



10-2009

The Dead

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Recommended Citation

Hart, Kevin (2009) "The Dead," *Inscape*: Vol. 29 : No. 2 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol29/iss2/13>

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The Dead

by Kevin Hart

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Ah now the dead are coming, clocks in hand,
They're rootless from those parties at the park
All weeds and daisies now; they're calling late,
Late August streaming down, they ride it hard,

All loose and marvelous on gold long beams,
They're rushing in the pleasure of fat peach,
And in the seams of clothes that sleep in lofts,
They're sidling close at dusk in windows now

Because that's all they have, except for us,
They're filling in the gaps between thin words,
And in the words themselves when they go dark,
And in the dark itself when there's no word:

It is the night that enters us, and not
The afternoon that whispers velvet days
And darkly simmers there with weeds and words,
Ah no, it is the night that knows the flesh,

It is the dead that call and call too late,
And not the night with its dark words and lofts,
It is the dead that call, caress our flesh,
Clock on, cajole, command, and call again.