

requiescat in peace

six feet under a canopy of dandelions  
the shade—

cool and welcome on my resting eyes—

is my sky  
full of shooting stars  
fleeing at the first kiss of rain  
but I remain in my place of rest—

hearing each cry of thunder  
but never seeing the fabled flash—

stiff and undreaming like my neighbors—

faces cold as the statues holding vigil above  
engraved with colder facts and cruel reminders—

but my lips—

twisting upward in a cursive display  
spelling out my contentment in blue—

are unlike those around me

I am at peace