

SPOON RIVER AFTERTHOUGHTS

Here stands the finest marble carving,
words befitting my worldly position,
a place of perpetual caring
for Braxton Sturgis, IV.

Yet it's plain from the carelessness
of your feet you've read my life elsewhere.
The crass biography my only daughter wrote
bulged with best-selling details bound
in commercially viable vindictiveness.
Besides making crude sport of my initials,
she proclaimed me
this planet's most prolific liar.

Not so. I sometimes skewed data
and dates, mixed a metaphor or two,
indulged certain whims.
But not without assistance.
My sins were never worse than yours.
Trust me now, old cohorts and consorts,
below the heroic urns and noble lines
the bottom line here is:
This is the last place
Braxton Sturgis would lie.

--Glenna Holloway