



Deanna



CATEGORY

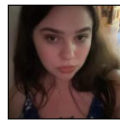
POEM

6/10/24

1914

Sitting in the dining room of the house built by my great-grandfather I shared a meal with my cousins as we have so many times. Looking at my cousins, all of us older and somewhat wiser, and yet not enough for the world today. It is hard to be in that house, that room, and not feel the loss of their parents, our grandparents, how much more so must they feel that loss. Unspoken the knowledge that soon we will begin attending funerals for our generation. I parked in front of the barn that bears the message: Tack's Muckview Farm est 1914. The knowledge that Isaac, Arthur, and Carl, all the Tack farmers are gone and the farm divided sits heavier in my stomach than the ice cream my cousin served for dessert

Lost twin, gaping wounds
 Rippling decades after loss
 Will they never heal



laney

CATEGORY

6/10/24

**you'll never know the version of me that can
 drink legally**

at one time i was the girl you were singing