

Yolaine M. St.Fort

A PLACE WITHOUT HURT



last year, I went to the cemetery
and dug a grave ten feet deep
and buried charred memories
and two unhinged doors that whispered my throes
and shredded sepia-toned pictures from
the fading albums.

the watchman asked me for the deceased and
i hauled a cart from behind a tomb that read,
“in memory of Anne, a loving mother and daughter...” and
said, “death comes in many forms and today,
while the sun burns my skin, my pores will spew out
memories of hurt that tasted like honeyed yams
and succulent cherries because hurt was home and home
was hurt.”

the watchman silently ambled away and left me
to mourn what used to be.
I next used a ladder to enter the quasi-abyss and wept
for death, which once smelled like cinnamon and honeyed yams
and succulent cherries.

I took a handful of dirt and put it in a jar
because I want to remember the day I buried my home.

on the surface, I pushed the cart and tossed them in.
i saved the two doors for last
they were in a pick up truck, murmuring my throes. So I
asked the watchman for a hand and he silently helped
with the interment, his deep brown eyes distant, perhaps

in memory of his past elegies.
I further declined assistance from him
because I wanted to care for my own.

Later at home, I danced to some zouk music and played
ring around the roses with my daughters.
we danced to a sweat and waltzed to the backyard,
our bare toes embracing the dewy earth,
where our delicate-stemmed daffodils awaited
patiently for our greetings—a language
we whispered by moistening the earth with our tears.
tears that smelled like raw roses.