Poem

Deborah P. Young*
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Abstract

the funeral hymn faint on air lightened by the absence of birdsong final, in its passing...
Joner I don't even remember what happened. Honest to God I don't. The only thing I remember is yelling you dirty bitch. I taught you how to skip rocks you goddamned filthy bitch. I don't know why I done it Joner. I wished you was here with me. I suppose I'll never know why I done it.

Then they brot me here to this god dam jail. Ya know its really werd Joner but rite now alls I can think of is rain rain let it fall I don't need no one at all. Christ Joner, I ain't even got your god damned address. But some day when I get out I'm gonna find you again Joner.

The shoulders that had been hunched over the pencil and paper for so long finally collapsed. The pencil hit the hard cement floor and banked off of the wall before coming to rest under the bunk. Wadding up the pieces of paper in one hand, Simon used his other hand to support himself as he stood up. Then, with all the strength he had, he threw the ball of paper against the barred window.

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*by Deborah Pui Young*

*Soc., Soph.*

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