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## Winter Night Tanka

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## Winter Night Tanka

A warm cup with an  
old friend sometimes will stay the  
season,  
    and friendly  
talk melts all the ice outside  
with promise: spring is assured.

—*Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin*

## When the Bough Breaks

Now handle him easy, bury him deep,  
    Cover his long black body well.  
Stand back, let all the family weep  
    In shadows that his eyes compel.  
Here no one goes his bond or bail  
    And silence like a mourner's veil  
Imprisons us, locks out your eye  
    From mine. So let the mother cry  
A little. Later, weeds will grow,  
Cover him up with weeds knee-high,  
    Handle him easy, bury him slow.

Death is a broom we hold to sweep  
    Our Sunday houses clean, no bell  
To wake whatever dreams we keep—  
    Maybe the shadow within his cell  
That measured him for each detail.  
    The fingers on the hard bed rail  
That opened slowly, light and shy,  
    That drummed away the lighter sky.  
Maybe the bones that could not know  
How lips must move from sigh to sigh.  
    Handle him easy, bury him slow.

No wind or rain blows down to seep  
    Through muddy shoes, only a swell  
Of weeds a shovel turns dirt-cheap.  
    The air is heavy, holds the smell  
Of honeysuckle, dusts this trail  
    Of headstones as the women wail  
And lean and sway. The air is dry.  
    The weeds around him pass him by,  
Run wilder. Let the whole place go,  
They'll never find him if they try.  
    Handle him easy, bury him slow.

Behind the courthouse, up the steep  
    And broken steps—he tried to yell  
But not from counting days or sheep—  
    Ten men came from the night's hotel,  
Bound, then took his black and frail  
    Skin and bones from the county jail.  
Here is the grave. While you and I  
    Said eeny, meeny, scotch or rye,  
They caught that nigger by the toe,  
He hollered and they watched him die.  
    Handle him easy, bury him slow.

The river that washed him in a heap  
    Didn't bleach him, didn't spell  
His name on water. Let him sleep.  
    Forget him; let the others tell  
Their story. What's a lynching tale?  
    Leaving, we step as if to nail  
That coffin down. Come next July,  
    Days will be warm, people won't pry  
So much. Then come December, snow  
Will make this visit of ours a lie,  
    Handle him easy, bury him slow.

—*Philip Legler*