
**A CURSE AGAINST ELEGIES**

Oh, love, why do we argue like this?  
I am tired of all your pious talk.  
Also, I am tired of all the dead.  
They refuse to listen,  
so leave them alone.  
Take your foot out of the graveyard,  
they are busy being dead.  

Everyone was always to blame:  
the last empty fifth of booze,  
the rusty nails and chicken feathers  
that stuck in the mud on the back doorstep,  
the worms that lived under the cat’s ear  
and the thin-lipped preacher  
who refused to call  
extcept once on a flea-ridden day  
when he came scuffling in through the yard  
looking for a scapegoat.  
I hid in the kitchen under the ragbag.  

I refuse to remember the dead.  
And the dead are bored with the whole thing.  
But you — you go ahead,  
go on, go on back down  
into the graveyard,  
lie down where you think their faces are;  
talk back to your old bad dreams.

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