



Carol Lynne Knight

Monuments

Despite the snow, despite the falling snow.

— Robert Graves

A trio of winter birds lifts from water's edge,
lands on a bare oak stretching over the pond.
Geese on the shore, curl together, beaks pecking and grooming,
the air between them alive with flutter and feathery gossip.
Angels, still as the stone they inhabit,
send their own feathery tales from crypt to crypt.

Winter, a lost time here, names hiding till spring —
Little Ida, Anna Caroline Moffit, and Everett Claude Lee
become anonymous residents in this sleeping village,
their legend collapsing in a brief sojourn of stone,
gates left to swing, rust hungry for metal filigree,
fallen columns reclining next to stiffened brush.

We pose for those who walk
among our weathered addresses
so many years from when we first interred
beneath these careful lawns, how we cleave
to earth and yet declare our need
to lie with our cherished, our beloved, once more.

Small stones founder in the salt of parents
who survived their lambs, their cherubs,
their tiny boys in uncreased granite suits —
hoping their sequestered chambers
remain a soft-winged bed of perpetual care,
swept of the fall's new leaves, breath of winter
relieving the summer's hellish hum.

Torn hearts unable to be stitched anew,
Mourners move away, but return
to conjure the past like stepping stones,
to plunder sepulchers and vaults,
the names in stone,
the tumulus, its grasses
clipped by gardeners with wings.

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