**How to Bury that Horse**

**and Not Jump into the Grave**

Joan McBride

*“So here’s to the drinks in the dark at the end*

*of my road.”*

*– Florence + The Machine*

you have to use tricks

sleight of hand

visualize your survival

you are not the pine box

you are not the dirt cover

you are the plum tree

flowering over the grave

tender white petals fall

obscuring a name

never mind

that the tree has roots

grubbing underground

sending thirsty

tendrils through barriers

of wood and rock

and desiccated things

seeking nutrients

spooling around bony arms

tugging all that is left

don’t fret

the dead need company

and you aren’t going anywhere soon