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.