

## When my Father Performs a Funeral.

Bob Barrick

In the last days  
of my father's senior year,  
he and his buddies would get drunk on Pabst  
and drag race past  
sprouting corn fields.

I see them laughing.  
I see them in throws of laughter.  
In throws, in throws in throws of laughter.

I see them one Spring night.  
They assuming that the two  
who had roared off  
under the sky's black tarp rolls  
had only driven into town  
and were not now wire hangers  
wrapped around a telephone pole.

And when my father performs a funeral,  
with wisps of his ripe hairs escaping him,  
he says it's here. The Lord's hands in the wind  
caught in the valley of his robes.  
And that's exactly what he does.  
He performs.