

Prison
by Darcy Hiltz

row by row
Forbes, Shorts
Blacks and Humes
your stones weathered
all face one direction
like soldiers
at attention
a kind of unity
collective final act
by those who love you
some of you
are side by side
almost touching
bound by marriage
or blood
but the results are the same
you're held down
by dirt
confined behind
a metal fence
as if you might
leave to join
the living