

Okefenokee

death is a bare grey trunk
flaring above the dense green tangle
stark against the storm-darkened sky
its branches thinly strung with Spanish moss
and perched upon by silent hunching vultures
black and motionless

death is many things
and yet but one
and of little consequence
he can't keep a space empty
and no one thinks he'll get much when he gets me

except

possibly
o

o

o

o

o

o

o

me? !

* * *

Endowed to glimpse the frailty
of life's brief scaffold in eternity
small comfort can be gained
supposing all one's kind to leave
scarce a broader glint.