

Best of all he loved the fall
The leaves yellow on the cottonwoods
Leaves floating on the trout streams
And above the hills
The high blue windless skies
Now he will be part of them forever
-Ernest Hemingway

A Natural History of the Dead

On the day I was born to this lost generation
father stood on our country porch to blow a horn.
Before I was fully a man he put a Civil War pistol to his head.
Everything ends up being about a god.

War torn, I dare to breathe afraid to speak
life is majestic, life is august.
It is a bridge of sighs
that cannot suspend me.

It's when you're called great that you can't please anymore
first feel the urge to create a shrivel in time.
My eulogy, here it is written out for you
It can start with Best of all he loved the fall.

Stitches climb up my spine, insides trying to escape.
Lean over center the eyes with the butt of a double-barrel gun.
Beat-beat-beat my heart knocking not to enter but leave
pull two triggers and open the door.