

A Final Killing

Kala struggles
drawing oxygen into lungs
long since scarred
His eyes fasten firmly
on a horizon
decamped years ago
A confused brain clawing
at past memory
of the despised killing
the sixties draft
his supreme court battle
lasting a fraction
of Nam
and agent orange
Dong Bo valley
jungle rot
stuffing body bags
Kala's face is trembling
in remembering
the unwelcome home
the unwanted divorce
Tears of sorrow left
back there
alongside his naive youth
Sitting in his plastic chair
his old cat lingering
alongside
sharing in the killing
of cowbirds and pesky chipmunks
Kala slowly sips his beer
then drags deeply on
his cigarette
knowing
there is a final killing
yet to be done