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## Something Borrowed

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I learned something new

at your funeral:

you were a slut

and you liked to fish in Canada.

All you used were your fingers and eyes but the air

rang with silent laughter and the twang of so many cast lines.

I learned that your daughter needed me more than I thought.

My chest felt like cement.

Then lead when my own met hers.

And that her sister had a good boyfriend.

His arm was planted around her waist so she wouldn't float away during delivery  
of the eulogy.

I learned that life is funny

when I found a cicada outside the parlor. I hoped

it was just the husk—the exoskeleton—

But I picked it up and one of the wings tore off.

I learned that you were scattered in Ottawa.

I picked up the cicada from the concrete and I figured

the bush's roots would suffice a tombstone.