

“A Funeral Procession”

by Kalle Räsänen

i. An Old Man

He says, “I dreamt of an old man
who travelled back in time to
become himself as a boy.”

And the sun — older than
he is, older than man —
watches him disappear.

He reappears seventy-five years earlier,
but still here,
still with us, and—

We let him go.
We let him go and now
he has never lived.

ii. A Girl

Her arms are wrapped around her body.
“The dawn has a shape,” she says,

“and a voice, and —”
she smiles — “it knows my name.”

Twisted so tightly around herself
she doesn’t even exist any more.

iii. A Funeral Procession

The ships, silver paperplanes,
glide past Europa.

There's nothing here, between the stars,
except the silent dead and us.

And something nameless that watches over us.