



...august 2, 1993...

**i met you at the funeral
beside the village church –
the bushes hid my coffin
like an uninvited guest –**

**the priest forgot his sermon
and no one whispered prayers –
until the organ broke its chords
when you sang wordless hymns –**

**it was a year before you touched
the gravestone that i carved
in fingernail fragments
that could not shape a name –**

**you left a plastic tulip
somewhere above my eyes –
then vanished – like a stranger
the grass could not disguise.**