

FACES

on the headstones
rows by rows
in the clamour of the new years' crowd
do they move?
my neighbour, your neighbour
where have we been in our lives?
who have we been in our lives?
what stories we have to tell?
those we never got to tell
until we all lay here
all in rows and columns
have all the time in the world
to communicate in the silence
disturbed by none except for the noise
of cries and whines
in cold winter drying winds

tienanh