

Your books in small boxes.
Darkness. I carry you
across the lawn. I hold you
in my arms. Your dark
smallness. Your death. Your books.

In my arms I carry
your books in small boxes.
I hold what's left of you—
your books, death. In darkness
I cross the lawn.

Your books, they carry me
across the lawn, across
the darkness. In my arms
I hold the small boxes.
I hold what's left—the books.

