American Passage

by Philip F. Clark

The moon, a cataract cloaked
in its charcoal fog, slowly seeps
among the trees; night's unguent.
Its glance is constant and white,
its arc known. I watch its brow of bone
with constant wonder.

The long, slow funeral of America
is taking its time; its pallbearers' hands
strain heavy with the weight.
The caisson creaks forward, the horse sweats,
riderless. The widows are not surprised.

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