Burying My Mother’s Library

Patricia Cornwell, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Mrs. Molesworth’s *The Cuckoo Clock*.

The modest pulp of them mattresses larvae, helps a pathologist pinpoint time of death.

*You show me a body bag that doesn't leak.*
*And they are always hungry. And always shoeless.*

*And wet. Year after year they build their nests and hatch their eggs; year after year, I suppose,*

*the old ones gradually die off, and the young ones take their place.* Under earth, her books hatch words.

They elongate into sentences, squirm with the need to be pieced together and read as a single story

until a far away clock chimes. *Cuckoo,*
*cuckoo, goodbye!* *Thus many stories end.*