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Priest in Aqua Boa

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To Danya, My Daughter

After the choosing, earth
or a high crypt in the left arm
of the cross at Elmwood,

after the strong arms
of your husband, your brother’s tears,

come tell my spirit.

After the long drive to leave me,
the slow black line,

tell them the purple click
of my heels on the dance floor
and the swirls of silk
tickling my legs.

Tell them the lines
I put down against
agony, the verse after verse
for joy.

Tell them the times
I knew the Great Ancestor Goddess
would hold me above
that last shaking.

Have them wear my shoes
and eat my lines.

Then, come, daughter. Come
tell my spirit
again and again.
I will hear you
and I will
be glad.

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