Calavera to Ana Santa

Such easy sleep, such breeze
Clamoring at your window
You stretched out, light shreds
Dances on your toes

My black dress, polyester and proper,
Hanging sadly from my closet
Yours, sequined and laced,
Awaiting your departure

You were a happy girl
A woman acquainted with herself
Despite the cows you milked, the
Hens you killed, the bread you baked

The manual work of clearing land
Raising a brood of rambunctious girls
A litter of little boys
Who asked for cookies and more

Now, the casket is in the living room
The candles’ flame dance
You request one last song
One last cup of joe

Stretch your weary bones, Ana Santa,
Under this hearty light
In your tombstone, we’ll declare
Here lies the grandest grandma
Snug, finally at rest.

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