

Unmarked graves

by [Joel Peckham](#) in the [June 3, 2020](#) issue

Like unsigned poems, are everywhere in everything, the center of a sentence unsighed the chains of a hoop still rattling long after the ball has passed through on its perfect arc. We half-see in the place we pass through—a haunting that is only a space where something else has lived, still resonant. Whitman said to look for him beneath our feet in the dust rising. To believe that we are made of Whitman dust, in dusk, stars flickering. We carry the ache of our own loss like someone searching for the keys he is holding in his fist or the glasses still perched upon his head.

Loose in a boy's limbs, sheened in sweat, his birth. On a path a mile or so off main street, behind the church, under the apple tree you find each name your mother has forgotten will forget: the first few moments at the end of a story when it starts to change and shift the leaves above your head, alight, alive, marked by the wind.