
January 2023

Who Buries the Raccoons

Nora McKee

John Carroll University, nmckee23@jcu.edu

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Recommended Citation

McKee, Nora (2023) "Who Buries the Raccoons," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 76: Iss. 1, Article 63.
Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol76/iss1/63>

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Who Buries the Raccoons?

Nora McKee

Does the top of the mountain get lonely?
The sweet gray of gentrification welcomes me home
With a hug that feels like needles
Mixed with roses and their petals
I wonder about my hair and how kindly it tangled with his
I find it easier to be the least conscious
about knowing I exist and can be seen
So instead I stay behind the wall
I trace my hands where I think his might land
And I think of a time where my air was not polluted
by the thought of his smooth skin sailing
across my own, across the water
that he threw dirt and rocks and mud into
in order to make it seem deeper than I knew it to be
So instead I try to cross new fingers
and walk to the edge of the world all by myself
I'll put in my headphones
I'll try to not think
about cigarettes and oceans or why
We cry for dead cats but not raccoons.