

# Guinea Pig

*Sally Bluumis-Dunn*

When the small hill  
of the mother's body stayed still,  
I knew she'd died.

Fanny sat in the woodchips beside her.  
When I returned with a Ziploc bag,

she lay right on top of her, making  
a soft, almost inaudible sound—

her mourning strangely the same

as any other I've known—  
the same perfect limpness  
of one body thrown over another  
like a hopeless cloth,

and the sound of deepest sorrow,  
muffled as though it came  
from the center of a gigantic stone.

I couldn't bring myself to move her.  
All afternoon she lay  
on the sudden silence of  
her mother's heart

and on the slower news  
of the body, which still  
offered a fading warmth.