

**Poetry**  
Diane Passero

**Tin Ferry**

The young girl sat with the dead bird cupped in her hands. The cat  
killed it.

But that was not the end.

The end of the cat was much worse.

Hobo (dead cat) lay lifeless as a stuffed dove upon a shelf.

I do think when Rigor mortis sets in  
the dead are done comforting you: it is  
time to dig the hole.

Copious bones of family lie under my garden  
rising each spring in the flesh of cherry tomatoes.

If Barries' fairies were born of the  
first baby's laugh, what was born of  
the first baby's tears?

Acceptance of death spreads  
as the roots of an oak infuse the earth:  
Three women in a bar arguing which had  
seen the most appalling autopsy photos.  
I think they all lost.

The reality of dying is losing –  
a big "L" placed upon your forehead.  
A forehead which will rot away maybe  
slowly depending upon the tide,  
the fullness of the moon and  
the sweetness of the cherry tomatoes.