

## Burial At Sea, An Elegy

Hanna Tomena  
your name  
like a bell  
rises on memories  
out of the swell  
of me  
though you lie cold.  
Now when I go to  
see you I won't  
see you no  
won't see you  
only what remains  
the delicate shell  
of your own sea  
only that  
not the white  
and stormy swell  
of family  
you were.

Edna Alford.

## Figure - Ground

the landscape undermines our distinctions —  
not those fences merely  
but our sense of place  
for the land is neither here nor there  
or it is there to overflowing  
so that it is here a little too.  
and though it does not condescend  
to diminish our dimensions  
we nevertheless loom in the foreground  
too much larger than all the greater beyond  
impoverished in spite of ourselves  
by the inflation.

Ants Reigo.