parsley and dill

I don't know when you found out the world had ended but I remember, two years later, a bathroom somewhere in South Carolina, my phone pressed against my ear, the shape of the mirror but not the sound of your voice when you asked if he did it. I remember reading somewhere that we have a tendency to cry in front of mirrors so we can feel witnessed in our pain, and I am not crying as I look into my own eyes and say yes but I do need to be speaking to someone who will believe me. I will never know what it is to bury one son and be asked to kill another, and you will never know the nakedness of my need, how hard the answer drummed beneath my ribs, demanding that I say it and pretend it mattered, pretend we will ever speak again. You dye your gray hair black like you are trying to turn back the clock to a time before you asked, before the question even existed, and I dance across continents until I can tell myself you were too far away to hear me when I answered. As long as you keep him the world is not big enough, there is not enough room in the universe, for me to give you grace.