

Three Hearts As One

The rancher gazes
out the bedroom window
at their backyard,

autumn lingering
in the trees, patio chairs
rusting in place,

dried up bird bath
abandoned long ago by her
favorite songbirds.

Behind the rose bush,
decades old roots nourished
by her alien ashes,

the salvaged piece
of silver fuselage fashioned
into a headstone:

Her Two Hearts
Beat As One For
Too Brief A Time,

the simple epitaph,
their secret secure within
his single heart.

—G. O. Clark

