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.