

Headline

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Body Found In Burned Bedroom: Police Say
Man May Have Started
Fire That Killed Him

A week later, your silent guitar begs to be
plugged in:
feedback assaults the air
slicing the quiet as gently as a blender filled
with matchbox cars.
My awkward hands can't finger the rough
melody
I wrote without your help. And where the
hell are you?
You never taught me how to gallop and I
can't
ask your ashes.

Smoke seeped from the eaves of your face,
and I was there first
(first!)
I saw the lump-that-was-you
and seethed at the cameras huddled like

hyenas in their
pastel polo shirt unity and bad, plastic hair.

Self-medication of grief is palpable on my
breath,
erasing our lyrics from soft-tissue fissures
as I
smother and sweat in whiskey-tinted
dreams
smiling serenely as our plane goes down in
flames.