

cello suite

the spotted fawn was struck  
by a gold ford explorer  
it flopped dead  
in my driveway.  
the girl in the ford wore hospital scrubs  
cringed after hitting the deer  
stopped briefly  
and drove off.

i couldn't leave the little fawn  
rotting twenty feet from  
my door  
bringing in the buzzards  
and the maggots  
and the flies.

i drug her by her hind legs  
her head rambling  
over the uneven earth  
limp and lifeless.

i drug her deep  
into the wooded hollow  
and I stared back  
at her blank stare.

later  
in the house trailer  
i washed my hands and fried a steak  
drank a twelve pack of best  
smoked  
listened to Bach  
cello suites

i could hear  
the spotted fawn  
wandering gaily

hopping in the tall grass  
alongside the road  
calling to me  
just in time  
to see the end.

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the clock on the wall  
was dumb.

the typewriter and  
i too  
was dumb.

i tried again to  
follow the deer but  
my words were stiff  
i wasn't born to dance

desperate to feel something  
i drug the sledge out  
from beneath the trailer.  
i took it to the clock  
then i went for the typewriter.

the first blow destroyed it  
but I kept on  
blasting the thing to bits  
until the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> bourrée,  
in suite no. 4.

i opened the last beer  
and collapsed in the olive chair  
the pieces were everywhere  
i felt like  
i might vomit  
i couldn't go on.

i gathered the bent type bars  
the keys and chards  
of the carriage  
to a box.  
i took it to the woods  
and placed it  
beside the fawn.  
the light was enough  
to see the blank stare.  
maybe it was  
a triumphant death.

there wasn't anything to do

cello suite, page 3, continue stanza

without the typewriter,  
but it seemed best  
to try to sleep.