

Vestiges

by Randal Houle

The Earth is stone, laid bare under an endless sky. All else is rotting flesh and vegetation.

BURIED HERE: THIS DATE AND TIME.

The sod conceals what remains while my tombstone festers, obscured by the surrounding grass. The trees shroud this corner of the cemetery in shadowy stillness. It is a peaceful place of reflection.

Under the loam, a corpse wastes away, feeds the feral growth above while the forgotten granite putrefies in a dense layer of grime, overgrown lawn, and mold.

Even the fruit from the nearby orchard (which I, in part, nourish) batters my stone to rot.

The sinister weight of filth and soil and stillness smothers his voice under all decay and I have lost my sight, my way to the world. The stonework is blind. It is concealed, masked in an unkempt prairie

The familiar has passed, but there are others now, separated by time, bound by genetic duty, or of curiosity.

It has been so long - those early visitors have joined the corpse somewhere. There are still others - if only I could be found. They may trim the grass and scrub the stone with a stiff brush and soapy water. Then I will see the sky again.

