

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

*g emil reutter*

### **In Fields of Headstones**

Cold gray sky hangs in winter as we drive through the iron gates, pass the fields of headstones. We stand in front of the stone where underneath the bones of my parents and nephew rest. She says a prayer muffled by the cold silence of the place. I tell her of Jim and Lizzie and that they rest across the street; of how I could never find their grave; of how they chose this place ninety miles from their old New York neighborhood to insure someone would visit the grave. We walk the flat stones of this field, come upon one covered in leaves, grass encroaching along the edges of the stone that is sinking into the ground.

It is here we find you, your bones that have rested in the dirt and clay of Pennsylvania for decades. We brush off the leaves, push back the grass and view your names slightly filled with dirt. I apologize, think of Jim sipping whisky telling stories of his union days and of Lizzie sitting on the floor watching the show, always with a glint in her eye and a can of beer nearby. Of how they picked this place to be near my parents. She says a prayer once again for two more people she has never met. I speak to the air with promises to trim the grass, to clean the stone. Ice crystals on the marble

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### Walking

I walk through the early morning mist  
jacket begins to soak with each step  
In this walk I see things I would have  
never noticed otherwise. A fresh look  
at the everyday, of the spectral, of the  
kaleidospic. I have become a walking  
man, not like Reznikoff who walked miles  
through the caverns of New York City.  
I walk the small community I live in  
three miles along the edges and down the  
main arteries. I breathe in the cold air  
take in all the sights of this neighborhood  
in my adopted city. I walk.