Coming Home
on Memorial Day, 1987

We brought mock orange and peach colored roses in coffee cans to Grandmother's and Grandfather's graves, and my father glanced over the field of cut stones and said, "Ninety percent of the flowers here today are plastic." I wasn't sure how he meant it, until now, walking in his pasture, coming upon this winter-killed heifer, her empty grin, and the Orange Admiral in the rib cage, opening and closing its stark wings.

Steven Hind
May 26, 1987