Cuernavaca: Dia De Los Muertos

Frank Graziano
CUERNAVACA: DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

The cemetery had been razed
the house set
its foundation on rain
the good dead
one morning awakened
a shovel
a backhoe reaching into their empty chests
mud-nests up toward the sun.
Cuernavaca you had no right
I knew nothing
I would live here mute
with my hands remember this day of the dead
the policeman who once sitting here saw
a ghost his wife swore Christ must be alive here disappointed or Demas
who died
unwillingly.
Give me this day
of the dead
the rumor
the newspapers
the week everyone
ran to Cuautla
for fear. Here
I will hang
my clothes
this roof
where once
a ghost walked
here I will step
my life
out of them
have them
be empty
loom
naked while
the wind
pours
through them
this is where
I step my life
out of them
this is where
the wind
the dead
hand over
what they lack.