

# 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.

