

PHILIP HAMMIAL

A CREMATION IN DELHI

A chant is made.
Some water is poured into the mouth.
The jug is broken.

A chant is made
to ripen the body
for infinity like a watermelon.

Some water is poured into the mouth
to hush the great din
of all waters everywhere
that the relatives around the fire
may hear themselves think.

The jug is broken
by the eldest son
when the mother's unspeakable
body is fished out
by the hungry relatives.