Three Poems · George Bilgere

CEREMONY

Cremation's aftermath is not ash, but boney stones, a gravel sharp enough to cut the palm. It is the weight my mother held against me as we walked on the beach last month gathering small, empty shells.

Now I strew the dead seeds in a field, shards of that vessel I am freed of again.

ALERT

All day the blue fairways of the bombers rumbled with take-offs and approaches though we grew used to it on our rambles into the valleys full of orange groves and eucalyptus trees where even owls slumbering there in daylight no longer flew when the gray smoldering angels broke the sound barrier into shaking leaves. At home we glued together model planes and on the longest, heat-stunned days at school the air drill sounded like rain, to set us dreaming of a lone pilot looking down at still cities ringing bells as he came and we assumed the foetal position.

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