Goodbye  
  
I  
  
I had a shovel  
two hands, a back that bent  
to work and weight of dirt  
rocks that fought to stay with worms  
roots that clawed to stone  
always waiting for me to dig with pick and shovel.  
  
I ram the flattened tip hard  
against stone as the seeping twilight  
leaps from its deep  
darkens, shrouds trees  
as sight ends.  
  
2  
  
My ankles burn and ache  
as I walk the shore by the cold ocean.  
The sand is harsh on my bare feet,  
as waves thrash, crawl  
strive up the beach, and fade  
while yesterday’s bent, blunted light  
erodes the sun that bleeds into dusk.  
  
The wind bites its cold.  
My ears ache, and I wish I brought a hat.  
I breathe the hollow air  
each gulp like a hasp pushed into my chest.  
  
3  
  
It is too late.  
  
The year wanes  
as dark on windswept dark  
claims its guttering light,  
and there is no going back.  
  
Winter holds.  
The lost stay lost,  
footprints are gone with the next wind gust  
as last words are swallowed by cold and snow,  
and spring is so far away.  
  
The ground is too frozen to dig.  
I can only wave.

Goodbye

I had a shovel  
two hands, a back that bent  
to work and weight of dirt  
rocks that fought to stay with worms  
roots that clawed to stone  
always waiting for me to dig with pick and shovel.

It is too late.  
  
I ram the flattened tip hard  
against stone as the seeping twilight  
leaps from its deep  
darkens, shrouds trees  
as sight ends.  
  
The year wanes  
as dark on windswept dark  
claims its guttering light,  
and there is no going back.  
  
Winter holds.  
The lost stay lost,  
footprints are gone with the next wind gust  
as last words are swallowed by cold and snow,  
and spring is so far away.  
  
The ground is too frozen to dig.  
I can only wave.

another funeral,

Another service

More hollow words that aren’t enough

Another program to join the

pocket has the program from the last funeral