

Grandpa

Jill Hemming

you talk of breakaway stallions
with hooves poised to strike teeth,
years on long lean roads past Las Vegas
selling church pews down the valley.
Why couldn't you hold a few of those pews
for your own stiff and holy battering.
You gave them all away and sprawled
through generations weary of bruises
your too-far reaching tires tracked.
Oh, you rolled far and built rest stops
rather than homes, dropping off travelers
on the way.

You were strong then.
Now your ankles swell when you walk
and you carry big, false white teeth.

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