

Lynne Knight

an excerpt from

Living with Fog

In the famous cemetery the souls of the famous dead
swirl their tombstones at night—thin fog of the city,
some say, dismissing the notion of afterlife, of rising

from graves, while others swear they have heard
the language of souls, which is close to the language
of fog, fast-moving, obscuring, hard to grab hold of.

I am not here to settle the debate: souls, no souls.
I can see no end to it, and besides, some of those
who wander the cemetery have never heard

of the famous dead. Everything has complications,
even the streets I took to get here, with their sudden turns,
their inclines, their buildings with worn faces waiting

as the dead are said to wait for nothing, expectation
not being part of their domain . . .