

Traveling into the Silence

by Frank. D. Moore

I lug my lung cross country
1500 miles by car:
out of the rarefied air of Santa Fe,
city of millionaires, of St. Francis,

too, across the Texas Panhandle & Oklahoma,
Knights' Inns of Missouri, Ill-
inois, Indiana, and back to Ohio
where no one is home:

ghosts have decamped from houses
in Cincinnati and Hamilton;
friends sipping martinis or Perrier
look at each other and shrug

as my voice circles
on their answering machines;
Aunt Clara has picked up her walker
and walked to Kentucky;

under Kentucky sod somewhere
lies my father, and here
already in early October
(month of her birth) thin ice

crawls over one corner
of the slick gray marble
of my mother's marker,
touches the "A" in Anne

with a crystal spear.