On the Death of My Grandfather

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Recommended Citation
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fell. He stood there a moment, and of the day the way air goes out of s like fire on my face; my stomach rough the opening in the fence, his witnessed a terrible accident.
I didn't say anything. We walked nce and smell of his sweat between us. oy had been replaced and the game Julius stood looking at his new car, ace. He put his hand in his pocket. "You drive," he said.
I took the keys. We got in the car Its and I started the engine.
"I meant for it to be a good day.

ON THE DEATH OF MY GRANDFATHER

Where my white knuckles shake to the whispers of his death
And whispered river's length that earth and promise
Have led to rest all sky-loved in the grass throned air

Where the sleek sails sing the glory of his poverty and the pillar
Of his dying body burns in yellow fire forever
Under the long drawn clouds of dawn

Where his soul moved with the dirt and the bread
Of his American dreams, among the glare of manufactured things
Which he knew as false all the years of his life

Where we laid his body down in a triangle of sparrows some warm
Morning, knowing he lived beyond death
In the meadow of his trouted stream

His memory tied like a kite to the day.

Chuck Musser