

Not Sure

Dad dies in his bib overalls
with a shovel in his hands,
working for the city after selling the farm.

Post-mortem reveals cigarettes
and a shroud of wonder
about one ring of the tree,

unknown to me until after the funeral,
when in our family room
I overhear my mother and aunt whispering:

“Why did she have to come?”

By Arlin Buyert