

There's a saltwater film on the jar of your ashes; I threw them to the sea,
but a gust blew them backwards and the sting in my eyes
that you then inflicted was par for the course just as when you were living.
It's no stretch to say you were not quite a father
but the donor of seeds to a poor, single mother that would raise us alone.
We never saw the money that went down your throat
through the hole in your belly.

Thirteen years old in the suburbs of Denver,
standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at the Catholic church.
The servers wore crosses to shield from the sufferance plaguing the others.
Styrofoam plates, cafeteria tables,
charity reeks of cheap wine and pity and I'm thinking of you,
I do every year when we count all our blessings
and wonder what we're doing here.

You're a disgrace to the concept of family.
The priest won't divulge that fact in his homily
and I'll stand up and scream if the mourning remain quiet,
you can deck out a lie in a suit.
But I won't buy it.
I won't join the procession that's speaking their piece,
using five dollar words while praising his integrity.
Just 'cause he's gone, it doesn't change that fact:
he was bastard in life, thus a bastard in death.