

LEILA CHATTI

Mourning

In the early light of day I look
between my legs, spot
the basin and unfurling cloud—
a silken flame. A claret stain.
I flush it down and wash my face.
Make breakfast for myself. Watch
the morning rain. Through the wall,
a child wails. I wait, not knowing
I am waiting. I hear the mother go to her, listen
as the cry tapers off. A deep silence
pours back over. Settles in to stay.