



A.D. Wiegert

Piss Drinker

(For J.D. Salinger)

Your first attempt may have inspired
 Murder, but that baby was bound
 To be seen through that Goddamn scope,
 Backed by the blood-red sun, sufficed

To set over the nine stories by which
 You abide, while the war lacked a script
 You tore up your own, confetti and
 The curtain fell around your window,

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And a dog-eared deck waddled through
The solitaire charade, as you shuffled
Wives and children, working and reworking
Them into, rather than out of, Glass, a family

From which you hid your rock garden
With headstones prematurely carved,
One finger pointed like a pistol outside
The pane, the snow gathered around

Your desk, like the draconian dreams
Of the ever prostrate Dickinson, you are
Not to blame for what happened to Lennon
Or for drinking your own urine, but you should

Know, your paper fortress was exhumed from
The vault, cracked as your fingers were
Silent in the trenches, now your rake is at rest
In the shade of resplendent malice and mirth.

