

## *Apparently, David*

By Michael Lee Johnson

There are categories of hell here.  
Apparently  
David died of  
chronic liver disease  
February 28, 2012.

Fact, I was a newspaper reporter.  
I am a chronic drunk.

David's drinking became his sin.  
Sin is the crack of the Devil's butt.  
It tossed a good man into hell.  
Dandelions faded with him when  
the burning began.

His widow was a chronic bitch.  
Locals called her "Nightmare Boogie."

His wife of 14 years  
celebrated his passing;  
she pissed on his pictures.

She was simple a mindless fragment.

Her life was understated, full of fragments.

She got drunk on the night David died.  
She thought it was butterscotch wine.  
Confused, Cherry Lee, kept it simple;  
she recognized the mix up,  
it was butterscotch schnapps.

Either way, Cherry Lee helped  
evaporate David's heart.

There were no memorial services.

David's ashes are still in a fruit box;  
mounted on the top of her toilet bowl.

No urn, present or past tense.  
No obituary, too late.

Only a label, a tag on the cinerary stating:  
"this is David's discount Funeral Home."

There are no survivors here.

-2012-

***Young and Resisting (V2)***  
(Pre Exile-Vietnam War)

By Michael Lee Johnson

Eyes of anguish, heart of pain,  
my homeland I despair.  
My dreams I see before my eyes  
a cabin in Northern lands;  
snow bounded passages with mounting drifts  
where lonely hearts meet, exiled,  
sequestered, gathered.  
I twist my shapes, confused, alone;  
isolation is the mode of life,  
no paths to plow but my own.  
My eyes see universalities of hidden truths,  
here lodge the changeless values.  
Fringe, frigid, grief within the breeze  
left to reckon with despondencies  
of winters gone by;  
mysteriously riddle,  
drain brain-tease  
with patriotism yet  
reclusive calm,  
I'm stashed away.  
This wilderness avant-garde,  
here now, alone, breathing-  
I'm now a Canadian in this Northern land.

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