

NAMES FOR THE DEAD

When they make names
for the dead
someone will say Lou Gehrig

children will slide into home
and wake up smiling
in heaven

all the trains will arrive
and leave
like snow under the sumac
unnoticed

for this will be the day

this will be the day for eating
crow
and the nights they carry
on their backs

rocks will follow the sunset
and form
a new nation of burdens

this will be the day for sorrow
this will be
my day
when my name is lifted from me