

Burial song

by [Renee Emerson](#) in the [November 18, 2020](#) issue

Just last November
I laid you down
in that thicket
of snow, a quiet
safe place for you
to dissemble,
breadcrumbs in pond
water, the minnows
biting. I will always
remember you whole,
doll-child, cold,
stiffly painted. They covered
your birthmark, mistaking it
for a scar. It was a wound
the Lord gave. You are
a wound the Lord gave.