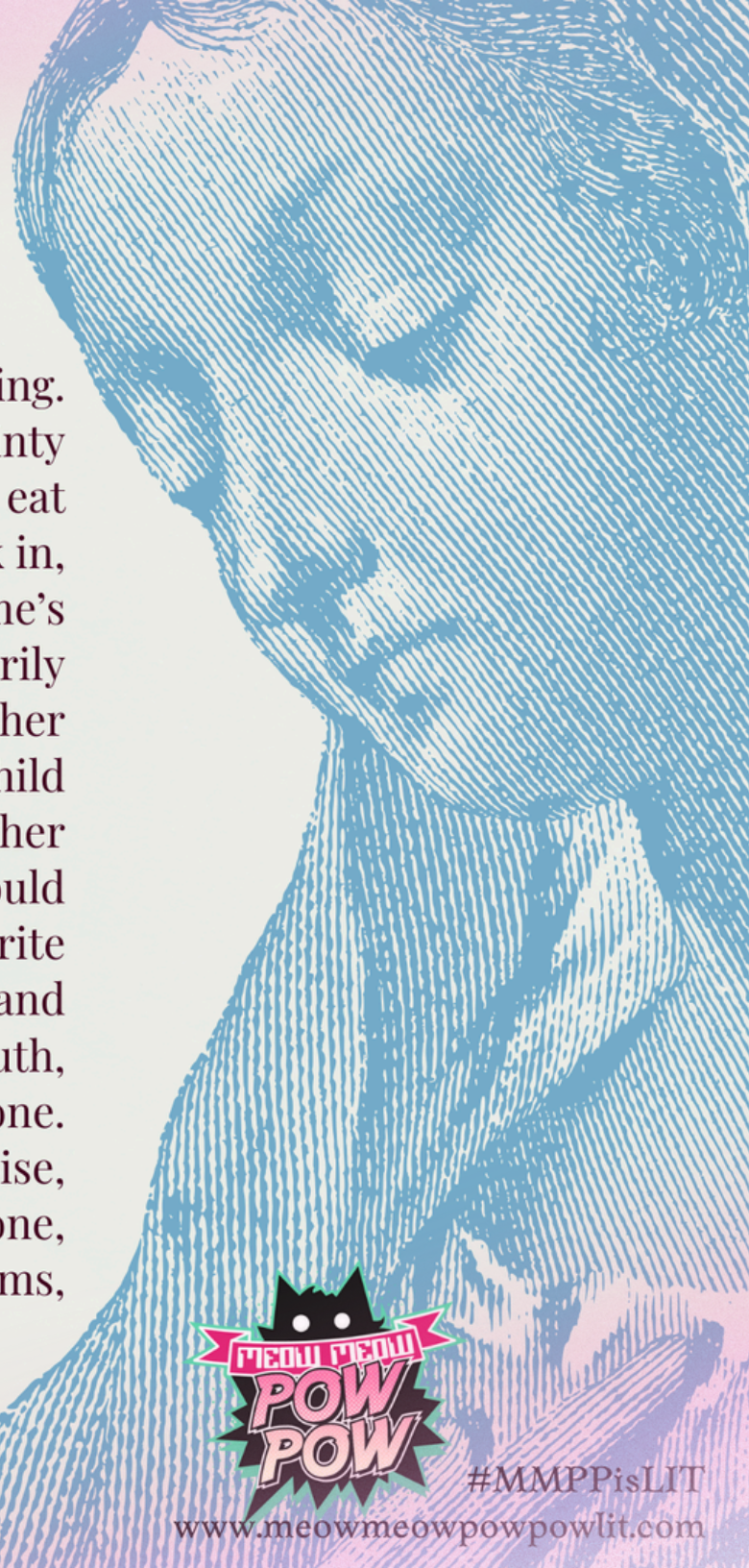
The Day They Buried Aunt Ruth

by: Thomas Penn Johnson

The sun was almost down and I could see they were still crying. Method marries little things in curiosity, propagating certainty from coincidence. When ole one-legged Jones let cirrhosis eat Ruth, and Mame let Mister Brooks, Ruth's first husband, back in, dirty laundry fell all over. Then, *The Virgin* rushed into Mame's open arms! Next, I saw Aunt Evon's tray of silver slide angrily across *The Virgin's* lunch hall floor, and I think I saw her husband June McNair brush the bottom of his now fugitive child across the lips its angry mother bit. Next, my Acid Mother demanded homage from *The Virgin* before better days would come in the lunch hall where they worked; she went to the rite her Jesse got, but Ivory, her second husband, attended hers, and all the family cried again as on the day they buried Aunt Ruth, and *The Virgin* sent word from far away. Then Ivory was gone. And then my asking for to see you play the piano, Aunt Eloise, alas, arrived when you were dead and now your Sam is gone, and bye and bye so are the rest. Softly, in the fullness of dreams, *The Virgin* is known. Who are you, Pale Maiden, traveling so on tears of family grief; metaphysician of anger's gentle hallucination?



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