

# THE RAVEN REVIEW

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# THE RAVEN REVIEW

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*Brandon Lewis*  
**Suicide's Grave**

We agree it's the right thing,  
a year later, and in a swarm

of mosquitoes we take turns  
with a shovel off-trail at a stand

of cedars, take turns throwing  
handfuls of dirt into a hole whitened

by your ashes, a sapling stuck  
in its center. Rain patters

on leaves and drooping ferns,  
drips from your father's bald

head as he kneels down  
and smooths the earth level

around the stalk, his touch caring  
and precise like a gardener's.

Everything he wishes he had said.  
On the walk back to our cars

in the parking lot, the green  
slopes of Mt. Pilchuck showing

through clouds, we give each  
other quick looks, we nod not only

because you beat these trails,  
or because you weren't granted

a funeral service—not even a party  
where everyone who knew you

could get shit-faced and blast

your favorite metal songs on the stereo--

but because a mind, whether  
conscious or dreaming isn't suited

to be a grave, and finally we needed  
to put you someplace else.