

death wish

by

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car shriek shudder of my youthful heart
thumping as i leave the confines
of the decaying city streets, full of pain,
 anger,
heading north to the kentucky-tennessee line.
the blood rushes through my core
 defying my death wish, of spilling
my salty life's thread into the wind
 blowing my hair as i fly down
the straightaway of the river bottom
past my father's birthplace, a rundown
log-plank cabin shack with an outhouse
dimly lit by sunshine against golden weed
 and trees shadowing a right corner room
 with an empty bed.
the wooden shingled roof has begun to fall
 in. there are no windows in this home.
the wind always blows freely through the cracks
 and openings. time passes on
around the abandoned plantation of a poor man.
 in a nearby meadow, lambs graze oblivious
 to the history.