

## **These are the Spirits of the Dead**

These are the spirits of the dead  
who disavow us when we kick  
or throw sharp stones.

These are the children of thirst  
who cloud the moonlit glass.

These thicken the air with meaning.

These stretch the membrane thin  
humming *Peace. Peace. Come to us.*

These are voices in mountain streams  
shapes in trees faces in smoke.

These pull down the sun and moon

waste green leaves harden grain

knock soft fruit to the ground

humming *Peace. Peace. Come to us.*

These are husbands in the earth

who quicken the seed all winter

who wet the root all summer long

who sell themselves for cups of blood

your real body not your soul

humming *Peace. Peace. Come to us.*