

wondering how they did not hear the train in fog, although fog
explains it,
wondering why the trackside graves were made by locals for them, one
cross even hung the remains of a straw hat, and there was even
a mound and a cross for their dog Charlie. And wondering

what they ate for dinner the night before, if Raddy tried to beat
the train.

And why my father took photographs of the site then later destroyed
the slides. Oh he was a quiet one my father and I don't know if
the quietness lives on or not. I don't know if I can talk about it.

I can write around it, I know that, but to talk to it would be like
saying Yes, Death, I have some fear of you yet, I cannot pretend.
Yes, Life, Yes, Death, I want to love myself for I have waited so long to
love or talk as simply as that.

A SONG OF DEATH

It was the man
far out in the water,
on it, far away,

and looking like the
cloud beyond him
on the unused horizon

he sang I heard
a song of death
It was the purpose

of death he sang,
I could hear him,
him and the phrasing,

him and the love,
him and the horizon.
It is the death

not there as a dead thing
but the even practical
presence of its

song, the life,
far away, the man
in the water.

UNTITLED

honest appraisal
of life: dryness

—branch unto branch
if: then: these

return of their own
accord: river

also: asking help
help

in the endless
fever: field

moon
high branch

prior
to field: simple