

Virginia Spring

Left and right
magnolias,
mauve-white, dropping petals;

out through an arch of pale grey stone,
now double-framed,
the bodies come.

Their bearers cup them
under armpits, knees,
shuffling the sag of lifelessness
away:

out the doors,
down the steps,
thirty-one times.

In the pockets of the dead,
cell phones ring.

- Abbott Ikeler