

Burial At Sea, An Elegy

Hanna Tomena
your name
like a bell
rises on memories
out of the swell
of me
though you lie cold.
Now when I go to
see you I won't
see you no
won't see you
only what remains
the delicate shell
of your own sea
only that
not the white
and stormy swell
of family
you were.

Edna Alford.

Figure - Ground

the landscape undermines our distinctions —
not those fences merely
but our sense of place
for the land is neither here nor there
or it is there to overflowing
so that it is here a little too.
and though it does not condescend
to diminish our dimensions
we nevertheless loom in the foreground
too much larger than all the greater beyond
impoverished in spite of ourselves
by the inflation.

Ants Reigo.