

Recurrence

Category: Poems

written by Jared Sain | February 25, 2022



What was it my father said to me
when I forgot to latch the gate
and we spent the night in the woods
searching for eyes among shadows
of tree trunks cast by flashlight?

And what was it I said to myself
after the first grunt, second grunt
of discomfort as I pulled a
pigtail drain from a man's chest
without clipping the string?

Was it something about forgiveness?
About learning from mistakes?
A kind word I'd offer a friend?
I have my doubts.

The cows found their way back
and were slaughtered that spring.

His lung collapsed.