

IN WHICH AN OLD WOMAN BAKES HER FUNERAL PIE

RACHEL
RINEHART

Because when one dies the rest must eat,
she administers pie like sweet medicine:

Lemon meringue—a child gone off the porch.
Cherry for farm accidents, her husband's wedding band
caught in the auger.

There is solace in lattice. She peels Jonathans and Winesaps
for women ever-appled in childbirth.

When her time draws close, she chooses blueberries, blue as
dish soap, the sheen of cattle flies,
and china.

Blue as a daughter's dress, this darker fruition.
Blue like blood pooling under her clavicle.

She pinches the last of her salt into crust and stumbles off.
Behind her, the rest eat.