

Jen Webb

The celebrant

My father died quickly.
Six months,
sweating and spitting,
and he was gone before Christmas.

The last movement of breath and blood
took all day
in the soft bed
beside the red basin
below the light.

One man can't fill a box, they say.
But when my father was cold
they took him to the grave

Now I have become the connoisseur
waiting for the next call.
I make my plans: I will not wear black.
I will dress in red,
I will wear the grace
of blind expectation.

Darkness.

A pause.

And then the wait.