

Night turns out the same,
even if the moon closes
its eye, even if
the stars shine breathless.

MY GRAVEYARD POEM

Plenty of melancholy.
The little plots
so neatly trimmed because
the dead like it that way.

And the pots of flowers
that perk up the scene
with their need to bloom.
And a few birds, the first

visitors, to break the solitude.
Let them perch and peck.
They seem to be the only
ones not so afraid

of one or two ghosts.
And the caretaker, who makes
the rounds, for whom
time has not yet stopped.

All those who doze
in their underground beds
cannot dream the world back.
Only the granite headstone,

cold and leaning, comes close.
And on it those markings
that shrink life
to the pause between two

dates, so that everything
here has been settled, like
addition or subtraction,
whichever way you look at it.

BONE SOUP

Here's a soup to
fight the wicked chill.
Bones that give up
the flavor of their souls.
Bones that cannot remember
what body held them
together for a life.

Chicken, pig, or cow?
The only answer bubbles
its breath above the flame.
And identity doesn't
matter when the wind
still seeks more victims.

You can stir the bones
to rattle against
the pot, as if to say,
death is not peaceful here.
That is how the eulogy
thickens, sprinkled
with parsley and salt.

Taste is what you came for.
Hunger keeps gnawing
on your body as
long as time will last.