Cillin

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Cillin
(a Gaelic children’s graveyard)
Chelsea Reynolds

“...in an unkempt space of dank, clinging grass, with stones scattered over it here and there. There he said the islanders had been accustomed to bury suicides and unbaptized children; a sad association, I thought, of those who had known nothing and those who had known too much of life.”

Flower 1985 (1944): 85, 86

For a flask or spare cigarette,
the whitewashed Osage ferry
still drifts between two nowheres.

Still delivers the rusted Chevy
to the brambled western bank
where bluetick coonhounds howl

by the sinking greystone mill.
An hour past the chalk bluffs
and abandoned Lead Belt mines,

wild grapes cascade the turrets
of that Catholic cemetary’s
cobwebbed wrought iron gates.

Outside the tangled fenceline
fire-orange daylilies bloom
above shallow, unmarked graves.

Their thirsty roots draw the life
of unhallowed ground. These souls
still drift between two nowheres.