

# The Grave of Rimbaud

*by* Bill Yarrow

I visited the grave of Rimbaud  
It was pale blue  
like the blood of a baby penguin

Upon its headstone were designs  
beautiful and mysterious  
like the brain waves of deer

I touched the grave  
and found it redemptive  
like the law forbidding adultery

I thought I was alone  
but I was in the midst of a vast crowd  
hissing like poisonous snakes on fire

I had imagined the grave of Rimbaud  
standing out from its field  
like a single candle in a cake

The grave itself was small  
attic  
quiet as a king at the end of his reign

Around the grave the grass was burned  
gray and stiff  
like the lips of lovers who no longer kiss

I sat by the grave

---

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/bill-yarrow/the-grave-of-rimbaud--2>»*

Copyright © 2011 Bill Yarrow. All rights reserved.

and felt at home  
like bigotry in the hearts of men of God

Then darkness settled over the grave  
sentimentally  
like a kitten on the neck of a man

I left the grave and returned  
to Marseilles  
aligned like a knife in Adam's apple

