

What is there to say
MORROW DOWDLE

when walking
through a cemetery
with someone who is dying

our respective children
bundled in coats so puffy
they could drop to the ground
and bounce right back up

But you will fall soon
and never rise,
details of day and place
the only unknown

The children revel
in disheveling the snow
romping around tombs

pronouncing the names
calculating the dates
especially those
who departed young

What is there to say
when we know
you will be among them

I don't even know
if you want a stone
or what words
would sum you up

you who are a teardrop
in the eye of God
no prayer to withhold you
from their open hand

you who are unknown
to almost the whole world
who will not be missed

except for a fierce little cluster
whose love will not save you

What is there to say
as I watch you in glances
trying to spy on your soul

The children find the graves
graced with weather-beaten treasure
beads and bottles
fake flowers and flags

maybe we too will lay
such gifts at your feet

until then I give you this

a dream of life
a silent collusion

nothing left to say
but to gather the children
and walk away