

Poem America

by Martin Burke (July 2012)

For Robert Gibbons, and in mourning for the death of the true American spirit

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Already the emptiness grows and America has begun to die so that even if I
planted a tree the ground I planted it in would be useless

Summer says it is winter and I have no means to dispute this

I want it to be winter, I want there to be snow to cover those graves with that
innocence reserved for a Christ-like one gone to an unwarranted death

Perhaps this is the way the world suffered when Shelly died, or when Homer