

Fall 1986

The Dead; Finality

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Recommended Citation

Pfeifer, Michael (1986) "The Dead; Finality," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 27 , Article 32.

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The Dead

They gather for a moment
like the wind on a street corner
animating leaves and scraps of paper.
On the bus they sway like angels
against the shining bars.

Michael Pfeifer

Finality

My friend, there is no finality.
Of that I'm sure.
Call it richness of loss
instead. Everything is replenished.
Each year small
blue and purple flowers
redeem themselves amid
grass like slivers of memory.
I don't pretend to know how.
You and I will be dust
chasing a comet's tail
and still this will be true.
As proof, I left the apartment
this morning, sounding through dense
fog, passing from shadow to shadow.
The trees loomed gently,
soft columns reared to inexplicable victory.

Michael Pfeifer