

## **The Burial of the Landless**

It floats too light  
Between the glassy sky  
And the cracked earth's glare  
Down a rolling road to nowhere.  
They walk against the light  
Burden resting like a bird  
Alighting on the father's shoulder  
His fingers web spread  
Like the arch of a column  
Under the box that is his child.  
The mother carries nothing  
Toward the earth that offers  
Nothing but a home  
For her dead.

David Keppel

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