

TO INMATE NUMBER 227947 ON THE WEEK OF THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX:

Was it you who could
Bomb the Iraqis by throwing rocks at
Grandmother's wind chimes?

"Gonna get all dem bastards,
All of dem, bury dem in da sand..."

As little porcelain ducks
Crash onto the floor, a remainder of
Head with beak beckons to dismembered
Webbed foot and winged torso.

(My memory limited to fragments such as these,
Dangled my strings and left up for the wind to beat upon.)

Give it all up to the earth,
Hindu god Ganesha
Let it disintegrate as if a slug in salt.

Drown it all in a can of Bud,
You all-American alcoholic,
The secrets locked up in your shed
Are buried in your box of porn.

But you really fixed yourself this time, didn't you?
When you smashed your van into that curb.
And for your birthday, I will send your card
Addressed to inmate# 227947, above your name.
Folded inside, a note enclosed, "To Father".