

## 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

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