

## FACES

on the headstones  
rows by rows  
in the clamour of the new years' crowd  
do they move?  
my neighbour, your neighbour  
where have we been in our lives?  
who have we been in our lives?  
what stories we have to tell?  
those we never got to tell  
until we all lay here  
all in rows and columns  
have all the time in the world  
to communicate in the silence  
disturbed by none except for the noise  
of cries and whines  
in cold winter drying winds

# tienanh