

Columbarium

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [November 4, 2020](#) issue

I. Front

After mass, every Sunday in the churchyard
I've come to visit you, touch the weatherings
along the roseate stone carved with your name,
birthdate, death date. Then with my fingertips
I drop a kiss along the façade, pretending you're inside.

II. Sides

Sometimes my fingers slip, I brush my waiting place
below or next to you, I'm not sure which.
"That check includes you, too, Peter," Father Jim said,
his faith in immortality, melodious, monotonous,
a little concerto for violin and cello.

III. Back

You're no more there than are here,
where, when, I go to find you, these revenants
haunting the top drawer of the dresser.
Multicolored panties, I bought you holidays,
those pearls caught in your engagement picture.

IV. Top

Next Sunday, maybe, I'll skip a visit.
Why try to find you when you're always
shadow and light intertwined beside me,
day-night, sun-moon, their syncopations
unasked for, random grace I can't answer.