

# CEREMONY

CAMILLE T  
DUNGY

No one can fly down to bury his aunt.  
The sickness is already there. That's what  
took her. And, anyway, we are stuck  
at home. The moon swelled then emptied  
into its shadow. We learned this week  
the black singer died. Days later,  
the white one. A man in the neighborhood,  
young father of four. Lifted over the sink,  
our child stood on the ledge and cleaned  
the kitchen windows. It is bright outside  
most days. Grass is greening up the yard.  
An uncle died. Another aunt was taken  
to the hospital. The moon swells again.  
This feels like the early days of parenthood.  
We swap watch. Focus on raising the child.  
We've seen times like this before, we say.  
Also, these times are like nothing we have  
ever seen. When I came downstairs today  
for breakfast, he was playing Lovely Day,  
a song we danced to at our wedding.  
We danced there, in the kitchen, all of us  
howling those high and happy days. Lovely  
day, we sang. Lovely day. Oh! Lovely day.

