

ADRIANNE KALFOPOULOU

## Ritual

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I throw out useless potatoes, soggy  
onions in thinned skins, like grief  
smelling of rot. I think of my daughter  
in the shower, friends caught in narrow lives  
— nothing spectacular, the floorboard sounds,  
my neighbor's movements, men who've left scents  
in my dreams, that one lost face, this  
pavement in rain, nothing spectacular, this  
dumping of the trash, its full thud, I do it  
without much thought. Strange  
how I see my daughter's wet hair, her body,  
a cleansed altar.