

## **Another Story of Ash**

I am carrying my brother,  
bone, skin, hair, teeth, nails  
in a box. Our dead call for ritual,  
but since we had given up on a god,  
I brought him home to the Little League field  
and scattered some of him in the outfield  
grass. The first rain will wash him away,  
but I'll remember a thousand summer days  
where locust trees crowd the right field fence.

The soot and ash days are gone  
with the jobs that made them. My brother  
knew this game better than he played  
it; he's left the life he screwed up.  
I remain, lucky. No good reason  
to outlive a hard fastball, and everything  
this broken life threw at us.

