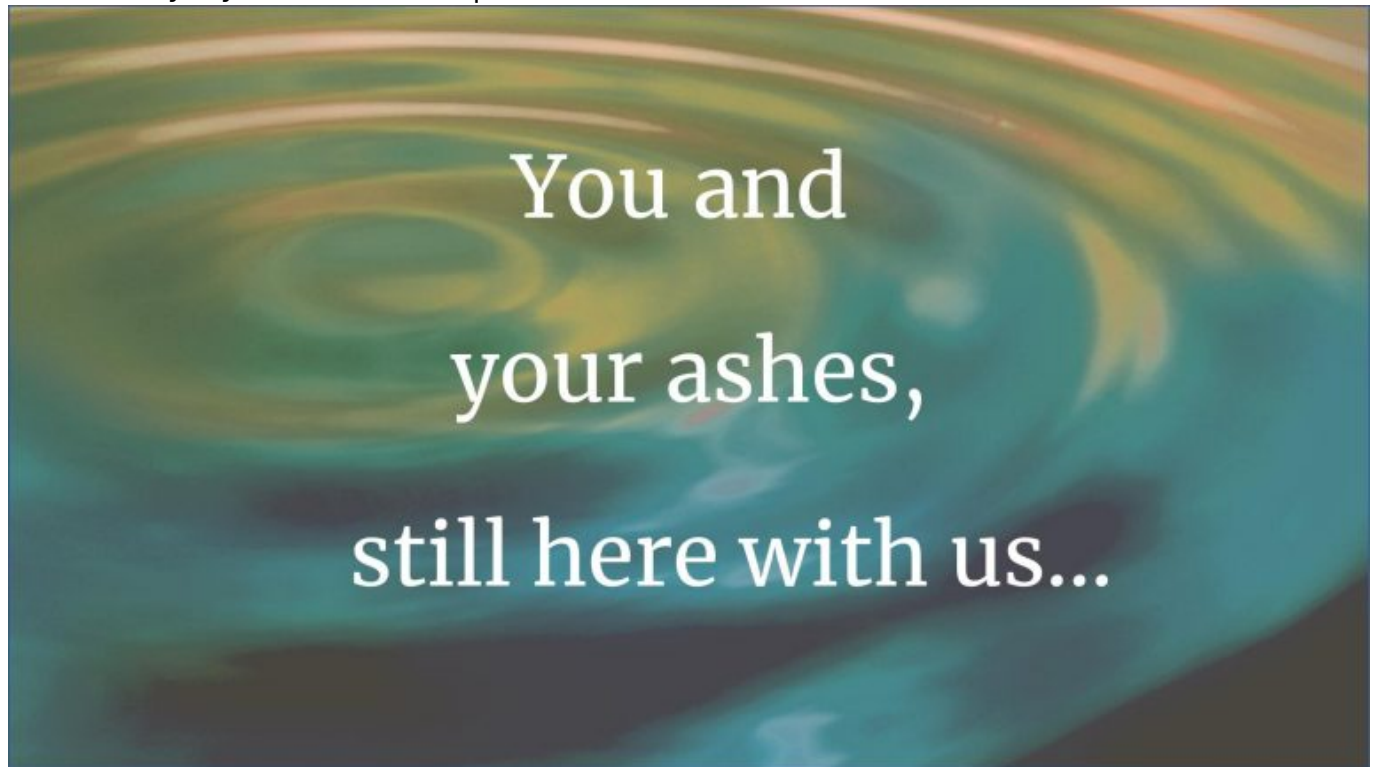


Earth to Earth

Category: Poems

written by Wynne Morrison | March 26, 2021



You would have loved the simple maple box.
Corners smoothed and lid sealed tight,
we haven't tried to pry it open yet.
It weighs more than I would have guessed,
holding all that's left of what was you.
Not your loves, your laugh, the things you always
said, but the dust to which we all return.
We've moved you from house to house over
the years, finding a new shelf in each new state.
Simpler to take you with us in the end
than to settle on somewhere to pick a site.
You had asked for Switzerland, to say farewell
where you were born, but it's hard to leave you
in a place none of the rest of us called home.