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Ashes, Ashes

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Ashes, Ashes
Malina Infante

Ashes
scatter the ceramic surface
of the dish beside my hand.

They accumulate
at the joint's end
as I inhale
once, twice,
a third time.

Ashes, ashes
in the ceramic dish
are nothing like those
in the ceramic urn,
ashes that felt too heavy
in my hands,
heavy as the fog now
clouding my view,
falling from the tip
as angels fall from grace.

Ashes are the only remains
of love's kindled flame.

Ashes, ashes
in a dish do not erase
ashes in an urn.

Ashes, ashes
lie lifeless beside my hand,
ashes forever cease to burn.