

“After COVID Came”

Poem

William E. Gramley

After COVID Came

You put a vase of scarlet tulips on my grave, a summer gift,
and I expect you'll bring a clutch of wildflowers from a rural road,
the September yellow ones so bright whose names I do not know,
and they'll invite the ginkgo leaves to skip across
my mound in golden glee!

I'll watch November's raucous, rusted leaves
invade the shallow moats around my plot and there enrich the soil.
All this will comfort me when cold and shorter days
stiffen the stalks of those winter weeds I love to watch.

Yet violets blue upon the ground and daffodils above
will soon unfurl their flags of hope and joy!

I know you'll come around again
and we can speak of all those treks we took
to catch the colors each season brought, then shed,
since we believed such glory would never end.

Then COVID came.