

Cory Newbiggen

Beauty

it's beautiful
black as... oh i don't know
black as only those things can be.
and the silver;
it glints in the lights,
winks up at me
from beneath a cacophony of color
a riot of flowers
reds and blues and whites
and maybe some yellows
(it's hard remembering)
a flag of flowers
like he was a war hero
or an astronaut
or something.
maybe he would have been;
he loved planes,
loved the sky
but the earth held him
rooted him with form,
let him grow a little while
then blew him over.
and me?
i'm standing above this
beautiful thing
facing a sea:

upturned, expectant faces
and thinking that maybe they are
a little too dry around the eyes.
some nod
some smile
or cry
but some merely sit
and listen.
a child asks a question,
loudly,
is hushed
embarrassed eyes return
to me
apologetic
but maybe that kid
had more to say than i.
soon, i am done.
i sit,
and now i'm looking at it
from a different angle
but it's still beautiful.
after, there's music.
but it seems mostly silent
as the eight of us
carry it
(heavy, you know, but perhaps

Beauty

not as heavy as it should been)
to the waiting car.
later, when it's cold
and the snow is muddy slush
in the tracks of the backhoe
we stand
next to a mound of frozen dirt
over which someone thoughtful
had thrown a green blanket.
we place carnations with the flowers
on the lid
stand silent and still
in the wind
that blows hard little flakes of snow
over our hunched shoulders
and watch them lower it, flowers and all,
into dead earth.
later, much later
i sit above that patch of land
over brown spots where the sod didn't take
on my haunches,
maybe playing with a daffodil
or a small ceramic bunny
that someone else left
as a birthday present
and i look down

down through feet of soil and roots
earthworms
but i can't see
that beautiful black box.

Jessi Spaulding



photography
7"x5"

Jamaica

sketch