

*Liebestraum*  
SUSANNA RICH

Away on a silent retreat,  
I do not learn of your passing,  
Grandmother, before

Uncle Muki has you sealed  
into the most expensive coffin  
he could buy.

Sunday night wake in October—  
no garden red roses, as you once  
asked me to put into your hand

when you died, no florist open,  
only King's Supermarket's  
browning roses painted a garish pink,

a clutch of baby's breath to bring.  
Theirs is the soft thump on the lid  
of your coffin above your hands,

theirs the thin scrape of thorns.  
The warmth is the kiss I kiss  
onto your steel coffin, my touch and touch—

that small fumbling down the corner  
of the cloth they billow over you  
in the sacristy? Mine.

Do you hear the Hungarian anthem?  
Mine the first notes.  
Mine the final fluttering down of

the other thing you asked me  
to place in your hands—  
the score of Liszt's *Dream of Love*.