

Kenneth May

Little Eddie Speaks from the Great Beyond

Hey cousin, don't conjure me as a redneck
in your poem and don't joke about
my mechanic's crack. I was so good
at my job I bossed the boss. No fudge
smudged my nose. After I flunked
sixth grade, we had different friends.
Last saw you in the aisle of a Superstore
before your degrees teleported you

to a country I couldn't find on a map.
I loved fishing, tools, and cars. I cruised
Speedway, flipped the bird at pigs
munching donuts at the diner,
and rooted for A.J. Foyt to win the Indy 500.
In grandma's side yard, we talked
about the future in a Mustang
that never made it off concrete blocks.

I had two kids and wore a uniform
to work. My kidneys killed me.
Our dads were best buddies. We never
had a beer together. We coulda laughed
like when we were kids, when we threw
rocks at beer cans, caught crawdads
at the creek and roamed the woods
searching for Tarzan's vines and grave.

Michael Melson

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