

Idle Men On Porches

by Richard Hague

No work in this universe,
it seems.
So what do they talk about all day?
Whose cousin was killed?
Whose wife is long gone'? Whose son hanged himself
in jail?
Whose father is never
mentioned?
Whose cells are broken
with crack?
Whose mouths this morning
fill with curses?
Whose hands crush the bones
of girls?
Whose murmurings encrypt
long days of intoxication?
Whose sentences complicate
the hours of woe?

Strange abundance here:
grief's angry, unnoticed hoard,
health's mass grave,
the bones of broken lives
strewn across their yards,
unused shovels
all around.