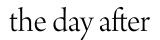
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Molly Boyce

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the day after

Molly Boyce

cows stranded on high ground. that memory pervasive and clear, divines my soul

blue flash of light, another transformer gone, then endless black night as the beginning of man living from sun to sun

through the days of fecal matter, mass humanity, fear, hopelessness, curfews, and silence

cries go unheeded, answered one by one in the slow exact eradication of humans by natural cause

Funeral Pyre Molly Boyce

my mouth is dry from useless talk and grinding teeth grate my tongue Julia cried her crocodile tears for all to see as Daddy passed in his box of walnut-stained pine draped with gladiolas, rose and iris, flowers he never liked

the limo, ancient, sputtering oil fumes and grime down the lane between Garner and Portia, who knew their names? silent moments forgotten, dusk in an open field tragic endings etched in stone the crowd was sparse standing cold in the black rain shadows of sorrow lingered around our feet, blackbirds pattered on wood and steel, men in black with carnations, mingled tears mist-covered grave

the petal compost lingers, sod risen mound of gloom and there he ishis presence in the dark filling my heart, flooding my mind, a velvety butterfly over cotton bloomed fields alights atop the stone