



time spent in graveyards...

the waiting and the years spent with age and celandine
about the gravestones

cluttering memory and names juxtaposed in dates and death
where the curbed winds struggle

I am not last but lastly come to the undone breaths
of lungs unwound of many names

my name still unfriends me
though yearning still to speak the tongue

of nettle dandelion bluebell poppy
and all the flowery diaspora

that parts itself wantonly here and about
these costly temples offered to abstracted gods