

POETRY

Daniel Bourne

AS THE FAMILY REUNION WINDS DOWN

Dreaming of the domino effect of all tombs
of lying on one's back like a discarded book

and looking up to see the sky turn page by page
and the spines become acidic and crumbly to the touch

like in the dog-eared graves of family albums
while your relatives still living

turn their gaze on you as if you suddenly
walk on water or is it just the way you have decided

to mount the picnic table and drift along its edge
spilling pies on the seats and in the grass

delivering benediction to the people
who have multiplied too amply

the loaves and fishes
the brambles and the seeds