

In Loving Memory of Joel Oppenheimer

Taken from At Fifty
a poem

I

you smell good she
said like in eighth grade

followed by stories
of her grandpa
and the skunks

how to take that



II

rain
breasts
new pink dress
allowed only the first i
imagine april in your letter

III

strange winter with
spring before
groundhog day and
warm rain then
and dropping tonight
and back to winter

but he will not
see his shadow while
it rains

and spring will come
quickly then

time to oil up
the baseball glove
and get the arm
back in shape

IV

in the seat
of a car
like teenagers

grandson asleep
in the house
twelve feet away
dreaming of mother's
nipples and milk
sweet and warm

what were we
dreaming of

