At the Military Cemetery

Leath Tonino
At the Military Cemetery

rows of white stones
 gleam in evening sun

same sun walks
 on the red bridge
the hills across
open water

thinking how
the dead are walking
tiptoeing into earth
that slopes
to the bay
becomes the bay
how they become
grains pulled by rain
down through ground
that grounds the water
grounds the bridge
anchors boats
and rises
again
as land

green hills
evening sun

on the other side