

SAD, STILL, SNOWDROP GARDEN

My hand rested softly
on the brown headstone, as if
his neck.

Curved, simple
looking as though with time
it may begin to slant,

take an angle
push into the ground,
crooked, intimate.

Newly dug fresh soil,
missed funeral,
the left unsaids.

Beginning to smooth out
the give away curve.
Sour touch to anchor

longings untenable.
Coming in handfuls
grabbed full of soil.

Kept between fingers then dropped
then dripped,
over the white hips

of snowdrop bulbs, barely under
stroking the earth over
as if . . .

they could carry
the hope
gone stray.

Sad still snowdrop garden
the size of a body,
I almost saw breath

like in the calmest of seas.
Body unbreathing
rotting like leaves.

