55 Miles Per Hours Along State Road 27

The moon hung like a spotlight
Over a graveyard where the earth was
Reclaiming wrought iron and headstones
   with tall grass
And the thick roots of a magnificent Elm. I tried

To imagine my own death—not the gory details
But the process itself, and the end—but I couldn’t. It was like
Lighting a candle to try to see darkness.
   Instead I saw
The completion of a cycle, a transformation, and the earth

Churning with life around the impenetrable coffins that
Harbor the dead like secrets, stuffed with the Sawdust and formaldehyde of some ritualistic denial
Of a truth that’s as solid and tangible as a headstone.

Joseph Welch