

over our heads

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This is a facsimile production
of Swamp Press's publication

over our heads

by Michael Ketchek

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In the original volume
vincent tripi supplied an introduction.

twilight
the ash still in the shape
of the cigarette

my father
losing his memory-asks me
not to forget him

stately oak
how high the acorns bounce
off the concrete

smokestack
to steeple
the last light of day

winter night
the glow of the TV warms
nothing

watching the news—
I whisper to my sleeping son
I'm sorry

standing in the dark
waving to our neighbor
Mars

let's put it this way
it was past 2 A.M.
and whiskey was involved

my son spits seeds . . .
I hear my father say melon
in Armenian

my baby boy
digging his daddy
digging Charlie Parker

dancing
at the day care
I'm the Maypole

midday sun
all that chrome
outside the biker bar

a thousand years ago
T'ao Ch'ien drinking wine, writing poems
just like today

apartment house hall
in someone's room
Monk plays piano

Bukowski is dead
he always suspected
he would be

after midnight
smoking with the stars
and the dead

a simple man
on a dirt path
in ordinary woods

backwoods cabin
still not far enough
from the war

everything
a campfire, a can of beans

even without dewdrops
all those
caterpillar hairs

morning clouds
the tilted pot on the campfire
about to boil

my hand too large
a child reaches through the fence
and plucks the raspberry

first time swimming
with my son in water
over our heads

sometimes
it's just better to
Boop Boop de Boop

