

June 2010

Funeral Song

Stephanie Kartalopoulous

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Kartalopoulous, Stephanie (2010) "Funeral Song," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 10: Iss. 1, Article 44.

Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol10/iss1/44>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Kartalopoulos: Funeral Song

FUNERAL SONG

Stephanie Kartalopoulos

O crooked plough, you have forgotten the disk harrow.
The years of melting and weaponry. The always-raised surface
of your mouth, even in the middle of a great dust. How
I can trace my fingers across you. What will happen now?

The field behind my old house is now full of houses.
You have been left to rust in the shackled barn,
an overgrown corner, that space beyond
the farmers' graves. How will your work song get sung?

Who will join your chorus? On visits home,
I walk by your weathered cage. For you, I will
remember the prayers for a healthy crop, the eroded
sediment, the river soil, the field of bent wheat.