

# Semi Tiresias

*by* Bill Yarrow

I knew my mother would die by the weekend  
when she declined to answer my questions  
about her parents or her youth

I knew my uncle would die a pauper  
when he grew obsessed  
with drafting a will

I knew my grandmother was becoming senile  
when she lost her appetite  
for playing cards

I knew my father was irreversibly old  
when he crashed into a mail truck  
trying to turn into our drive

I knew America would be a colony again  
when it forsook consensus  
for impasse

