

*Apropos of Nothing*

Words spoken now to please the dead  
are dandelion pollen in this late air.  
They roll down a riverbank walk there  
like balls of fluff from under a bed,  
words spoken now to please the dead.

The forever dead who don't go beyond,  
cross border, boundary or frontier  
but in our old thoughts remain here,  
they reach towards us with each frond,  
the forever dead who don't go beyond.

They're the more living, being said,  
as a fresh wind makes aired jackets dance  
passionate tangos on a balcony's lines.  
Words spoken now to please the dead  
commemorate us living, being said.