

# You'll Stand At My Graveside (after Mary Elizabeth Frye).

*by Philip F. Clark*

You will stand at my graveside weeping,  
and recall with intermittent eyes some  
sleeping memory, some lark and laugh,  
some weather or color; some curse.

But for all your fragile grasps at looking  
you will not see me.

You'll remember a bed, a movie, the clothes  
that fell quickly when you said, "kiss me,"  
"Tell me." And neither

the slow disrobe of pants and shirt  
or honesty -- were bartered for love.

You were skin and so was I.

I was -- what? -- an interim; some waiting room  
where wishes were kept and carved  
among craven stones: lips and kiss  
are impediments now to what was then  
desire. Sometimes too much is said  
of what is past.

Don't throw earth on bones.

