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Shadows Cast by a Forlorn Grandfather Clock, Appreciating the Military Look

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SHADOWS CAST BY A FORLORN GRANDFATHER CLOCK,
APPRECIATING THE MILITARY LOOK

There was this fat girl in choir
who could've been pretty, if
thin
who, wore for the pure sake of fashion
without deeper thought of the meaning that
its faded olive greenness brought about,
her dead brother's
Vietnam coat
and
felt no sense of
loss
and who
spilled cherry Kool-Aid down the front,
impressing
no
one,
but staining the jungle puce.

Two loose buttons
naked children's eyes
witness
the jungle, its greenness
seems
overgrown and massive
like the city mouse thrown into
rural vines
awaiting
the silence
the loudness
of guns,
not toys,
their infinite darkness
made for death (for the sake of life?)
They save
no
one.

Shot-gun like
the bell rings
And with it
the fat girl, with pretty possibilities,
war hidden
underneath the jacket
(and layers of babyfat)
The soldier,
schoolbooks,
and brothers
march out the
door.

Carrie Brown