”Did He Say A Savage Died This Morning?”

Batista Horton*
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for Jessica  10/20/83

Batista Horton  English 6

These morning deaths are lowered
in the sleepy fog
of announcers' voice

The softness of a shoulder
where it becomes rounded,
smoothed under a calloused fingertip.

We take our movements
slowly in the morning
like without sugar or blood.

I dreamed of an insurance man's ring.
He'd won the diamond selling chances.
He knew the odds

of a man dying before age 40,
of a woman wrecking a blue Pinto
within 30 miles of her apartment.

When I awake I think of vomiting.
My younger brother is a troop
in Barbados (or is it Grenada?).

As steam pours onto my head in greatness
I see a car driving out of water,
uniformed men sunning on beaches.

Later I'll talk with others,
learn how names are spelled,
and where our wars are really fought.