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Burial Rights

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Gottlieb-Miller: Burial Rights

BURIAL RIGHTS



JOSHUA GOTTLIEB-MILLER

bury me face down bury me fast bury me with faint praise bury me facing Jerusalem so I can get a running start bury me

with hands that fool even the dead leave the dirt loose as false sky

bury the rocks you might place on my grave bury the hatchet bury me

brick by brick they build the highway going over my head—we are the weightbearing dead we as well as ask for it

bury the thought bury the separations of light bury the rain

bury what you don't want that you can't bury receding and being drawn up

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doesn't change it's still

bury my light collected from stars reflecting on the water's surface on the inside of the rain bury the rain

I can only bring myself closer to the world or the world closer to me

spare me the thought that I care about the highway spare me the ground is a prayer shawl at a dance