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Funeral Pyre

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 is-
his presence in the dark
filling my heart,
flooding my mind,
a velvety butterfly over
cotton bloomed fields
alights atop the stone