

## *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.