

Yet Another Happy Birthday



whit williams

Yesterday I got drunk with neighbors
On cold Texas beer & scotch & rum
& something Guatemalan I can't recall
Because afterwards I/m told I played
Backyard baseball with a neighbor/s son
& threw sliders & knucklers & fastballs
Hard because you cheat Death this way
& today I am forty-two & my
Right shoulder aches like a hobo/s tooth
& taking twenty-something years off
From plying the pitcher's mound
Was never my intention
It just happened that way
Like today calling in sick to work
& lying down in the dust of this house
& napping as a ghost inside this bag of bones
With no phone calls to wake me &
No cards or letters from friends or family
All drifted off like Indian summer fog
Lifted from some quiet, cool creek
& that/s OK because this creek will sleep beneath
An unclouded sky loud with southbound geese—
Even beneath a godless sun burning.



INFORMATION
LIBRE

ZERO DUCATS