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Love Left Over

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Haven: Love Left Over

LOVE LEFT OVER

Chris Haven

I worked grounds crew one summer
with a boy named Evin Piggett
he could barely form a sentence
it was hard to look at Evin

and think acne came from within.
His loomed like craters an assault
from without. When a storm blew in
delaying the games the flag's change

of direction stymied Evin.
Who moved the flag? He thought someone
shinned the pole switched it by hand
he did not know about the wind.

His father I hate to tell you
lived in a trailer by the field
klan-standard black specs and hair
lord how he used to cuss that boy.

I felt sorry for the father
Gerald worked hard had a good job
drove the city truck home at night
this boy's stupidity hurt us all.

The boy had been damaged no doubt
drink drugs who knows what but we found
he could be damaged more
we beat him down.

My friend called him a death rocker
but I heard death walker I thought

maybe he'll commit suicide
and then I thought maybe he should.

You wonder about kindness how
anyone ever has any
love left over for himself.