

Mourning Routine

it's 7 a.m. and i have already choked
down three prayers to a god whose name
has evaded me for a decade. He is mighty,
and yet empty yogurt cups line my kitchen
like the prayers in my head: i cannot speak
anymore.

it is 8 a.m. and my world wrecks
of sickly coconut: face masks do not possess
divine abilities. i light watermelon candles
and bake lemon muffins, but simple perfumes
cannot mask silent prayers: i offer up these gifts
in hopes that my voice will return.

it's 9 a.m. and for the first time i do not worry
about speaking or seeing or healing.
it is morning, and i finally fall asleep.