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Sepulchre

Megan Jones

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Sepulchre

by Megan Jones

"How simple, when a thing is over, to refashion it."

Sheila E. Murphy

As lives split and stiffen in
to the parameters inventing
a people, who decides
which will be epics and which will be
footnotes embedded in
the underskin?

Indifferent to muscle and
bone you are
unaware of existing
on approximations, our cradle of
shared memory peopled
with your absinthe fictions

Behind our premise of unity
what do we know
of women but the men
before? What do we know
of gilt-edged red
nightmares, of shades not
white, the underpinnings of shame?

Dig into history, the forgotten
ribs and shin
bones of nations—unearth
the palimpsest, the collected
calibrations of a culture's gods and
discover that retrospect lies
in ashes darker than pulsing shadows



Lose yourself in the fine dust of
chewed-up *fact*
and exhume those bones
stewing in the graveyard, for
the neat symmetrical wounds of textbooks
have yet to be cauterized and

With nothing dead
but the moment itself,
you may snap the taut white thread
holding that one tiny instant
where myth might change
and decide for yourself
the correct moment to gather the corners
together in one quiet seam
and sew them
shut



Photo by Andy Newman

