

# 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.

