

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