

The Problem with Funeral Plants

Kim Kile

I have a peace lily in my dining room,
a reminder that you left too soon
and I'm still here trying
to keep this damn plant alive.
I see it every day—the drooping, withering leaves,
the brown, crispy ones peeking from beneath.
I can't make myself give it water,
to quench its soil and be the hero daughter—
the one who keeps your memory alive
by caring, watering, and fertilizing
a plant while you nourish a strip of grass
in a cemetery too far away from my grasp.