1985

My Graveyard Poem

Sue Owen

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3271
Night turns out the same, 
even if the moon closes 
its eye, even if 
the stars shine breathless.

**MY GRAVEYARD POEM**

Plenty of melancholy. 
The little plots 
so neatly trimmed because 
the dead like it that way.

And the pots of flowers 
that perk up the scene 
with their need to bloom. 
And a few birds, the first 

visitors, to break the solitude. 
Let them perch and peck. 
They seem to be the only 
ones not so afraid 

of one or two ghosts. 
And the caretaker, who makes 
the rounds, for whom 
time has not yet stopped.

All those who doze 
in their underground beds 
cannot dream the world back. 
Only the granite headstone, 

cold and leaning, comes close. 
And on it those markings 
that shrink life 
to the pause between two
dates, so that everything
er here has been settled, like
addition or subtraction,
whichever way you look at it.

**Bone Soup**

Here's a soup to
fight the wicked chill.
Bones that give up
the flavor of their souls.
Bones that cannot remember
what body held them
together for a life.

Chicken, pig, or cow?
The only answer bubbles
its breath above the flame.
And identity doesn't
matter when the wind
still seeks more victims.

You can stir the bones
to rattle against
the pot, as if to say,
death is not peaceful here.
That is how the eulogy
thickens, sprinkled
with parsley and salt.

Taste is what you came for.
Hunger keeps gnawing
on your body as
long as time will last.