

Father's Graveyard

The graveyard is quiet tonight
nothing but the
 pitter
patter
of rain to
soothe the senses
maybe a few birds
 woodpeckers?
 magpies?
perhaps crows instead
whatever ghosts were here
linger no more, driven
away by a frenzy that
no man can bear
the groundskeeper barely works
paying no mind
 to the weeds
 to the bugs
to the parasites that
 crawl
 amidst
corpses.