

Renaissance

In the heat of summer I strangled you by a chicken wire fence and a four-lane Interstate.
I left your mashed neck and the rest of the parts and limbs attached to it at the bottom of the dead end street your grandmother lived on for fifty years. This was a few years before the oil crisis. Shuttered doors are quiet in a sunset town, and more close every day.
I strangled you and left your body behind the parking lot of the church where you learned—you never learn—piano and the first man and the first woman and look where all that got us.
I left the body in other places too but those are just for me to know.
I took you there in August rains and you sat pouting on a windowsill and staring at pothole puddles. But there was a small brown dog in the rain and it settled into a ball of pity next to you.
I also left some hacked off chunks of flesh on the catwalk of the water tower in Vian.
But in the end I put it on a plush bed with clean white sheets in the center of town so all the people there would pass by and make a big fuss about it. Everyone beheld that awful wretch, a bloated dead beached whale just stinking up a whole fine beach of soft and warm white sand, and blurred their dumb scared faces that only ever begged for something to care about or something to do and all there was was your twitching live corpse.
My sweat became tears as summer turned to fall and of course of course of course—will you quit talking?—your body didn't move; it's dead, and there's a new me now.

