

GARY PIERLUIGI

Goodbye JFK

This was the hour of barbituates,
deep veins; cushioned pallor. She
was in deep sleep, red and blue pills
flowing the length of her weighted
body; in a place where money and
industry were no longer of any value.

It was no longer a matter of longitudes
and latitudes, of late-evening skies, of
birds that follow the dying light. Adele,
my mother, had descended into some
greater night.

Driving home, I looked at the trees
behind the trees, their swaying branches
like loose limbs. Such a bittersweet
decline that bright sun ahead, trying to
stay alive, trying to hold back the
inevitable.

The sun's rays stabbed at the road ahead
like lean fingers. So long JFK, The Beatles,
Nixon, and Vietnam—and that man on the
moon. I longed for the comfort of Sarah's
arms, and the light I would see shining in
the living-room window.