

GERALD ARTHUR MOORE
MEMENTO MORI

He shouldn't be driving.
Slowly rumbles through the lot,
indecisive,
aiming his pick-up truck
here and then there,
with three types of paint
on the rusty bumper.

Gets out and gently closes the door,
then violently stabs the roof with a toilet plunger—
marking it for when he
trundles out of Wal Mart
with adult diapers and orange marmalade.

His memory is fading;
soon he'll forget the hours of catch in the backyard
or setting up the sprinkler on hot days.
He'll forget the toys he made us
with those calloused hands;
the all too dangerous toboggan run
down the Niagara Escarpment.

He'll forget the poem he memorized
to impress me:
Childhood will drift up like an escaped kite;
his wife will evaporate like spilled gasoline.
I'll become city lights in the distance;
at first bright—an orange sky, then a pinprick
until, one day soon, I vanish
into the confusion of headlights and turnpikes,
pretty nurses and strange rooms.