Ashwani Kumar

A Daughter Dies

The summer in the city stammers in disgust,
The flowers around me recline in sorrow.
My cousin informs me
her daughter just died in a strange accident.
  In my last dream
  She shut her tired eyes,
Told me about her desire to drive a fast car
And play hide-and-seek with the light winter drizzle.
  Now I hear her tears from the ceiling fan,
  Her bright, uneven teeth gleam;
She smiles over my silly jokes.
  I imagine
  She just died with all her faithful belongings:
Few half-grown seasons, countless rotten blueberries,
  And a kiss on the face of the moon.
Now I see her sprawled on a dirty plastic sheet.
  As I collect her postmortem report,
  I lean over,
  Chew my nails like she used to
  And vomit a vague surprise.