

Suicide and Egg Salad

by Michael Alan Brich

May turning body turning tell.

There was nothing we could do.

We all said this

picking at the death buffet.

Black enamel box yellow petals egg salad

powdered skin nice little earrings

all shine and harmless in mortuary light.

Someone said she was aiming for something different

but stinking at the socks this old haired gray girl couldn't win

just loafing around making love to her death wish

alone in her room sad jazz moving around her.

May turning body turning tell.

There was nothing we could do.

She took herself out with a box of toothpicks.

Must've taken hours.

Pin cushion flesh floating in warm bath water.

We stand around her with styrofoam plates

balanced on napkin fingers.

Aunt Mabel is picking at a kneecap.

Everything tastes like salt.

The blood mother glints near by.

The priest is closer than daylight.

Someone stirs the punchbowl slow.

We all saw it coming.

Saw her hold her own death.

Tender like a tiny crib.

Kiss its smooth bone forehead.

Caress it with pale fingers.

Saw her become acquainted with its taste.

Its smell.

The cool silk feel of it

next to her skin

just before

her teeth sunk into it.

May turning body turning tell.

Curtains cover the walls.

Thick and red like remorse itself.

An accordion plays sad in the distance.

Every bite is difficult to swallow.

We pretend it is not dry in our mouths.

Not cold in our throats.

It is not about us.

It is not the taste of death

hanging on these white plastic forks.