

Death

I saw a dead squirrel on the terraces in my old childhood backyard, sun baked and flies and chalk bones knowing what I did not know about death, the desperate soaking endlessness of it

I saw from beyond the womb my uncle dodge the draft down by the stream chased by hysterical tears and the one policeman who would let him go

I saw under the willow tree some kid chucking rocks at the ducks and I thought about yelling across the water at him to cut that shit out but I closed my eyes

I think the ducks were alright.

One time I saw my dad cry because his friend died on the steps of the morgue gunshot wound to the head so they wouldn't have to clean up after him

What a way to go.

Three weeks ago I accepted that my potted norfolk pine would not be resurrected with water or wine or anything so I took it outside to the compost pile

Yesterday I saw the inside of my mother's house and I didn't even wonder once how the hell I'll manage cleaning that wreck once she's gone, we just had wine and talked

I saw my reflection in the wineglass and realized that whether or not she changes or does anything with all that stuff I'll still love her

Even though the downstairs plumbing is busted and she won't get it fixed.

I went over there originally because I was scared of being alone and

I keep seeing my life flash before my eyes every time I leave the house after dark and

What I mean is I keep seeing what's left of it after the man pulls a gun on me from the backseat of my car and tells me to drive

I saw a shadow back there and told myself it was nothing and it was nothing but will it always be nothing?

I like to think I'm lucky but I don't know.

I see squirrels flat and blood and guts on the asphalt every day and I swerve to avoid them like maybe it still matters

Like maybe if I swerve for enough squirrels someone will swerve for me.