The Endless State

Brent Fisk

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The Endless State

Abstract
After the third accident, not his fault, Amtrack desked my Uncle Dave for good. At family gatherings he leaned against the wall like a tree planted too close to the house. He buckled the sidewalks with his feet, downed power lines with his tight smile, and bourbons.

Keywords
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The Endless State

by Brent Fisk

After the third accident, not his fault, Amtrak desked my Uncle Dave for good. At family gatherings he leaned against the wall like a tree planted too close to the house. He buckled the sidewalks with his feet, downed power lines with his tight smile, and bourbons. When I was young he had a quarter for every coarse word, another when we cracked his back with our socked feet.

I remember waiting up late as he drove the snowy interstate from Dearborne to Newburgh, his face at the window high on the door, a soft knock, a wisp of hair floating above his woolen cap, saying, Indiana is a goddamned endless state. He loved his drinks over ice, the sprawl of us wrapped around his neck or leg, peppered by our southern drawl, Are there bears in Chicago, lions in Detroit? Do Polacks really run the streets? He told us of drunks stripping naked in cars, deer ghosting the fringe of the train’s strong light. The house sagged when his haversack leaned near the door. He’d find a less direct route home, run parallel to the old freight ways. I think of him whenever I see a lone goose fallen from the flock’s steady vee.
The call of the others pulling him along
on a wake of blue air and fading light.

Brent Fisk is a writer from Bowling Green, Kentucky who has had work in recent issues of *Prairie Schooner*, *Boxcar Poetry Review* and *Rattle*.

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