

AT AN IOWA FUNERAL

Back in a town we lived in  
eight years ago, eight years ago,  
we find some of the old trees felled,  
the neutral ground gone for parking,  
and the church with the red door torn down—  
yet all less changed than we ourselves are changed.

Surely *we* could not have walked these sidewalks  
or read the temperature from this bank's sign.  
Surely it was another, some character we invented  
long ago for a novel we never wrote,  
as difficult to believe in now  
as life after death,  
our life, after the death  
of one we thought we lived for.