

Benjamin Shalva

House of Mourning

Like a mouthful of rice  
our mumbled devotion

page one eighty-seven  
please rise

and in the kitchen  
black women

are scraping the plates  
and we are saddened

by the loss of your mother  
we are saddened

by the loss of the Ravens  
your mother

she was an art lover  
they tell me

and your mother  
they say

she loved Chihuly glass.