



...may 26, 1992...

*i took a mirror image
and buried it in grass –
your face was etched in black and grey
inside the tombstone glass –*

*you did not hear the poetry
i whispered on your grave –
you did not feel the lilies
that withered in your name –*

*but it wasn't you i buried
in wind and rain and sand –
only a pale likeness
beyond imagining –*

*only a reproduction
that years forgot to name –
that shattered into fragments
before the night rolled in.*