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Hunger Moon

by Trina Baker

This morning, that full Hunger
Moon still low on the horizon,
a corpse curled up in the park
across the street from my house.
She rested on a bench
in the playground, where mothers
watch their children swing
on monkey bars above the sand.

When she was lifted onto the gurney,
the rising sun highlighted
gray hair among the brown,
like mine, falling to her shoulders.

Did the policemen blame me
for the body almost on my doorstep?
I heard nothing in the night.
Can they blame me?
Talking to them
made me want to run away.
Standing there, I couldn't look into her face.

I don't want to know how you die
when you die alone.

