

Watching My Father Draw a Dead Bead

Watching my father draw a dead bead
sight-line through the field
the woofler settles down in
I continue you continue me Fire!
Your lips against my forehead
a blue handprint
Kissing the eye with stubble
I continue you continue me Fire!
Will your death save us?
Are immortals happy?
Breaking up into parts
playing this animal and that
I continue you continue me Fire!
All the points run together.
Flight feathers my hair.
At the throat. Unlacing one boot,
pulling it off. The other.
The smell of wet feet.
I continue you continue me Fire!
Your sunset eye against my eye
cheekbones touching. "Aim for the head.
You don't want steel balls in your meat."
I continue you continue me Fire!
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