

Found in the graveyard

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I lost myself down South Presa Street.
This isn't my neighborhood
But I spend a good amount of time here
All the same.

I kept looking between the houses
And wondered why one family chose
Azure for the shutters,
And Tangerine for the door,
But kept the outer walls Cream.
But across the street, another family chose
Lavender for the shutters, door, and porch bench,
But went with Vermillion for the walls.

The colors are too blinding,
Too distracting,
Too loud,
Too alive.

I found myself in the graveyard.
This isn't my family's lot,
But I wonder if I could sleep here alone
All the same.

I walked between the weeds and headstones
And wondered if I would miss my family
Or if I would find company in the cicadas,
Or if the silence would turn into lead weights,
Pressing the ground and crushing my bones.
I wondered if this isolation would heal me
Starting with my mind,
From the inside out.

The atmosphere is too halcyonic.
I am too calm,
Too pure,
Too at peace.