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## The Dead

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# The Dead

By Sam Heyman

The dead stand  
in front of windows and  
feel their fingers through  
the blinds, and moonlight shines  
on their bones, while their  
shadows slip and slide  
and fall in heaps  
to the floor.

The sounds the dead make  
Are felt more than heard, their dancing  
makes the wood yawn and the joints of  
the house creak, and when children  
awake from sleep to pour glasses of  
milk, they suck in their guts and lose  
themselves to the dark.

The dead do not see through walls  
but know through them and go  
through them without a clack  
of bone or a shuffle of shoes.

The dead visit the spaces they once  
called home and to them it's as if  
nothing has changed. Moved objects  
stain the walls they once slept against  
with ashen outlines and abandoned  
shells, of thrown pillows and shelves  
shifted slightly to the left, though  
they have been gone from there  
for many years.

To the dead the world seems  
anxious, like a pot of boiling water or  
A child about to take his first dive,  
Always at the verge from one thing  
To another, afraid to move but

Moving all the time. But  
nothing moves from  
here to there that  
was not here  
before.