

HAGAR IN THE GROVE

I left the stove
on in the
apartment.

I'm boiling coffee in the kettle,
pretending not to see Abe
crouched in the door of the tent,
sweat dripping from his nose,
not looking at me.

This is just to say
that as we drag Sarah's ashes
up the back of Kings Peak,
our home may be
on fire.

(We drew our water from
a boarded-up well off the trail.
It was bubbling, and it was
soured, but Abe said it was
fine to drink.)

Grounds settling in the pot
and I remember Sarah's
baby shower: she laughed
loud, palmed Abe's red cheeks,
drank out of my glass.

Tomorrow Abe will plant a tamarisk
on the riverbank. He will ask me
to open the Sarah jar. But I will lie afloat
in the water, holding my distended
abdomen, alive and awake—

(He sent me away
once, and he'll send me
away again.)