

A Thin Chapter

Greenfielders say two children
were buried here, tho none
can remember their names.
I find only uncut slabs
of fieldstone to mark their place
as everywhere in this unchosen land—
Horn scars on bark,
Roots bared by cloven hooves.
The insidious parchment
that stretched across their throats
tightly as a drum skin,
a thin chapter of their history
not quite forgotten.
There are no other details,
only tiny bones beneath barefaced stone.

—*Harry Thurston*