

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
eric pankey

Opus Posthumous

Instead of a stone, a beehive marks my grave: white, stark, all thrum.

I wait, weigh the pollen weight of dreams, on this less than comfortable bed of clay.

Bees come and go as per their nature.

I hear the oak roots drink of limestone, hear the pill bug's heedless rush, hear ground water as it seeks and finds its own level.

A hard husk, a thin splinter, I won't work my way to the surface by May Day.

If I concentrate I can recall the overgrown path that led me here, the starlight: a thousand arrows—bristling flames—lodged in the hull of an empty boat.

What else can I remember?

A scum of kerosene on a creek's backwater.

The only station for miles: radio evangelists, the wiry static of God's word.

When I turned back to catch the door before it slammed, I saw a dew bright web patching the torn screen.