

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS

FOUND

I walk through the tall grasses, looking
for your place. It is late autumn and winds

whisper of winter. The sky is as grey
and still as the stones hunched

on this small hill. A light, cold rain
has begun. Beyond the distant fallow field

the trees have already turned to blaze,
to burn their final fires.

Finally, I find the spot where you lie,
together and alone. I stand in the light rain,

sharing your silence. The dead,
by finding us, are found.