

GRANDPA, V.A. HOSPITAL

There lies the man
Who taught me poetry
In the vineyard as we worked.
The air carries a urine stench,
And restless bodies stumble
Into the drinking fountain
And question the floor with their eyes.

But the man lies still,
His fist clenched against her grasp,
His grey hair shedding
Onto the stained pillow case.

She still calls him Ferd,
Patting his hand gently
As she stands untiring
Beside the bed.
As I walk out to the car,
I am back in that vineyard
Driving the tractor.

Robert Jeffrey O'Connor



Beach House

Philip Mark