

Stake Mission

R. A. Christmas

Their place was a junkyard with Joshuas,
and they'd play Mom and Pop

to any delinquent on the desert.
We'd be forever having

the first discussion in the front room,
while skinheads rifled the fridge.

Their daughter had boobs
that defied gravity—like Brother Bill said,

it strengthened your testimony to be there;
and we had hopes for them, until the night

their rowdy son beat his sister's boozier
boyfriend past waking up,

and they all panicked and piled
in the truck and drove fifty miles out

for a hasty memorial on the hardpan.
Miraculously, rockhounds found him.

Then the cops came, with iron questions,
and we were released.