

Masthead Logo

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# My Graveyard Poem

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Night turns out the same,  
even if the moon closes  
its eye, even if  
the stars shine breathless.

### MY GRAVEYARD POEM

Plenty of melancholy.  
The little plots  
so neatly trimmed because  
the dead like it that way.

And the pots of flowers  
that perk up the scene  
with their need to bloom.  
And a few birds, the first

visitors, to break the solitude.  
Let them perch and peck.  
They seem to be the only  
ones not so afraid

of one or two ghosts.  
And the caretaker, who makes  
the rounds, for whom  
time has not yet stopped.

All those who doze  
in their underground beds  
cannot dream the world back.  
Only the granite headstone,

cold and leaning, comes close.  
And on it those markings  
that shrink life  
to the pause between two

dates, so that everything  
here has been settled, like  
addition or subtraction,  
whichever way you look at it.

## BONE SOUP

Here's a soup to  
fight the wicked chill.  
Bones that give up  
the flavor of their souls.  
Bones that cannot remember  
what body held them  
together for a life.

Chicken, pig, or cow?  
The only answer bubbles  
its breath above the flame.  
And identity doesn't  
matter when the wind  
still seeks more victims.

You can stir the bones  
to rattle against  
the pot, as if to say,  
death is not peaceful here.  
That is how the eulogy  
thickens, sprinkled  
with parsley and salt.

Taste is what you came for.  
Hunger keeps gnawing  
on your body as  
long as time will last.