

# Photograph of a Woman at a Funeral

by Pauletta Hansel

Even though I knew  
this day was coming,  
now it's here  
it seems a train  
on fallow tracks  
came from the dark—  
no light, no whistle—  
left me broken beneath it.

Well, never mind all that;  
we do what's to be done.

This was his favorite  
scarf, he said the green  
was like the fishing hole  
we'd sit by summers  
when he came to stay.  
These earrings, too,  
he said were lily pads  
the day he gave them to me  
in the box he'd wrapped himself,  
more tape than paper.  
I can't see the likeness.

He was a good boy  
then, and always to me, no matter  
what you hear, you couldn't help  
but see the goodness in him,  
bright minnows  
flitting from the stones.