

*Kevin Prufer*

## The God of Clues

A fingerprint on the hammerhead, a bit of hair  
in each tea cup, — I'm everywhere at once, diaphanous  
or startling in my many colored suit.

I was overhead — the snow flakes drifted through me —  
when you filled the wheelbarrow with garden sod  
and shoveled the body in. I was laughing in my sleeve —

the earth tramped down, the flashlight crooked between  
your shoulder and your chin. The street lights  
were too bright, the moon too full, a telling bit

of soil clung to your boot tread. And there are worse things  
still. Worse than this. The eyes of the dead  
record their final vision. The cat on the porch stoop

heard it all, and now it's gone.  
I filled the sky with crows. You're number's up.  
It's going to rain, and soon the seed in the yard will sprout.