

JANE MCKIE

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.*