

UNBURIED

By Stephen Cohen

the house on Liberty street is slowly sinking
like you and me
a New Orleans
hoop skirt antebellum tragedy
where pieces of feet stick out of the swamp
spanish moss and a loss of grace
inexorable, almost
too slow to notice

over coffee, crows feet crack
the map that leads back
to our solid scavenger hunt foundation.
still, sagging like
a plantation house, your face
through the steam
is living history, all
peeling paint and dusty mirrors
fragile as memory ☹