

ANN KENISTON

Ash Ode

Like ash, which sifts
through fingers, then

is washed away, the emblem
of her vanishing

ensures more vanishing.
The outline beneath

the painted form
came first. Or an early

study, blurred because
it was left out in the rain. Here

is where the elegy
inserts itself like something sticky

pressed over what she was,
this replica I worked to make, then

came to love, then after
it vanished had to start over.