Why was I so adamant?

At the end, I hope there will be someone, by which I mean a human, nearby to keep talking as I rattle my way out of this world.

While my husband was in the hospital burning with a mysterious fever, leading the staff to take "precautions," a woman was dying in the room across the hall.

Sometimes, a silent man sat next to her in a chair, leaving the door open.

He could have used the comfort of roses.

———

Violet filter

When I receive an email from a friend who has been gone for more than a year, I know spam. But I want to open it to ask:

Are your clouds cumulous like in Renaissance paintings, or flta and Persian or as thin as early morning LA smog?

I could tell you I deleted that email, the way I woke from the dreams where my grandmother phoned with a recipe, or directions to the cemetery. I never did delete my friend's last messages on my old phone, but then that phone was stolen. The new one has a message from my mother, hanging on.

On grief in spring

In spring, you forget the golden season of dried grasses is on its way, your eyes distracted by the varieties of green. Then, and now, seabirds poke in the mud and row, seabirds poke in the mud like egret, urban-adapted, stands back, long legs carrying that egg-shaped body, wind blows through the cypress, and you miss all the ones that have been trimmed away.