

David Keplinger

memorial concert on a sloped clearing

Of the humming
Air raids of years ago
Over Hukvaldy and more east,
American bombs, or German,
No one got the story right.

The rain brought down
The high nests
Of storks and falcons,
Brought up the sewage with the mud.
From our hill, a spruce sang curves: the sun.

What do we know about what happened?
Our day along the hill:
Think violins. Think
Brass horns and banjos, hilarious
Oboes lined in a row.

We know about the one
Kind of light, which is the mind's light. Enough
Of that. On flimsy chairs the tubas
Nearly fell down,
Playing.