Walking Home From the Cemetery

PEGGY LIN DUTHIE

I dreamed that corpses did not rot
but recomposed, chose new disguise:
that souls fed on their shapes’ last thought —
monks whirled into butterflies

bustling by the sap-stained trunks
of lecherous men turned into rootbound maples.
The nymphs they hounded are now the drunks
that bow to the hydrants and curse the steeples.