

Here I come

When do you meet sorrow

The children's library is full of goodness. All the books are sanctimonious my mother's sister says. So sweet.
They put the rest of the stories in storage. Shut in
stuck to the bottom of a box.

Where do you learn sorrow

Adam asks about the squashed bird on the street. Pink and grey stuck to the road. Tractors don't die he says.
He is almost three. He arrived in the same breath that my grandmother left. An inhale, an exhale.

How do you teach sorrow

Wait until they are old enough. Wait until until until until until
Ready or not