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The Story of Our Lives

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My father is gone.  
It is no longer now,  
it is thousands of years  
before man existed,  
the horizon strangely red  
and burning.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES  
for Arlen and Fran Gangwish

The buzzing of flies  
over a carcass.

The promise of life  
in the seed and the rain and the soil.

Every morning our eyes  
come to rest on the horizon.

Such a large sky full of emptiness,  
clouds heavy with air and floating water.

These are our children growing  
ever closer to leaving.

Nothing so near as distance.

THE REASON FOR POETRY

There are only two chickens left now  
since the wild dogs got done with them.  
They don’t seem to care, those that remain,  
cooing in the coop with a tank full of water  
and cracked corn they couldn’t finish in a season.  
I’ll never get over how real the world is  
and yet, how easily it disappears,