

Of the Father, Imperfect

At nightfall the words of day slump
into one basket for sorting when sleep awakens.

Sometimes holes appear and there is no thread.
On the day of the funeral we stood away from

the casket. A man can lament, and forbid the bridge
of years. Some mourners were thusly shaken.

Mother's recipe calls for milk, breadcrumbs, dough
rolled between palms, crumbled bacon,

but butter is the song into which plums bleed.
A father will gorge for months, his body wavering

until the cogs forget their rotations. Stones cast
on the road remind him of the way home.

Pay the priest in promises and pork ribs. Don't begrudge
the ravens the stale wafers. Waste none.

It's possible that we have whole years to grieve.
For the mother, the father, leave carnations.

O Armchair Prophet, who mistakes
nothing. Celebrate the feast when sleep is forsaken.