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In Case of Grief

Trail your eyes on the backyard.
Sift the lawn, the outstretched
gate's yawn. Sidle up to the neighbor's dog
and feed it back its hatred. Bare your teeth
at the loss hanging on the lines—
empty cotton sleeves and solitary
socks moving through the neighborhood
like ghosts. Keeping it still.
The wild embrace of morning glories chokes
every picket in sight.
And you, you envy that parasitic grip.
Loss having left you as useless
as the unencumbered beam.

Rebecca Morgan Frank

Rebecca Morgan Frank has appeared in the *Georgia Review*, *Guernica*, *Ploughshares*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Best New Poets 2008*. She is a founding editor of the online journal *Memorious: A Journal of New Verse and Fiction*.