

[what you've done here]

what you've done here,
you've done in the rain.
bitter on brick building,
raptures of memories;
old and young men.
you cried on the stairs,
listened in the lobby,
kissed by the narrow back door.
they settle into mildewed
 hardwood floors
 (like debris)

walk the grass, oak trees,
soggy mulch in empty flower beds.
what you did there,
you did in the presence
of a thousand leaves.

Drunk in the City, Remembering Home

My dad talks too much when he drinks,
and the pain I've felt is feeling
like a child, asking a hundred questions.
 how can I judge when a man's
 become another man?
I threw him every wrench.

We found our only common ground in the bottle
and the motorcycle. We've got vests
could keep out all the things we feel.
Nothing's as sweet as feeling nothing

Papaw died two years back and
we still cry
 never together
 but in the lull
that falls at night,
three in the morning
when I'm drunk
and he's driving to grab coffee
before work.

We dance,
in some ways, in some lives, we've lived
more than most,
 he's shrunk four inches
slaving in the plant. I've shrunk too,
forgotten the way
a shingle scalds my hands, how
a twelve hour shift burns the ends of cigarettes
down to filters, down to the only life
we've got left