Darker

by Gary Percesepe

The moon poured more light into the sky yet we kept on talking

> We were young enough to believe that each experience somehow

improved us, that all the copperheads in the garden were there for a purpose

not yet old enough to feature how the dead grow more dead

each night, that under the elms and leaves, as the poet said

the graves grow deeper. We cannot remember fast enough to save ourselves.

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