

he was never
going to be a
recovering alcoholic.

my grandfather
finally went blind
and went to his bedroom and listened
to the baseball games on his bedside radio
until he committed suicide to avoid being alone.

he was a chemist.
he had premixed his death
and kept it hidden for several years.
he knew what to expect.
he asked everyone to leave the room
at least the ones who were crying.

i remember before all of that
he would wear a white carnation
in a buttonhole on the lapel of his suit
and he had a magnificent garden.
on his desk was an inkwell
with black ink and an old dip pen.
the ink blotter holding the blotting paper
was a crescent moon with an ivory handle.

when he died he was wearing boxer shorts.
his white legs were still hairy.
his toenails were slightly yellow.

the baseball games.
wf.h.
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