

Remember Me Now Oh Life!

In Memoriam, Mary Miller. B unknown
d unknown

Remember Me, Now, Oh Life.
Sun In The Cemetery.

Long ago, sometime after Adam; sometime before you and I, Love, a bare stretch of ground, extending downward forever, all strangely formed and created in its own special way, lie there greeting the sun in all its humors.

Sometime after Adam, men came along, said of dust, to disturb that earth, with a burial, to dust.

I would hardly know, except for a very obvious, incongruous, unnaturally shaped gray stone object rising up where after those men disappeared.

Now, Love, you and I have come to this place of dust, so fondly decored with these gray transplantsations, more durable than the beast, dusty beneath.

MARY MILLER; I see you as a rather unlikely shape. I cannot remember you, or know you, except as a name, undistinguished, even in your inscription.

Love, you and I looked even more fondly at each other, touching our souls together, a moment, a life without monument, to be held in a friable heart, to perish as all perishes, with our passing.

Now, we come here not together; only I alone, or you; alone, recalling, our stolen moment, from within that deepest crypt, the human heart.

I want the world to know that I loved you, yet I think of Mary Miller, that unlikely shape. If I had carved upon my stone that I loved you, who would know either one of us?

Remember me now, Oh, life!

