

Round and 'Round

by Eleanor Fernelius
Special Student

Two gone. . .
the voice
in approved
fluctuations
gouges respectful
words
into sun-warm-alabaster air
stumbling
as it touches
eulogizing down the page
Words
stacking traditional patterns
surprise
boys long gone
gone
light quarter notes and eighths
in topmost silvered leaves pale translucence
Deep tones
lifting the dirge
live and die
forgetting
not to remember
Remembering,
history, events
the carved word
perpetuating
Remembering, differences between
man and other animals
A boy's head
nodding
under the lawn

neatly manicured now
from his usual disheveled ways
no further worries
where is that boy
neatly tucked and mole-holed
resurrected
in shade
from backdrop trees
names
fill idiot space
She tiptoes across the grass
loth to wake
sleeping boys
the white-hatted lady
offers silly unmilitary salute
golden-ager
laying trembling flowers
the conductor's baton her pointed halo
the smothering mound grows
group by group
covers the previous offering
the notes fill
sad chinks
flashing cameras
propel
air-borne band
sustains
soldiers
shrug their apology
hey, why us
not you
banners wave
rubato
blend into the triad
salute
offending a dog
Taps echo against . . .

one, ahead. . . .