

## THE WEEK RUTH BADER GINSBURG DIED

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The week Ruth Bader Ginsburg died

was the week birds fell dead from  
the sky, parched trees exploded back  
into trees of flaming lumber, then ash.

It was a week wrecked with grief, a low  
moaning sounded in the useless wind.  
Fear shut the cabinets, sounding hollow  
in the big empty. Not a ring nor a murmur.

Not a touch sustaining some; others  
flinch at the chance, the sameness.  
Judge me not, all seem to say, and  
“Let Freedom ring!” (Let some sing.)

It was the week hurricanes unleashed  
across the land seeking out “Justice! Justice!”  
Just us sat at the narrow margins, then  
the center of our own destinies, imagined.

It was the week the bare technology  
of dying, of killing, fastened its  
bloody hold. It was the week when  
glaciers failed, and sailed off into

The New World. At our doorstep, death  
in all its moldy clothes. Death by  
internet. We watched. We unclothed  
what we were to begin with. Heat

seeking missiles, rocket launchers, platoons  
of possibility. The week Ruth Bader Ginsburg  
died it was as if no one else had died.  
No other toll so singular. No other hope.

Yes. Hope. The week Ruth Bader Ginsburg  
died it was like after they killed Martin  
Luther King, Jr., Bobby Kennedy, Malcolm  
X, and assassinated the president.

The week Ruth Bader Ginsburg died  
it was like I was 14 years old again and  
in perpetual lockdown. Except that I'm not.  
Now I have rights. Rights we fought for,  
and birthed, and we're NEVER going back.