

A Year Later

I think of them
Lying together in their earth beds,
Side by side in the heavy darkness
 that does not lift even on the brightest day.
What fluids stain the once pristine satin?
How much flesh is left on the bones?
Has he rotted more than she has –
 four months longer into death –
 yet larger and thicker in composition?
What I really want to know is where they are –
 not the putrefying corpses –
 but them.
Is it only their bodies that rest together?

Every morning I greet their smiling images
 robed in black tuxedo and sequins.
They do not visit me in dreams
Nor haunt my house.
I wonder – did I say thank you enough?
There is no one on the other end of the phone,
But I reach for it still.