

Black Ship, Swept

When my grandfather says
then, my ship will be gone, I have no response.

And so

I mourn, just as my mother
taught me to do. Just as she was taught

by her mother, and each mother before that: a clew
held taut, as when I said *I miss you*

and to this

you had no response. Only that the *ship*
has been swept, swept, swept

sweeps away, I know but I do not know what
to say. What I'm looking for is here by the coffee and corn flakes

always, that there is

another cave, lit but still
dark like remains, or

the simple inertia of a swaying body sculpted
to simulacrum from ashes,

as if

by a mother's heavy
hands.

Matthew Minicucci