

# 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.

