

Conservation cemetery

by [Marda Messick](#) in the [June 16, 2021](#) issue

A year since, I couldn't find you—
“you,” that is, the hard bits,
the stardust and grit of you
left beneath the sparkleberry tree.

The find-a-grave app useless as memory,
the trail flooded, the guideposts
painted over.

It was terrible not to find you, terrible

until I did find you—
“you,” that is, your name
on the brass marker small as a leaf
in the end-up place
conserved for us.

As if you've gone to bed first,
until I, elemental,
“I” lie down beside you,
my name marking
another's loss.