

## Sorrow

For this death, there is no funeral,  
no body to wash one last time.

No one will clasp the hand of the bereaved,  
look into her eyes, say *I'm sorry for your loss.*

No one will bring ham or turkey sandwiches,  
beans and dip. No one will pour some wine.

No one will lay out the pies, the cream,  
gently coax, *Try to eat a little.*

The old men won't huddle in the corner,  
pull on their pipes, sip their whiskey,

chuckle softly as they recount the early days  
of the now deceased.

Still, there is the time after, <sup>there are no visitors</sup> when the last visitor goes,  
and there's ~~no more gifted food left in the fridge~~  
~~When there are no visitors,~~  
~~When the door closes, and the house is dead.~~  
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—Theresa McCourt