

## The Feast of All Souls

by [Stella Nesanovich](#) in the [October 29, 2014](#) issue

The dead visited this morning: sisters,  
parents, aunts and uncles, old professors  
and friends—faces so vivid they again  
appeared in my room through memory's lens.

Did families stage a yard sale later  
in the Catholic cemetery on Common,  
a table set up in the center, orange water  
cooler in view? But I am mistaken.

It's All Souls Day when people assemble  
to clean the crumbling graves and to honor  
their dead, whose remnant bones sometimes tumble  
from ancient crypts, although their souls have soared  
like skeins of starlings, whose sudden flight  
in sunlight dyes wings a shimmer of white.