

Jennifer Kimball

"Funeral in my brain"

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I felt a funeral in my brain
And mourners to and fro
Kept treading treading 'til it seemed
That sense was breaking through

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating beating 'til it seemed
My mind was going numb

And then I heard them lift a box
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead again
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell
And being but an ear
And I and silence some strange race
Wrecked solitary here

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