

## Grief Haibun

when my sister's father starts dying we are in georgia and he is in detroit  
and there are many miles to drive we take turns behind the wheel  
of my sister's blue toyota corolla the one she let me borrow when i was in high school  
while she took the marta train to and from work we get the call  
in a state i can't remember a state that was close but not close enough  
we keep driving anyway arrive as they are wheeling him out  
of the door she gets to hold his hand when my mother starts dying  
we are in georgia and so is she convinced just months earlier to move  
in with me and my sister splitting our two bedroom apartment three ways  
we spend 11 days in hospice on that last one i decide to go back work rent  
doesn't care about death but first a sign that i shouldn't leave — my old beat up honda  
civic parked on an incline with enough gas to drive but not enough  
to start at that angle my sister uses her triple a they fill the tank enough  
i am clocked in for 30 minutes when i get the call.

don't grief always come  
at the end of the ringing  
as if that's its voice?

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