

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.

