

# Im Friedhof

by [Jill Alexander Essbaum](#) in the [June 14, 2011](#) issue

In your black coat I walk into June heat.  
You take a dark bird's shape and fly away.  
I see your ghost, but it does not see me.

The recently bereaved are hard to please.  
I didn't make your bed or your mistakes.  
In your black coat I walk into June heat.

A phantom bone that haunts its amputee,  
of all my specters, you are most awake.  
I see your ghost, but it does not see me.

I pilfer through these memories like a thief.  
But maybe all's not lost. Some's just misplaced.  
In your black coat I walk into June heat

And I keen once more for your mortal hands beneath  
What gravid fabrics other fingers braid.  
I see your ghost, but it does not see me.

So I sail, half-masted, through the ghastly sea  
Of these wasted, assailing lovers, loss and fate.  
In your black coat I walked into June heat.  
I did not leave your ghost. But it left me.