

# Dead Poets

by Gary Percesepe

*The world is ugly  
And the people are sad*  
WALLACE STEVENS

The night was filled with voices and signals. Roads not taken reappeared. Driving past the anniversary of my death I passed a chipmunk taking a dump in tall fescue by the side of the road. This wasn't morning, it was a dream of morning, I thought, slapping my forehead. Dogs to decades, my half-life's as crumbling infrastructure to her! Breakfast was wild, she later observed, R rated thanks to the neighbor who ankleed over. It's only yesterday but already seems to be the middle of next week. I remembered the neighbor. She lost her husband during the divorce. It was cold in the big house. Pipes blinked open and poured out gravy. Great, I thought, the rest is gravy. Basement life seemed to suit the neighbor. You're a gleam of sun on fresh snow, I wanted to say. Sawdust piled up around my best intentions. Night found Socrates buzzed but not drunk, I recalled from the *Symposium*, alone under the ponderous stars. His head splintered by a thousand thoughts.

