

## **Dia de los Muertos**

*by Eleanor Dart*

This day is for you  
young father who went away  
and for you, the wife who waited  
who sent mittens, sweaters  
powdered milk, boxes of rice  
to survivors of that war.

This is for you, first love  
who walked into cloud  
on Denali mountain  
and never came home.  
Wait for me.

This is for you, dead of Iraq,  
and the wives who wait now.  
Rest in peace, in peace  
in peace.

This is for the hand  
that throws the stone  
for the stone that shatters  
in mid-air  
for the stone that lands  
for the ones who fall.  
We are all stones.  
Forgive us.

Tonight we call to you  
Beloved dead.  
Come back, drink wine  
with us, eat bread.  
Hot soup chunky with  
carrot and potato  
Soft round cookies  
Chocolate. Corn.  
Join us as we celebrate  
being alive in our bodies  
of earth and fire.

Help us to hold stones  
softly in cupped hands  
as rivers, as mountains.  
Teach us to forgive  
ourselves and you,  
to be kind in this short day  
of starlight sunlight  
between dark and dark.  
Dance with us tonight.  
We'll stamp the ground  
together one more time.

*Eleanor Dart is a member of Pima Friends Meeting in Tucson, AZ (IMYM).*