GRAVEYARD

One epitaph cries—I want to be an angel!

I see her like one of Leonardo da Vinci’s angels watching from the stand of willows, her eyes full of evening light.

The names repeat themselves—
Brookes, Woods, Waytes.

We form sentences with their names—
Waiting beside the brook in the woods.
They have waited all their lives to become brooks and woods, their true selves.

Another claims—just sleeping

I see him wake and rise to follow the road.

The angel awaits his return.

We fall through a grave sunken from flooding.

One epitaph tells us—They are not dead.

See, they stand quietly in nineteenth-century dress, their eyes hold the evening light as they speak our names into the grave.