

Genesis

Cassidy Lewis

How evil it is—the sun nursing
the clouds in honey yellows then
asking we sleep through the night.
Maybe this is natural order: when
the black birds no longer pool
in our backyards, we learn
that missing is innate—that it
comes with morning and collects
how smoke does on skin.
It calls us and we follow
barefoot—knowing grief
isn't chaptered and its beginnings
aren't found underneath
buried archways, but rather
in the days that wouldn't
spare me. It was those days
that grieving was tender,
when the cypress was sweet
to our ankles and all around
us fell green.