

Into the Cyclorama



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A RAG FOR MY FATHER

he would offer me a can of Coke,
pour it black and sizzling over ice cubes.
He would drink,

I would drink,
and so we downed our Lethe.

What does it mean to be the daughter of
a man who doesn't know his father?

He could tell
I hadn't thought like this before, the way
my face drooped, I crossed my legs.
The sun sets so late this time of year. As if
it still hasn't learned how to walk away.

Forgive me Father for I have sinned I wished for
a different father

Forgive me Father for I have failed to wash away
my father's sins

CONFESSIONS OF THE SNOW

Someone is playing Barber's
Adagio for Strings
you
don't think it's time for gun control
you're dead to me! Someone launches
a 501(c)(3). Then another.

Ruins they piled
before the canvas base—

stones plucked from battered fences;

whole tree limbs, shaved;
a cannon (eld-retired); torn broadcloth uniforms
dangling original brass buttons;
wet Gettysburg soil.

Buckled, ripped,
rolled up like carpet after a stint in Boston,
the painting toured in Newark, Brooklyn,
Baltimore, Washington;
sometimes in fragments, sometimes whole.

Rain. Wind. Two res.

CLICK TO PLAY.
I click.

Pine trees in the parking lot
quickly looped for Christmas;
single- le on the pavement
long white daisies. At each head
they've laid a bright stu ed animal:
bears, dogs, a big yellow duck.

—Clumsy, categorical,
and like all makeshift memorials
made from things because we are.

And here I am crying
because I want to cry, I am at home here,
doing what my body wants to do—
apping, shaking, leaking—

I'm the white balloon
bobbing slowly to the ground,
dirty, hungry, beautiful.

AUBADE, STILL