

Coming Home
on Memorial Day, 1987

We brought mock orange and peach
colored roses in coffee cans
to Grandmother's and Grandfather's
graves, and my father glanced over
the field of cut stones and said,
"Ninety percent of the flowers here
today are plastic." I wasn't sure
how he meant it, until now, walking
in his pasture, coming upon this
winter-killed heifer, her empty grin,
and the Orange Admiral in the rib cage,
opening and closing its stark wings.

Steven Hind
May 26, 1987