

Grief Bucket

Friends kept asking where all of it came from
as if it were a stray I'd picked up

with a chip in its ear. I didn't cry enough
the night I found out. Sat there in the dark

and put food in my mouth.
I kept showing up to his flat

even after they had cleared it of his stuff.
Did my job. Sold a flight to Dubai.

Watched two men dump his mattress
in the woods and said nothing. Didn't cry there,

not even in the nice lady's office
when I asked how it happened and she answered

before I could stop her. I wish I'd held the word
in mid-air

for a moment or two.
It's selfish, a man writes in the Times, to say *I*

in a poem. To remember to take out the bins
in his absence.

In dreams, he wears a cream jumper
and acts unlike himself.