

Tzynya Pinchback

Pallbearers

They are singing
a song for the living.
Lamentations to the burden and gift
each new day on which your name is written.

A song full throated, at once harkens
back to the warmth and lush florals of youth.
Your lily of the valley, your sandalwood and myrrh
your tangerine sweet and sun-kissed skin
mapping its lyric.

A *hahaha-hehe* song of merriment
by ritual feasts and ornamentations spirited,
bearing of children and fires lit against the sky
to mark the victory of their births.

They are singing
a song for the dead –
tongue heavy with pray, knowing
night falls a dense fog lingering
under foot or gale swift at your back –

washing and re-dressing the day
a pulse thready beneath its fingers
throwing open the window and its trimmings
a tide quaking beneath its lyric
sing you on to the morrow
where there is no lament.

Tzinya Pinchback is author of the chapbook *How to Make Pink Confetti* (Dancing Girl Press) and has recent work in the *American Poetry Journal*, *the Aureorean*, *Midnight & Indigo*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly* and is a 2019 Poets in Pajama Reading Series featured poet. Her poems and essays seek to explore intergenerational trauma and the black woman body. She is on staff at Lily Poetry Review and blogs at www.tzynyapinchback.com.