

Hoping to catch a glimpse  
Of a little black pile  
That marks our possessions.

## STEVE EVANS

### THE CORONER'S SONG

My cool family of strangers,  
each a moon-pallid puzzle  
awaiting my solution.  
They're all here, the pretty details.  
The overdoses, stranglings,  
the shark's uneager customer  
(or part of him).  
This one came in a suitcase.  
Here's a child who was smaller  
than a parent's anger.  
  
Forget what they tell you of love.  
The only romance is in  
the knife's gentle arc,  
stripping to essentials.  
Causes, effects, equations.  
There is no more.