

the dead

what
so the dead speak to me

no
not in words
nor thoughts

in softness
feelings probed
visions
in aches and loss
and wisdom

perceptionless
bottomless
sense
from the pit of my soul

the end of me
and the beginning
of what I can no longer be

and so my dear friends
you who have shared closeness
for moments and more
you to whom my being has been
bound

and so too my ancestors
brothers and sisters
mothers and fathers
aunts and uncles
grandmothers and grandfathers
and oh my children
from these my many pasts
all that birthed me
to here
another death
and another and another

I cannot speak
what cannot be spoken

can only bring forth
my present warmth
against the chill

in softness
feelings probed
visions
in aches and loss
and wisdom

Thomaston Maine
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