

*Maureen Mulhern*

## **Near the Scene of the Accident**

Near the scene of the accident  
An eyeless pig has been born, and an eight-legged foal.  
Someone holds the pig's head close to the camera  
Whose eye zeroes in on the pink face.  
The pig looks like an angel, a blind angel  
In the hands of its keeper.  
Some of the very old have moved back  
To the ghostly towns. They often smuggle in  
Their grandchildren who whoosh down the slides  
And let the cool air run its hands  
Along their faces. The rumpled bedsheets  
On thousands of made and unmade beds  
Wait for eternity to touch them.