

Apparition

by sybil Monday, Feb 29 2016, 1:22am

international / poetry / post

hidden by the long grasses
u crouch over a grave
so sad
lamenting loss

i have never seen such sadness
contoured and expressed by a body
ur entire frame is crying though silent
to the ear

u have become grief personified
silently kneeling below
a gravestone
upon which a sculptured
figure of a young woman rests
kneeling, lamenting

no difference in posture
can be discerned -
i see i am not seeing
flesh and blood

u turn and lock onto my eyes
liquid tears track down ur cheeks
i talk to u without uttering a sound
u respond but remain sad

why linger here? cemeteries are built
by the living for the living,
the dead have no need of them

u turn away in understanding
and slowly fade into
the twilight

i approach the grave and notice
two wet drops on the gravestone
there is no chill in the air
only the warmth of a summer
evening

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2142.html>