

ENTOMBED

It's a scorcher today. As it was yesterday. And will be tomorrow.

A heatwave, they say. Heat without end, Amen.

The radio advises: "Drink more water". "Remain indoors". "Stay cool".

"Look out for your pets and babies and the elderly". As if the virus isn't enough!

And I try not to think about you down there.

In your wood-veneer chamber. On your "holiday", as you called it.

"The only holiday I'm ever going to take!", you'd laugh.

And I'd feel guilty that we never took the time to go. Just go!

I've studied dead things decomposing. Bloating. Decaying. Scattering. Erasing.

Roadkill, mostly. Or the unlucky in horror movies I've peeked at through trembling fingers.

But I can't bear to think of you down there. In there. Oozing and swelling,

In that airless tomb of dirt and worms and crap.

Claustrophobic with condensation and bacteria under a dry, dirt mound that refuses to flatten,

In the lawn space allotted to you by the local bureaucracy and paid for, by you.

On days without heat, I imagine you reposing peacefully in your special place,

at ease and untroubled. Bearable. A Sleeping Beauty.

But heat, oh relentless heat! Your pervasiveness is my curse.

Your powerfulness is my undoing.

Your cruelty is my nightmare.

