Resolutions

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Who'd of thought it was against the law?
A sort of self-mutilation, blowing firecrackers
off in our mittened hands. But it must've
been something to get Milwaukee's police to
ruin a car bobbing through thick snow in
a school's playground chasing us — kids —
on New Year's Eve, 1974.

I lost my friend as I scaled a fence
and tore through eight, nine, ten backyards
of people whose names I can't remember
and banged through our back door loud and,
blood pumping, saw you standing there, asking
with a grin if the cops were after me —
or something. You knew,
you must've known. I could still hear
the sirens above my body's noise and
you went and got your big double-barreled
shotgun (I was scared to death.) and took me
to the porch. One minute before midnight you
said you love me — you love me! — and pumped
both shots into the white front yard.