

And All My Friends Had Gathered

And all my friends had gathered
in a house in our birthplace.
And they stood around a casket.
Inside: a man. No name. No face.

They carried him out on their shoulders.
Nightfall thickened and the rain
made their ashen faces glisten
as they strode along the lane.

Beneath the chestnut on the hillside
from which we would point out our town
into the soil of our childhood
slowly they lowered the coffin down.

And when they turned around to head back
lightning cracked the starlit sky,
only then it dawned upon me:
O my dear friends, where was I?