

MANDY MOE PWINT TU

Cremating Our Fathers

In Burmese, the word for sun
also means stay.

When you imagine death,
you don't imagine this:

your body on a platter,
headfirst into the flame,

your spirit wailing at the smoke,
mistaking sunbeams for hellfire—

someone calling out your name,
begging နေပါ နေပါ နေပါ။

But all you know is how to leave.
All you remember is the sun.